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# TRAVELS

IN

# ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY,

AND

# IRELAND.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE FOXCROFT HASKINS,

RECTOR OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

FOURTH THOUSAND.

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

JOHN B. FITZPATRICK,

THE KIND FATHER AND SINCERE FRIEND OF HIS CLERGY,

AND THE

Good Shepherd

OF THE FLOCK OVER WHICH HE SO HAPPILY PRESIDES,

THIS BOOK

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

MOST OBEDIENT AND HUMBLE PRIEST,

THE AUTHOR.

# PREFACE.

I HAVE not written this little book for the learned, nor to seek fame as an author, but to contribute a mite towards supplying a remarkable deficiency in our Catholic literature. The Catholics of this country, though for the most part poor, are fond of reading. Many religious works, and some few histories, and tales, and political essays are the principal books within their reach. Books of travels they have none. With regard to the customs and doings of other nations they have little means of obtaining information except from Protestant tourists. But their productions, even the best of them, are so well seasoned with sneers and misrepresentations, perhaps unintentional, of the practices, ceremonies, customs, &c., of Catholic countries, that, instead of being instructive, they are pernicious and dangerous. As an offset to some of these journals and tours I have prepared the

following pages, as the impressions and experience of a *Catholic* traveller, and nothing more.

I made but a brief tour, and I have made a brief book. I trust it will prove a readable one, and serve as an inducement to others, better qualified than myself, to send forth among our intelligent and reading Catholics other and more extensive and elaborate works of the same class.

What Catholics need in this age of printing is good wholesome reading. They do not read for the sake of the style. They are not critics. Nor do they read for the discovery of new and startling ideas. They do not need them. But they seek for information. They love truth, be it never so old and often told. Therefore, whatever I could pick up on an excursion not of mere pleasure, but of duty, and along a route not of my own choosing, but another's, I have endeavored to convey to the reader in as plain, straightforward, and intelligible language as I could.

G. F. H.

Boston, *Christmas Day*, 1855.

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# A JOURNEY

THROUGH

# ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY, AND IRELAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

I HAD but a few hours to prepare. In these few hours my affairs were arranged, my trunk was packed, and at twelve o'clock on the 15th day of February, 1854, I was on board the steamship Arabia, bound for Liverpool.

We had fair wind, smooth weather, and of course a rapid run. We reached Liverpool in nine days and twenty hours. We "put up" at the Waterloo House. It is a first class hotel, and therefore, like all such hotels in the United Kingdom, as we afterwards learned, does much towards lightening one's purse. The only thing that entitles them to the appellation of "first class" is the enormous price at which every thing is valued.

## CHAPTER II.

### LONDON.

We went to London by railroad, and took lodgings at Ford's Hotel, Manchester Street. We were delighted to learn that this was not of the "first class." We had every comfort, and convenience, and luxury that we could desire. The venerable proprietor is a devout Catholic, and has gained both the esteem and the patronage of numerous Catholic prelates, clergymen, and laymen who have occasion to sojourn in London.

Our impression of London is, that it is a vast and vicious city. Mammon is its king, Venus its queen, and Bacchus its clown. These are the gods which the people of London worship. The buildings, in many parts of the city, are stores, brothels, and drinking shops. The Sunday, indeed, is observed as rigidly as in New England, though not in consequence of any religious principle in the people. The laws are rigid, and the police effective and numerous. But the laws cannot compel people to go to church, nor can the police check in-door enjoyment. Therefore all the churches are thinly attended, and are useful only as sounding boards. They yield an echo to the voice of the preacher. The Catholic "chapels," however, are crowded with worshippers. They (Catholic worshippers) are *forced* to church by the goads of conscience. *They* believe it to be a *sin* to be absent from chapel on Sunday. So they go. Protestants believe no such thing; therefore they *go*, or *stay*, as they please. And most of them please to stay.

There is another thing that would be likely to strike

an observant traveller. Among the thousands tripping gayly to "chapel" were persons of every rank, — from the lord to the beggar, — in every sort of costume, from the costliest to the wretchedest — some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns. But among the "church" goers the velvet gowns had it by a unanimous vote. The fact is, that in London, and in Boston, and every where else, Protestants go to church because it is fashionable. But to be fashionable one must *dress* in fashion. But if one cannot, then one will stay at home, or go a frolicking.

This is all the more remarkable in that the "churches," for the most part, are never open except on the Sunday. These Christians, taking the Bible as their "rule," maintain that it is commanded unto all men to work six days, and to rest upon the Sabbath day. Therefore, to serve God on either of these days, by prayers and religious exercises, would be a manifest infringement of the divine law. The Catholic "chapels," on the contrary, are open for the divine service every day in the year; and every day, "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same," is offered the incense of true devotion, and the "clean oblation." And every day the rich and the poor kneel together at the same altar.

We paid a visit to the Fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip. Father Faber is superior of this house. He is one of the distinguished converts from the Oxford school. He is a noble-looking man, rather portly, and very cheerful. The buildings are large and commodious, and the grounds extensive and beautiful. Attached to the Oratory is a fine church, capable of seating one thousand persons. There is no unnecessary outlay of money in the building, and no pretence to ornament or elegance

about the church, save in and about the sanctuary. The edifice consists of four brick walls, plastered on the inside, and an open ceiling exposing the beams and rafters of the roof. It is so constructed and placed that at a future time it can be enlarged to any extent that may be required. It is a church for the poor, and here the poor do congregate. To such the good Fathers confine their mission. May God bless their labors and prosper their work.

I could not but admire their prudence in erecting a large, cheap, strong, and commodious church for the poor that gather about them. I wish their example were more generally followed in Protestant countries. Catholics are in such countries very poor, as the god Mammon showers his favors only on his friends and adorers. What call, then, have they to splendid churches? what care they for cornices, and mouldings, and fret work? of what utility to them are lofty spires, and mysterious domes, and curious, many-colored windows? They do not go to church to gaze about, and wonder at the skill of artists and sculptors, but to assist at the august sacrifice of the mass, and discharge a duty of strict obligation. Our churches are so few, or our flocks are so numerous, or perhaps so poor, that many thousands are compelled to kneel in the streets around the church. Give us, then, churches large enough, where all the faithful of the parish, rich and poor, young and old, may find ample accommodation — where all can pray and assist at mass within consecrated walls. If we cannot afford to erect magnificent temples, let us build barns; and if the rich will not come to the feast, let us send out into highways and hedges, and invite the poor and the hard-working laborer to come in.

One thing I will say of London, — and the same is true also of Liverpool, Manchester, and all the cities and towns which I visited in England, — and that is, that one hears scarcely any profane swearing or cursing, either among men or boys. Had it been a common practice I certainly should have known it, for I took special pains to listen and detect it. Whenever I encountered a group of boys, by day or night, I made it a point to linger near them, to watch their games, to observe their conduct, and to overhear their conversation. These groups consisted of from a dozen boys to several hundred. Yet never did I hear a single oath or blasphemous expression. I suppose they do swear sometimes, but I did not hear it. How different in this land of the Puritans, freedom, and schools, and of religion! We can hardly walk through a street in Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, where boys do congregate, that our ears are not assailed with the most horrid and blood-curdling blasphemies. All the genius of the devil himself is taxed to invent oaths and curses. Little boys who can hardly walk are heard to utter the sacred names of God and his Son with prefixes that the most impious of men dare not transcribe. Wretched children! More wretched parents who have been their instructors and examples! Says our Savior, "It must be that scandals come; but woe to that man by whom they come. It were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea, than that he should scandalize one of these little ones." Are our Catholics, workmen in their shops, or elsewhere, never guilty of scandalizing children? O, if men could only know how long a bad word is remembered by the child hearer!

## CHAPTER III.

### PARIS.

We took lodgings at the Hotel du Bon La Fontaine, where we were soon quite at our ease. We had commodious apartments well furnished. We could go and come when we pleased, and eat and drink when we had an appetite. And the charges were moderate. What more could we ask of a hotel keeper?

The charitable institutions of Paris are very numerous, and in general well conducted. They are built on a generous scale. Large and lofty halls, wide corridors, and extensive grounds, are to us Yankees their most striking architectural characteristics. An enlightened and Christian philanthropy has studied out and introduced all the modern improvements for the instruction, the discipline, and the bodily comfort of the poor, the afflicted, and the depraved. Some of these institutions are patronized or sustained by the government; but by far the larger portion, and the best of them, are supported by private munificence. These are the offspring of religion. To religion, therefore, is assigned the first and most important place; to mental culture the second; and to the temporal wants of the inmates the third. These last wants are satisfied in a way which would agreeably astonish an inmate of our Yankee poorhouses, and induce him to wish that he were a Frenchman. The duties of these departments are discharged by zealous and disinterested clergymen, by competent laymen, and by Sisters of Charity, or other ladies of kindred orders of mercy.

The Hotel Dieu is a vast hospital for the sick and disabled. There are one thousand three hundred beds, most of them occupied. No remuneration is received for the care and attention bestowed on the patients, all of whom are poor. None are refused admission. Sickness is an all-sufficient permit. The inmates, though paupers, are treated with kindness, tenderness, and love. I have said, *though paupers*, and I am ashamed that I should feel obliged to use the expression. But the truth is, that we Anglo-Americans, inheriting the prejudices of our English progenitors, as well as their language, are too apt to regard the poor with contempt and disdain. They have no right to be poor; and if poor, they have no business to be sick. We have poorhouses, it is true, but we make them as uncomfortable and wretched as possible. We treat the inmates as vicious vagabonds, who have become poor and sick out of mere spite. The very respectable gentlemen who are employed by "Friends and Fathers" to receive applications for admission often treat them with harshness bordering on cruelty, refusing them with noisy sternness, or proposing to send them off to some distant island on the ocean, to associate with persons sentenced for crimes. But even here they enjoyed some comforts; for they found officers over them that were human; and, touched with their misfortunes, and edified by their virtues, gave them all the privileges and consolations that the laws allowed, which, truth to tell, were not many. So "Friends and Fathers," perceiving this, concluded that the "paupers" were too well fed, and liked to be there. And then they proposed that large dreary buildings should be erected in different parts of the state, and that all persons who were bad enough to be poor and sick — men, women,

and children — should be huddled into them, and made as uncomfortable and as wretched as possible. All this has been done; and I believe that "Friends and Fathers" are quite content with every thing — except the appropriation bills. Well, Catholics are not as wealthy here as elsewhere, but God is as good and as great.

But to return to the Hotel Dieu — a far more grateful theme. A poor man, of whatever country or creed, is taken sick in Paris. When notice is given, he is placed on a litter and taken to the door of the hospital. He is immediately received and examined by one of the resident physicians, and by him ordered to be washed and properly dressed, and then placed in a ward designated by him. These wards are models of cleanliness and ventilation. He is committed to the care of a Sister of Charity, who becomes to him at once a mother, lavishing upon him all a mother's care and tenderness. She bathes his temples, she prepares his drinks, she humors his caprices, she bears with his foibles, she smooths down his bed, she administers to all his wants, by day and by night, with an assiduity and patience that nothing can disturb or stay. If he dies he is decently buried. If he recovers he is *permitted* to depart, and not *detained* forcibly, as if he were a felon, to work out the charges for his board, nursing, &c., as, I am sorry to say, is usually done with us.

The *Hotel des Invalides* is a hospital for infirm and superannuated soldiers. It is a princely structure, furnished with every thing that can minister to the temporal or spiritual comfort of the patients. Existence here is not regarded as a boon to infirmity, but rather as a reward of merit. The visits of strangers, instead of reminding them of dependence, fill them with a noble

and patriotic pride. Admission to the hospital they regard almost as a promotion, at least as a public acknowledgment of their services to their country. And so it is.

In the church, behind the high altar, is the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I. There is not in the world, probably, so large and beautiful a tomb erected to a mortal. The French people idolize his memory. Perhaps they have some reason. He certainly added much to the glory of France, and she is not ungrateful. The French people have elected his lawful heir their emperor; and though his reign may be less dazzling than his uncle's, we will venture to predict that it will be more popular and more enduring.

Three years ago was founded in Paris, by a zealous and charitable lay gentleman, M. Cotte, an institution for boys, called *Ecole de la Compassion* — School of Compassion. It was designed to fill a void that existed between asylums for the indigent and bereaved, and houses of punishment and consequent degradation. The subjects sought after were young boys plunged into the lowest depths of ignorance and vice, and for whom it would almost seem there was no hope of salvation. Of these some were the children of vicious parents, who were corrupted from their very infancy; others whose crimes had brought them before criminal tribunals before they were old enough to know right from wrong; and a third class utterly regardless of admonition, restless under restraint, rebels to all authority, plunging into crime for the love of it, and in many cases expelled from other institutions as incorrigible. Hence it appears that this school was established for boys the most depraved and abandoned in the streets of Paris.

Whoever has visited Paris, and learned something of its population, can appreciate in some degree the difficulty of the task proposed, and the sublime charity of the undertaking.

Yes, Christian charity! She takes in her arms, and presses to her bosom, and nurtures with her own and not a stranger's or hireling's milk, those unhappy boys who, having breathed the infected air of the hovels in which they were born, soon go forth into the highways, and market-places, and public walks, carrying the infection with them, and giving it to every other child predisposed to take it. What consolation does she offer to heart-broken mothers, and to desponding fathers! What a soothing balm to the sorest wounds! Men would cast them out, would torment, would punish them. Religion would embrace them and reform them.

I visited this institution several times. I saw the boys in school and in recreation. They were healthy, active, industrious, and cheerful. Their obedience, docility, and rapid improvement give consolation and encouragement to their friends, and a pledge to society. About the same time I visited another institution for boys, the name of which I do not recollect, which has only been in existence two or three years. It is outside of Paris, on the road to Issy. Its object is to provide a home for indigent and homeless boys. It was founded by a clergyman, who has associated to himself one or two other clergymen, and four or five devout laymen, who constitute a congregation, or brotherhood, entirely devoted to this work. The number of pupils at the time of my visit was nearly one hundred. They were all in school. I was pleased with the discipline, good order, and cheerful industry of the scholars.

Each boy pays one dollar a week for his board and tuition; or, if his friends are unable to pay, the means are provided by charitable persons, or by a society established for this purpose.

At Passy, near Paris, is a celebrated boarding school for boys, kept by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. At the time of my visit they had six hundred pupils. They are instructed in all the branches of a "high school" education. The Brothers are accomplished men and excellent teachers. The annual cost of board and tuition is one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The dormitories were very clean and well ventilated. The refectories were passably so. The discipline was very good. The food given to the boys is abundant and wholesome. One hundred loaves of bread, each loaf weighing four pounds, are daily distributed.

There are institutions in Paris of a different character. Their object is to furnish religious and intellectual instruction and innocent amusement to young men and boys of the laboring classes — most of them shop boys and apprentices. They are supported by the society of St. Vincent of Paul. Buildings are rented, and the rooms are furnished with books, newspapers, writing apparatus, draught boards, &c. They are lighted during the evening. Fine commodious yards are attached, supplied with gymnastic fixtures. On Sundays and holy days Mass is celebrated and catechism taught in a large hall furnished as a chapel. Large numbers pass the entire day on Sunday, and at noon a wholesome repast is served. This is done to prevent their strolling about the streets and associating with vicious companions. Some members of the society are present whenever the rooms are open. Were such institutions established in

the cities of New England, what a fine field it would present for their growth and prosperity! How many of our young men are ruined, for time and for eternity, by a passion, in itself laudable, though, alas! too often misdirected, for knowledge, fame, and social enjoyment! To acquire knowledge they read trash. To get fame they spout, and dispute, and sneer at religion, or permit others to do it. For social enjoyment they seek the bar room and the gaming table. Now, if they had within their reach the means of obtaining true knowledge, of expanding their minds, enlarging their views, and of procuring enduring happiness, we believe they would appreciate and use them. They would then become ornaments to society, and our truest and stanchest patriots.

There is in Paris a house for juvenile offenders. It numbers about five hundred boys, of from ten to nineteen years of age, committed for various petty crimes. They are taught useful trades; they learn to read and write; they assist at mass on Sundays and holy days. Therefore I wish I could speak well of the institution. But I cannot. It has adopted a *system* on principle. And though generally acknowledged to be a very bad one, it obstinately persists in upholding it on principle. It blasts and ruins its inmates, body and soul, on the same principle. The system is, solitary or cellular confinement by day and night. Each boy works by himself in his cell. He goes to school by himself in his cell. He eats by himself in his cell. He plays by himself in a cell yard. He goes to Mass by himself in a church cell. In a word, it is the execrable penitentiary system of Pennsylvania applied to little children — a system rejected and abhorred by the whole civilized world as too cruel

and painful even for hardened and incorrigible felons, and only sustained in Pennsylvania in defiance of public opinion, *because* it is a *system.*

Its operation in *La Roquette,* as this institution is named, is just what might be expected. The boys looked sickly and depressed. It is dreadful to think what crimes — unutterable crimes — of thought and deed may be committed by these boys, when left all alone, by day and by night — initiated, as they must have been, in all the mysteries of the worst vices. The reports published show a fearful array of incorrigibles, of relapses, of idiots, of insane, and of deaths. They vainly and feebly try to gloss over and explain these appalling statistics, by long and tedious discourses upon the diseased condition of the children before their commitment — as though half the juvenile crimes committed in Paris were by children who were fitter subjects for hospitals and madhouses than for prisons; not one word of which do we believe. The little urchins (*gamins*) of Paris are as stout, active, and adroit a set of rogues as ever picked pockets or emptied tills. And if the government, instead of taking them into its own unfeeling grasp, would commend them to the charity of private munificence, there would spring up an abundance of asylums truly reformatory, where the little vagabonds and villains, under pious instructions and paternal discipline, would become virtuous and high-minded boys, and ornaments of society.

But let us turn away from this painful system, to contemplate another which acts as a partial antidote to its poison. It is called the "Patronage" for juvenile offenders, (*Jeunes Detenus.*) Its object is to afford a temporary home for such as shall have been discharged

from "La Roquette," and as soon as possible to place them out with proper masters to learn trades, and then to watch over them till they shall become established in life and in the practice of virtue. This is supported by a society of charitable individuals, who contribute annually a certain sum. Many have been rescued from relapse, and restored to usefulness, by its vigorous and praiseworthy efforts. I was much pleased with M. Guillet, the superintendent, who is a mild, benevolent, fatherly old man. He has a brother, who, very oddly for a Frenchman, has become a Quaker, and resides in Burlington, N. J. His impressions of "La Roquette" coincided exactly with mine; and he thought that the whole system ought to be totally and forever abandoned. The sooner it is done, the better.

One evening I visited a model school of its kind. It was an adult school, for men, kept in the Marché St. Martin, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. I was taken by surprise. Instead of some eighty or a hundred men, as I expected, I found eight hundred, all arranged in different halls, and in classes according to their proficiency. They were chiefly laborers, mechanics, cartmen, clerks, and apprentices. The greater part of them wore blouses. They sat like so many boys, in perfect silence, busily occupied either with study or with writing, reading, and arithmetic. In one hall they were learning to sing. As I entered each hall, making some noise in walking, I thought they would turn round to see who was coming, as boys do. But no; not a movement — apparently not a distraction. If for that I came, I might as well have staid away. When the men conduct well, and study hard, and strive to improve, they receive as a reward a small pious picture, which did not, perhaps, cost more

than a cent, but which they are as proud of and as anxious to obtain as if worth a hundred dollars. I could not help asking myself, (I hope I shall be forgiven for it,) What sort of a school would this be if all these eight hundred men were New Englanders, mechanics, mechanics' apprentices, truckmen, &c.? The good Brothers are indefatigable. They keep school all day for boys, and all the evening for men. They appeared to me to be polished gentlemen and accomplished scholars.

But of all the institutions which I visited in Paris, none interested me so much as that of St. Nicolas. I passed nearly an entire day, and a portion of several other days, upon the premises and in the class rooms. It was founded in 1827, by Monseigneur De Bervanger, for the purpose of affording an asylum and refuge for deserted, destitute, and abandoned boys. Workshops were opened, and trusty and skilful mechanics were employed to teach them useful trades and train them for the battle of life. The great aim of the institution was to provide for the wants of these boys, a large portion of whom were orphans; to inspire them with a love of virtue and of industry; and to fit them, by the practice of their religious duties, to become one day not only good Christians, but also skilful workmen. It is an institution of charity, because the sum demanded for board and tuition, one dollar a week, is so small as to come within the means of the poorer classes, and of those benevolent individuals and societies who have at heart the reformation and instruction of the destitute and abandoned. How many of these boys, think you, are sheltered, fed, and instructed in this home for the homeless and deserted? A hundred or two? More than that,

Three hundred, perhaps? More than that. Five hundred? Yet more. There are at the present time more than *twelve hundred* boys in this mammoth refuge! They are divided into two departments, a senior and a junior, according to age. I visited both departments. All are governed by the same rule, and all are under the fatherly direction of Mgr. Bervanger. The two establishments are about half a mile apart.

This institution is governed and disciplined by a congregation or brotherhood, composed of secular priests and laymen, who devote themselves to this work, with a single eye to the glory of God and the welfare of youth, demanding nothing for their labors but a bare support, looking forward for compensation to the treasury of God.

The first and great aim of the directors and teachers is, to infuse into the boys a love of virtue and religion; the second, to impart elementary and scientific instruction; the third, to accustom them to habits of industry and teach them a profitable trade.

The spiritual direction and religious instruction of the children is confided to the reverend fathers of the order of St. Dominic, who give four pious instructions every week. Catechism is taught every day. The scholars are divided into twenty classes, according to their age and degree of intelligence. They are not allowed to make their first communion till they have attained the age of eleven or twelve years. The singing and music at Mass and Vespers is performed by the pupils, under the direction of their musical teachers. I think I shall never forget the pleasure and edification with which I assisted at the Divine Offices at St. Nicolas, on the Sunday which I passed in the institution. It was in the chapel of the

senior department. There were about six hundred and fifty boys present. All behaved with the most perfect decorum. In discipline nothing was wanting. All appeared to unite in the singing, but without a discordant note. The time was so well observed that every word was articulated and heard as if pronounced by a single voice.

In the schools are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, orthography, grammar, geography, history, book-keeping, drawing, geometry, vocal and instrumental music, chemistry, and natural history. Out of the schools are taught surveying, agriculture, horticulture, gymnastics, swimming, and various handicrafts.

There are about twenty workshops attached to the institution and within its precincts. Before the children commence their apprenticeship, their tastes, their preferences, their physical strength, and their intelligence are consulted. I observed in passing through the shops a large number of boys employed busily in carving, cabinet making, turning, musical instrument making, jewelry, brass finishing, tailoring, shoe making, &c., &c. The boys are apprenticed for a certain number of years to master workmen, who pay to the institution, for the board of their apprentices, the same as is demanded for the other inmates.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### LYONS.

We visited a mammoth hospital — the Hotel Dieu — beautifully situated in the heart of the city, upon the bank of the Saone. It contains eighteen hundred beds,

and all sick persons are admitted, without distinction of country or of creed. Thirteen hundred beds were occupied at the time of our visit. The revenue of the hospital amounts to fifteen hundred thousand francs a year. In its construction it forms a series of lofty rectangles or parallelograms. We observed no less than twelve squares or court yards among this vast pile of buildings. In the principal building a large number of halls, filled with beds, radiate from a centre. In this centre is a beautiful altar, where Mass is celebrated daily, and the patients can assist at it, and see the celebrant, without leaving their beds. The hospital is served by two hundred Sisters of Charity and by five chaplains.

We visited another hospital, called *L'Hopital de la Charité*, for old people and foundlings. In the aged department, none are admitted who are under seventy years of age. There were no less than five hundred of these old people in the wards. Most of them looked remarkably well, cheerful, and happy. Some were at work, others were chatting and laughing, and others playing at various games, like children. In the foundling department, two thousand are admitted every year. It was curious and amusing to see the babies, of various ages, lying along in windrows, looking much like the hammocks of a frigate in port. In a single bed, I counted ten lying side by side, all of whom had been received within two days. They all looked precisely alike, and it was a marvel to me how the good Sisters could distinguish one from another without labelling them.

# CHAPTER V.

## MARSEILLES.

The prominent feature of Marseilles is its port. It penetrates, like a very wide canal, into the heart of the city. Around this is concentrated the chief part of its commercial and industrial activity. We arrived in the night, and all were asleep and still. But in the morning, what a Babel of sounds assailed and stunned us! There were fishmen and fishwomen in "schools"— boatmen and boatwomen — sailors, of every nation, "pulling and hauling"— artisans of every description plying the hammer and the axe — all mechanical powers in noisy operation — ponderous wagons of most thundering construction — men, women, and children yelling to the very top of their voices, to outcry each other in selling their wares. The whole city seemed to be like a boiling caldron — or like one vast irresistible power propelling an infinite machinery. In the streets were plenty of cows and goats, and men and women milking them into pint pots for customers. Housekeepers here will have none but good milk, and they stand by and see it milked. I was much impressed with the singular antiqueness of the harness on the horses, and the vehicles. Here were asses not much larger than goats, laden with panniers as large as feather beds; mules and Corsican ponies drawing wagons as heavy as long Boston omnibuses; harness of the most fantastic patterns, rigged zigzag, like leather lightning, the large collar surmounted by a stuffed pyramid two feet in length, guarded on either

side by an enormous curved *antilla* or horn ;* all manner of costumes, from the *sans culottes* upwards, and of every nation ; streets, most of them narrow and dark, paved with stones a foot square, and without sidewalks ; women bearing burdens on their heads under which a man should stagger, and screaming loud enough to stun you ; and other deafening shouts and uproarious occupations innumerable. Every thing appeared as strange within doors as without. The lower windows, even of dwelling houses, all iron-grated like a jail. The windows are two-valved and turn on hinges, like doors. The floors are of tiles of an octagonal or sexagonal form. The stairs are of stone or brick, and the balusters of iron.

The first day of my arrival, and during my first walk, I became so confused and wearied by this strange and discordant multitude of sights and sounds, that I hurried for repose and refreshment into a church. It was the Church of St. Martin. The rest that I wanted I found here. The jargon of confused sounds was heard no more. All was still as a summer's evening. No sound was heard but the soft, lengthened note of the organ. The church was crowded with devout worshippers. It was the evening exercise in the month of Mary. The priest knelt before the altar in surplice and stole. The acolytes were on either side. Presently the choir began the litany, *Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison.* The *Miserere Nobis* was sung by the whole assembly, as was also the *Ora pro Nobis.* I was overpowered with the sweet reminiscences of home. I was among my fathers and

* Government has of late ordered these pyramids and horns to be reduced in size, in order that they may get through the gates of the city with greater safety, (to the gates, I suppose.)

my brothers. The young man that knelt beside me, I could have embraced him as a friend. I was no longer in a strange land. I heard no longer words new and unintelligible. The words were the same, the swelling organ, the musical tones the same. There was the altar too, and the priest, and the surpliced boys, all the same. Blessed church of my fathers, I loved thee before ; willingly would I have given my life for thee ; but I love thee more than ever now. They always told me that thou wert unchangeable — now I know it, I feel it, I see it. All else may seem to the exiled wayfarer to change — all else cold and unfeeling — but thou art always, and in every clime, the same. The litany was ended, the last strains of the organ died away in the echoes of the vaulted ceilings, and all was hushed save now and then the sigh of a penitent or the clicking of a rosary. The benediction of the most blessed sacrament was given in silence.

We visited many other churches. They are not remarkable for beauty. The Cathedral is very ancient. Indeed, at a little distance, a stranger might take it for a pile of ruins. It is said that in the time of Julius Cæsar it was a temple consecrated to Diana. I have visited Marseilles several times, at intervals of from one to ten years, and I have always been greatly edified by the religious fervor and devotion of the people. *Our Lord is seldom left alone in the churches.* You may enter them at any hour of the day, and you will behold devout worshippers of every rank and condition, from hoary age to tender childhood, kneeling side by side, all regardless of the presence of others, and wholly absorbed in communion with God. Yet, strange as it may sound to Protestant ears, this is a sight that may be witnessed,

to a greater or less degree, every day, in every city and village throughout the vast extent of Catholic Christendom. To one who has always lived a Catholic such sights cause no surprise — excite no extraordinary sensations of delight — but to the convert, to one born and brought up a Protestant, in a Protestant land, they awaken a thrill of pleasure impossible to describe. He cannot avoid drawing comparisons. He cannot but observe, wherever he goes, the contrast between Catholic and Protestant churches, between Catholic and Protestant devotion.

The pious Catholic, after the toils of the day are ended, nay, in the midst of its excitements and cares, well knows that there is for him one retreat at least to which he can retire,—

"And bid earth roll, nor heed her idle whirl,"—

a retreat consecrated to God, where, in the silence of the sanctuary and in its sombre shades, he can meditate and pray, undisturbed, save by the sighs of suppliants like himself. This pleasure is to Protestants unknown. Their churches are never opened for private devotion. But I reproach them not in this. They have no motive to draw them to the church. The Catholic has His Lord is there. His Body and Blood — His Soul and Divinity. He believes, and acts consistently with his faith. The Protestant believes not. To him Christ is no more present in the church than he is in the family circle. And he too must be consistent. Therefore I reproach them not in this. It is their misfortune to have inherited from their more guilty ancestors a dry and unprofitable worship, consisting of a long prayer, a long sermon, and a long psalm. Let us not reproach, but pity them. We are more highly fa-

vored, though we will not boast, but rather humiliate ourselves before God, and humbly thank him that, while he permits so many to grovel in the darkness and ashes of error, he has graciously called us to be members of his spotless church, which he has purchased with his blood, and made us partakers of its life-giving sacraments.

I visited Marseilles, for the first time, ten years ago. Of all the European cities that I have since revisited, none seems so little changed as Marseilles — the same houses — the same customs and costumes — the same cries and shouts — almost the same faces. But not all the same faces. Several whom I then knew are now no more. The good Canon Guien, the friend of the youth, and the benefactor of the orphans, has gone to his repose. Madame Julia Simpson too I cannot forget. I lodged in her house for six weeks, and she was a mother to me; nor to me alone, but to every American who stopped in her house — particularly to the young ecclesiastics who were on their way to the Propaganda. I inquired for her as soon as I arrived, and learned, to my regret and disappointment, that she was dead. May her soul rest in peace.

I visited an institution for the reformation and employment of vicious boys. It is called *Le Penitentiaire pour les Jeunes Detenus.* It was established some twelve years ago, in accordance with a plan recommended by Messrs. Beaumont and Tocqueville, who had visited the United States, commissioned by the French government to examine our penitentiary system, which they have pronounced to be the best in the world.

The Abbé Tissieux was the founder and first superintendent. He had an ample fortune, and he threw it all into this institution. Having purchased his land, (no barren and stinted knoll, but a beautiful park of forty

acres, situated about a mile and a half from the port of Marseilles,) and having erected spacious buildings thereon, he visited all the prisons in the neighborhood, and petitioned the proper authorities to deliver up to his custody the juvenile convicts confined there. They consented, and in a few months his house was filled with inmates rescued from misery and degradation, and placed in a happy home. These boys, instead of becoming the pests and dread of their country, have now become its ornaments and its consolation. Some of the boys I found at work on the garden and farm, others in school, and others in their several workshops, busily though silently plying at their tasks. There were tailors, bookbinders, plaster moulders, shoemakers, combmakers, weavers, &c. The tables were set for supper. Every thing was very clean, and the rooms well ventilated. No grease upon the tables, no dirt upon the floors. A wooden fork, a spoon, and a tin porringer were placed for each boy. Every boy has a dormitory or little chamber to himself, to which he retires at eight o'clock. These are five feet by four in size, and ventilated at the top, the upper part of each dormitory being made of wire netting for the space of four feet from the wall. The boys looked healthy and cheerful. Their conduct towards the officers was respectful, but wholly free from embarrassment. When spoken to by the superintendent, who was a priest, they smiled and conversed with ease as with a companion, but invariably addressed him as, *My Father, Mon Père;* — yes, my father, or, no, my father. At suitable ages they are apprenticed to trades. In a word, the whole system is calculated to make them good Christians, apt scholars, and skilful artisans.

The *Hotel Dieu* is, like the others of which I have spoken, a hospital for the poor sick, without distinction

of creed or country. It usually has from seven to eight hundred inmates, distributed into large halls, some of which are two hundred feet long and fifteen high. On either side is a row of beds, about four feet apart, with a canopy over each bed, which gives them a remarkably clean and comfortable appearance. Silence, order, and neatness reigned in every department.

While on this subject, I will improve the opportunity to offer a few general remarks on the continental hospitals, of which I have visited a great number. No newspaper scribblers or reforming zealots are here found to prate about the alarming increase of pauperism, and the VICE of *poverty!* No municipal authorities or state legislators have yet enacted or proposed laws to crush or massacre all *foreign* paupers, or to make their condition so desperate and wretched that death itself in the open street would be preferable to life in an almshouse. No Vandal philanthropists have yet devised a plan to open palaces of pleasure for all Protestant youth, and then apprentice them to Catholic taskmasters, to be brought up mere nominal Catholics, or infidels. No "Friends and Fathers" are here found to set off divers portions of the hospitals into heavens and hells — the heavens for native born, the hells for foreigners. Here there is no "classification," except of diseases and of degrees of convalescence, and of ages. The nurses are neither valetudinarian paupers nor unfeeling hirelings. They are Sisters of Charity, whose services are of course gratuitous, and therefore the more zealously, humanely, and *faithfully* performed. You hear no scolding, no angry retorts — indeed, no loud talking. O, if the municipal authorities of the towns and cities of America had but the intelligence to appreciate the value of their services, and the

manliness and independence to demand them, what an alleviation of human suffering would be the consequence! — what happiness and cheerfulness among the patients! — what a saving of money!

The *Hospice de Charité* is also a poorhouse, but for the able-bodied. It numbers a thousand inmates — men, women, and children. The chapel is the first building that meets the eye on entering the gates. My conductor remarked, "The Head of this house is God; let us first call on him." Accordingly we entered the chapel and knelt a while. I could not help thinking whether "Friends and Fathers," in the good city of Boston, ever say and act thus when they show the city institutions to strangers. We then entered the main building, and inquired for the rector, who is a priest, and also chaplain of the establishment. With the utmost urbanity he accompanied us through all the departments of the house. The men were at work shoemaking, tailoring, carpentering, &c. The women were sewing, washing, scrubbing, and cooking; and the boys were eating their dinner. The food of all, young and old, is soup, bread, fruit, wine and water. Start not, gentle "Friends and Fathers," at this word *wine*. It does not hurt them, nor make them drunkards. Drunkenness is a crying vice in America, but is comparatively unknown upon the continent of Europe.

The asylum for orphan and deserted children, called here the Children of Providence, is a noble institution. It contains one hundred and forty boys, from nine to fifteen years of age. They are under the care of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. There are nine brothers, one chaplain, and a lay administrator who is appointed by the benefactors to manage the financial and other

temporal matters. The brothers receive a small stipend, just sufficient for their maintenance. All the boys were out at their daily promenade, but soon returned, and we saw them at their play. They wear a uniform of dark cloth, with a yellow star on their left breast. Hence they are commonly called —*Les Enfans de l'Etoile* — "children of the star."

This institution is supported, 1. By an association of about four hundred gentlemen, who contribute each thirty-seven francs a year; 2. By occasional sermons; 3. By gratuities given to the boys for attending and singing in funeral processions, one franc to each boy, from sixty to one hundred boys usually attending; 4. By one dollar a week for the board of those whose relatives or friends can afford it. It is estimated that each boy costs three hundred francs a year — sixty dollars.

### CONVENT OF THE CAPUCHINS.

Having frequently observed members of this venerable order in the streets of Marseilles, I was curious to see their convent and their manner of living. They wear a coarse brown woollen cassock, with a cord about the waist, a hat of the same color as the robe, with a very wide brim, like that of a Shaker, and sandals on their feet. They never wear socks. The good friars cheerfully conducted me to every part of the convent. In the chapel a few friars were at their devotions. The stillness of night prevailed; no, not of night, for through the darkened windows and over the vaulted ceiling there did penetrate the songs of the birds of the garden — the single evidence within of day without. I then visited the dormitories, the refectory, the shoe shop, carpen-

ters' shop, &c.; for, to my surprise, I found these friars a thrifty and industrious people. They make their own wearing apparel, do all repairs or alterations about the premises, cultivate a very large garden, scrub, wash, cook, &c., &c.

Some popular tourists, either through stupidity or malice, in speaking of these friars, would probably tell you that they are a lazy set of worthless vagabonds, who fleece the people under pretence of poverty, and, in return, are regarded by the people with contempt and loathing. I candidly confess, though it be to my shame, that I had read so much of this Protestant twaddle, and was so impregnated with the virus of such unmanly scribblers, that I really looked for something of the kind. But I found it not. I found them, as I said before, courteous, intelligent, thrifty, and industrious. I have heard them spoken of by the inhabitants, but never otherwise than with affection and respect. Notwithstanding they live by *begging*, they are always welcome to their houses. My good landlady always anticipated the day of their visit with great pleasure, and took good care to have something ready for them to carry to their convent.

But, O, these friars, what a fine theme they make for Exeter Hall and Tabernacle speechmakers! and if they can capture a wretched apostate, what a fine show they make of him, tricked out in his friar's robe, and cord, and crucifix! Yes, there are those, who, amid the cares and occupations of busy life, find time to quarrel with and abuse the poor Capuchins. And, would you believe it? they even assume the character of moralists. The seclusion from the world practised by the friars, say they, is a sin. They are bound to go into the world and toil like other men. Stay, — a word for you, pretended moral-

ists. You talk without knowledge. You have not yet acquired, with all your learning, the remotest notion of the nature of sin, or even of the meaning of the word. Sin cannot exist without *malice*. If there be *malice* in seclusion from the world, in fasting, in praying, and in the practice of virtue, then are these friars very wicked men. Sin is a transgression of the law of God. But it was God himself who commanded the apostles to leave their several occupations and to follow him — and the rich, to sell all they had and give to the poor, and aspire only after heavenly treasures. How eager you are to praise and flatter the Shaker, with his broad-leafed hat, and quaint coat, and celibacy, and dances, while you abuse and revile the *Christian* Capuchin with his habit, his crucifix, his chastity, and his prayers. How complacently you will regard the pomp and luxury of the rich merchants, whose clothing is purple and fine linen, and who fare sumptuously every day, to whom the poor apply in vain for succor, and yet sneer and snarl at the Capuchin who abandons all for God, and who, with a degree of charity impossible for you to appreciate, submits to the trials and mortifications of a street beggar, that after having eaten a crust himself he may have something left to give to the poor and hungry ! How readily you tolerate, nay, more, *encourage*, by your example, the exactions of usurers, the appliances in daily use for getting gain, and class the wretched votaries thereof among the *industrious* and *useful* — and yet accuse of idleness and vagrancy the Capuchin who lives in poverty ; who asks from the rich to give to the poor ; who toils in his garden to supply his scanty table ; who makes his own clothes and sandals ; and devotes the residue of his time to meditation and prayer ! .

Know, good friends, that there are other ways of being active, industrious, and useful, besides *laboring* for gold, or even than *preaching* for gold. Do ye count as idle the hours passed in prayer and praise? Do ye regard as useless the prayers that every hour ascend to the mercy seat of God from holy cloisters? Prayers, perhaps, for *you* who so much need them — prayers for the conversion of sinners and for the spread of the glorious gospel! Tell me, were Moses, and Aaron, and Hur to be accounted as idlers and vagabonds when they remained on the mountain in prayer, while Joshua and his legions were engaged in fierce and bloody conflict with the Amalechites? Nay, nay, believe me, the Almighty calls different persons to different states of life. As some are called to be kings and magistrates, and some to be tradesmen and mechanics, some to be honored and some to be despised, so some are called publicly to herald forth the gospel, and some to be nuns and friars. There are who, either from constitution or from circumstances, are unsuited to an active life among men, but whose pleasure and *usefulness* consist *only* in a life of contemplation. Shall such as these be lost to themselves and to God by being forced into scenes and occupations that disgust and weary, or shall they be allowed the indulgence of a life of seclusion? If, then, you thirst for war, wage it, I pray you, against the *enemies* of Christ, not his friends. Wage it against the countless multitudes, who, regardless of the God of heaven, serve the god Mammon — the god of this world. Wage it with the impious and profligate, with the enemies and oppressors of mankind. But seek not a conflict with the poor, inoffensive, unresisting, uncomplaining friar, who will never murmur nor retaliate, whatever indignities

you may heap upon him. It is too mean and cowardly for a MAN.

The country about Marseilles is verdant and fruitful. It is truly "a land of wine, of oil olive, and honey." Grapes, oranges, and figs abound. The mountains indeed are barren, for they are mostly of solid rock; but they protect the valleys from the winter blasts, and the valleys in return surround their august and hardy protectors with gardens of perennial beauty. Luxuriant, however, and fertile as the land is, it is seldom visited with rains, and healthful and invigorating as is the air, it is seldom purified by that terrific benefactor, the lightning. From the rising of the sun to his setting, a serene and cloudless sky overhangs the land during the greater portion of the year. Yet, so provident is the Father of all, the springs are abundant, and gush forth in sparkling fountains on every side. The dews also are heavy, and the fields are abundantly irrigated.

The country people live in villages or towns for the most part walled. You seldom see a house standing alone. The farmer and his "boys" rise betimes, take some provisions for a lunch, and set off for a day in the fields; while the good wife, with her daughters, arranges the house, or, with baskets of soiled linen on their heads, and petticoats of the "bloomer" pattern, hie to a neighboring brook to do their "washing;" and at the close of the day prepare a repast for the returning farmers.

As an illustration of the manners of the country people, I will give a brief account of an excursion I made. A M. Germain, a Frenchman, who speaks English perfectly well, invited an American ship captain and myself to accompany him into the country to visit an old woman who had nursed him in his infancy, and whom he had

not seen for some two or three years. We went by diligence to Aix, where we dined. After dinner we started on foot for Gardanne, the place of our destination. It is about five miles from Aix. Instead of going by the public road, we went by a foot path over the mountains. This path was intended for mules and asses, though that was not our reason for choosing it; yet if it had been, some will perhaps think we were not far astray. The only living objects we met were now and then an ass with huge panniers, mounted by a woman in the attire of the country, which is a black hat, resembling beaver, with a flaring brim about nine inches wide, a long light-colored waist, and a short dark skirt, secured by shoulder straps crossing behind. As we approached the summit of the mountain the declivity on one side of the path was fearfully precipitous. For several hundred feet it is nearly perpendicular; and I hurried on, not having the nerve, like my companions, to stop and look over the edge of the path. On the opposite side of the deep ravine was another mountain of rock, similar to the one we were on, as though a river of immense depth, rolling between them, had swept their sides of earth and verdure, and left the naked rocks as the only evidence of its existence.

At six o'clock we reached Gardanne. M. Germain was immediately recognized and greeted by nearly every one we met, by some in French, but by far the larger portion in Provençal, or the common language of the lower orders, which he spoke as well as he did the French; and we had many invitations to partake their hospitality during our sojourn, all which we declined, as M. Germain had resolved that we should lodge nowhere but with the old woman, his nurse. To her cottage,

accordingly, we repaired. The news of our arrival had preceded us, for we found the old creature at the street door, her mouth wide open, and her eyes straining their utmost in search of her beloved boy. She seized him by the shoulders, gazed at him with pride, laughed, kissed him, and without uttering a word drew him up the steep steps into the house. We followed. But the old woman seemed hardly sensible of our presence till we began to converse with her boy. No words can describe her amazement. She had never before heard a word of English. She did not seem to know whether we were really talking together, or merely sputtering by way of pleasantry. However, the rites of hospitality were not forgotten. We must be hungry, and we must eat. Supper was soon ready, and plenty of it. On the table were ham, beefsteak, eggs, preserved walnuts, fruit of various kinds, bread, milk, and excellent wine, made in the village. After supper we walked out. The streets were very narrow and dirty, and the houses very lofty. None of them were handsome. We visited the parish church and adored the Blessed Sacrament, thanking the Giver of all for the favors we enjoyed. The church was nearly filled with the peasants, their wives, and children, all upon their knees. When we returned to the house we were shown about the premises, that is, about the house, for there was no such thing as a yard of any kind. The public streets are the only yards they have. The house contained four apartments, one above the other. There was the sitting room, which was also kitchen, dining room, &c. Above this was the old lady's chamber, where her husband, sick and infirm with age, lay bedridden. Above this again was an attic, almost dark, which was used as a hay loft, and was partly filled

with new hay. Below — that is, in the cellar — was a stable for a cow and a donkey, which latter animal was, of all draught quadrupeds I have ever seen, the wretchedest looking, the most raw-boned and diminutive. He was about as big as a calf, and as lean as a salted fish.

Finally we were shown to our apartment. Which of the four, think you? Why, to the sweetest and the best of them all — to the hay loft. We found snow-white linen sheets spread upon the new hay, and without undressing, we threw our weary limbs upon them and slept soundly.

At half past four next morning we were up and walking in the fields, and listening to the songs of the nightingales. We followed the course of a river, and walked upon its banks. It was deeply shaded on either side by trees of thickest foliage. The plain extended for miles, literally covered with wheat and grapes, olives and almonds.

But we cannot live in Gardanne forever. So after mass and breakfast we must return to Marseilles. But how? There is no coach, no railroad, nor steamboat. To walk is impossible, for it is a burning hot day. Ah, ha! the old woman has it all arranged, and relieved us of all anxiety. We must go in her market wagon, which she assures us will be just the thing; and Jean Baptiste, her grandson, shall drive us. Jean, at the proposal, showed all his teeth, and a fine mouthful of them he had. Presently it was announced that the carriage was ready; so were we. After much leave-taking, we hastened to the street to take our seats in the vehicle. But, Noah's ark! what have we here? As I live, 'tis the very little raw-boned, frame jackass, down cellar. He wears a harness that nearly buries him, though the

protrusion of a few bones above, and his four sticks below, and two long ears forward, reveal his identity sure enough. And the wagon — consternation! it was no larger than a Boston handcart, only the floor of it protruded two or three feet behind, and the body of it had a covering of white cotton, distended by hoops. The boy sat on one of the shafts, and we entered from behind, sitting the best way we could on the floor of the cart. The old lady looked as proud and happy as if it had been a coach and four. Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, and to our astonishment the poor beast trotted off without any apparent effort, and soon shook us down into our places, from which it was impossible to move. The cart, and beast, and grinning boy thus bore us safely to Marseilles, just before reaching which we descended, and finished the journey on foot.

## GROTTOS OR CAVES.

There are two grottos very famous, each about five miles from Marseilles, though in nearly opposite directions. The first that I visited is called the Cave of Loubiére. I went with a party of three or four. We were conveyed to the nearest village in a hack. Here we took a guide, supplied ourselves with torches, and provisions for a lunch, and started on foot for the cave, which was about a mile distant. We walked through a barren, rocky, and precipitous pass, under the oppressive rays of a scorching sun; and having ascended for some distance a mountain almost destitute of verdure, we reached the mouth of the cave. In it sat a small boy tending a herd of goats, who were picking up a meagre sustenance among the crags and stubble. We entered,

and in a few minutes should have been enveloped in blackest darkness, but for our torches, of which we each had one. We soon perceived that we were in a cavern of immeasurable extent. It is, however, more properly speaking, a countless succession of caverns, that, I am told, have never been explored. We were informed in the village, for our encouragement, that not long since one poor fellow, a traveller, had the temerity to enter without a guide, and eight days afterwards was found dead in one of these caverns. He had lost his way, and had died probably of starvation. We remained several hours working our way from cavern to cavern, sometimes crawling, snake-like, upon our bellies, through tunnels and apertures that it seemed impossible for man to enter, and which some of our party absolutely refused to attempt; at others striding across chasms of unknown depth; then carefully searching for footing on the edges of slimy rocks. It was well we were dressed for the excursion, for the water was continually dripping from the roof, forming itself into the most fantastic figures, as though mirthfully disposed to caricature the works of nature and of art. An imaginative observer could see columns and arches, altars and churches, crystals and gems, elephants, horses, wolves, and fiery flying dragons. Some of the caverns were large halls with vaulted roofs, or lengthened corridors, while others were cells so narrow, that there was scarcely room to move, or space to stand erect. Countless crystals, shaped like icicles, depended from the roofs of all, or shot up from the pavements; and had we hammers and the means of conveyance, we certainly should have broken off some of the finest. As it was, we contented ourselves with such as we could carry in our hands and pockets. They varied in size from the bigness of a quill to that of a hogshead. We

traversed these grottos till fatigued and sated, and finding no end below, or above, or on either side, we returned. We then dined, and walked back to Marseilles.

The other grotto is quite celebrated, and is called "Grotto Roland." It is said to have been in the thirteenth century the retreat of a famous brigand, named Roland, and his banditti. We obtained an experienced guide and a hack, and in an hour were at the foot of the mountain, in the bowels of which this grotto exists. The whole mountain appears to be of rock, and its crags and caverns, as well as of Loubiére, were doubtless the result of some dreadful disturbance of the elements. We toiled up the steep ascent till we reached the mouth of the cavern. Here we stripped off coats and hats, tied handkerchiefs round our heads, lighted our torches, and proceeded to the interior of the cave. It is much more easily traversed than that of Loubiére, it being more vaulted, vast, and continuous; though, like that, completely lined with incrustations, and presenting constantly pillars and figures of the most fantastic forms. There are, too, some pitfalls, or gaping mouths, in which there is danger, if one takes not heed, of falling, and not rising again. Continually descending, we at length reached a landing, whence the declivity was very steep and long. Here our guide bade us stop and extinguish our torches, which he took, and then descended, and when he had reached the bottom, began relighting and placing them in certain crevices and niches in the incrustations and columns, when, as if by magic, was suddenly illuminated one of the most splendid grottos of the workmanship of nature. After we had sufficiently admired, we descended and resumed

our torches, and then visited other portions of this almost inexplorable cavern, and drank from an icy pool the most delicious water I ever tasted. Nine hours, our guide informed us, would hardly suffice to see the whole; and as two of our companions had already given out from fatigue, we determined to return, leaving the grotto partially illumined for the astonishment of any that should chance to visit it within an hour.

Our descent from the mountain was by far more rapid and perilous than our ascent had been. We chose a nearer path, and came down literally on rolling stones. Scarcely could we place a foot but the stones would roll, and we must follow, or risk being rolled on by those that our companions behind were displacing. We went long distances asunder to avoid this danger. The prospect from this mountain, particularly from that side which faces the Gulf of Lyons, is of great beauty.

With regard to the morals of the people in the cities of France, I am fully convinced that they are vastly better than in the cities of the United States. Drunkenness and fighting are almost unknown, even on holidays. Among causes of poverty, disease, and crime intemperance has no place. The Sunday has not the *appearance* of being so religiously observed as with us, yet it is, in point of fact, far more scrupulously observed. The proportion of the people who attend church is larger by at least a hundred per cent. The churches are thronged with worshippers from early daylight till after sundown. The devotion of the worshippers is very edifying. The Mass and other services are celebrated with great solemnity and dignity on the part of the clergy and the assistants. Both men and boys serve at Mass, and not unfrequently young gentlemen and elderly persons in fine apparel solicit the privilege. It is true, our Puritan

notions of Sunday do not prevail. It is regarded not as a day of sadness and seclusion, but as one of joy and recreation.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### ROME.

On the 22d day of March, 1854, we entered Rome. At seven minutes before three o'clock, P. M., about ten miles distant, we enjoyed the first view of the cupola of St. Peter's.

> "The dome — the vast and wondrous dome,
> To which Diana's marvel was a cell —
> Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!"

We descended from the carriage without speaking a word, climbed an eminence by the road side, and knelt among the trees, to return thanks to God for all his mercies, and adore in presence of the Eternal City. Our eyes were fixed upon that peerless dome, but our thoughts — who can tell them? None but the great God above. Neither of us uttered a word at the time, or ever even alluded to the subject afterwards. When we reëntered the diligence our hearts beat responsive to the animation and hurry of the postilions, who leaped joyfully into their saddles, rapidly cracked their whips over the heads of the fresh fiery steeds, rattled us over the ground right cheerily, and at half past four we passed through the gates of Rome, and took apartments at the Hotel della Minerva.

On the following day we took a drive about the city,

and ascended to the summit of the Pincian Hill. It was a fine, clear day, and we left our carriage and walked about, gazing with unspeakable delight upon the splendid panorama that surrounded us. There were St. Peter's Church and the Coliseum, the Pantheon and the Piazza Colonna, innumerable domes and towers, the seven hills and the Alban mountains, the palaces of the Cæsars, and those of the Vatican and Quirinal, all so suggestive of what Rome had been, and of what Rome now is.

The history of Rome is the history of the human race — the history of the world. To advance the grandeur of Rome, and to crown her queen of empires, tended all the powers and all the great events of antiquity. From Rome have sprung forth all the peoples of modern civilization. She was the daughter of the nations which have passed away; she is the mother of those that now exist.

The ancient Romans were the boldest men the world had ever seen. They would not be vanquished. If defeated and routed, they would still rally and fight till no one was left to wield a weapon. Nations the most warlike trembled at their approach. Generals the most experienced avowed themselves outgeneralled and beaten. Yet they yielded to no people in their admiration of works of art, in ingenuity of invention, and in skill of execution. The temples, the baths, the public squares, the aqueducts, the streets, even the common sewers, displayed a taste and magnificence which would never be believed were it not for the ruins that still exist to prove it. Within the walls which enclosed the seven hills were 46,000 groups of buildings, separated by streets; 2117 palaces; 480 public squares; 470 religious temples; 856 baths; 1352 lakes or reservoirs; 32 sacred groves; 2 vast amphitheatres; 2 circuses,

one of which would contain two hundred thousand spectators; 23 colossal equestrian statues of marble, 80 of bronze gilt, and 84 of ivory; 36 triumphal arches; 48 obelisks; 11 forums; 14 aqueducts, which conveyed into the city the waters, or rather rivers, which poured down from the mountains; and 24 streets, paved with large flags, which issued through as many massive gates, and which performed the functions of arteries, conveying from the throbbing heart of the empire the circulating fluid of energy, enterprise, and vitality to every member of the gigantic body, that is, to every portion of the then known world.

The ancient Romans were not only warriors, engineers, and architects, — they were also farmers, horticulturists, and manufacturers. They introduced agriculture into every region that they conquered. They propagated the apple, the cherry, and many other fruit trees, even as far as Britain. They introduced the olive into France and Spain.* The garments even of the most aristocratic were made from the wool of their own flocks. While the men were fighting the battles of their country, their wives and daughters at home were assiduously plying the distaff, and during the hours of recreation nursing the flowers in the windows, and training the roses and honeysuckles in the bowers, to fill the air with their fragrance and cheer the hardy warriors on their return.

Such was the grandeur of ancient Rome. Nor was she thus elevated and prospered but to accomplish the designs of infinite wisdom and goodness in behalf of man — to disseminate the blessings of civilization, science, and religion throughout the world — to level and prepare the way for the advent of the Messias.

* Müller's Univers. Hist.

If, kind reader, you have followed us, and sympathized with us in these reflections from the Pincian Hill upon the power and grandeur of ancient Rome, you are perhaps now waiting to know our reflections upon the "decline and fall of Rome." You are expecting a description of the hearse that bears off her remains in the gloomy *cortége* of the funeral of nations. You are prepared to shed tears of sincere and deep regret. But you wait in vain. In vain you listen. Reserve your compassion and your tears for the fall and utter ruin and extinction of other nations — the *enemies* of Rome. For Rome hath *never* fallen. By the conversion of the nations to Christianity she became, by a new and more glorious title, the metropolis of the world. She went forth conquering and to conquer. She bore aloft the torch of truth and knowledge, diffusing the light of religion and science from the equator to the polar circles.

No ; Rome hath never fallen — and never will. The Egypt of the Pharaohs exists only in mummies. Phœnicia is a deserted and moaning beach. Carthage is annihilated. Greece lives only in song. But Rome is full of life, and still acts, decrees, and commands with all the energy and vivacity of her youth. When she speaks from the Vatican, all the nations hold their breath and listen to her voice. She never says too much. She never says too little. When she applauds, the meed is received with gratitude and pride. When she lifts her arm to smite, the haughtiest monarchs quail. The fact cannot be disguised that she wields an influence even over the empires that affect to hold her in derision, more potent than that of all the powers of Christendom. At this day, while insulted and defied by legions of

open and secret enemies, her Chief Pastor only a few years since forced to abandon his dominions, she is, in fact, more powerful and glorious than when a single decree of her Senate could call into the field hundreds of thousands of iron men, who never would nor could be conquered. Rome can never die. The gates of hell can never prevail. Thousands of years ago, her poets and her oracles celebrated her immortality in song. They called her an everlasting empire, *imperium sine fine ;* an eternal city, *urbs æterna ;* the divine Rome, *Roma Dea.* Instinct, or say rather *inspiration,* taught her even in the days of her childhood that she would survive the fall of empires, and still live and act when the wild winds should howl among their ruins. Who, then, will talk of the decline and fall of Rome ?

The fall of Rome ! From whence has she fallen, and to what ? Is it from paganism to Christianity ? Is it from the capital of Tarquin the Proud to the glorious Church of St. Peter ? — from the Capitoline Hill to the Vatican ? Is it from the Trajan Forum to the Christian pulpit ? — from the altar of idols to the altar of God ? Is it from the schools of the philosophers to the seminaries and colleges of Christian erudition ?

Pagan Rome contained three hundred idolatrous temples ; it now contains three hundred and seventy Christian churches. Is this a fall ? Answer me as Christians. There was an amphitheatre where Christians were torn in pieces within sight of a hundred thousand spectators — the ruins of that amphitheatre are now daily visited by hundreds of Christians, of every rank and profession, who come to kiss the crucifix that has been planted on the very earth which drank up the blood of the martyrs. Call you this a fall ?

The Temple of Jupiter, indeed, no longer frowns over the city; but on the very spot where it stood we behold the beautiful and mysterious church of Ara Cœli, or the Altar of Heaven. We look in vain for the famous baths of Diocletian; but on the very ground they occupied we gaze with admiration upon the magnificent church and convent of St. Mary of the Angels. No longer in lascivious song do needy poets sing the amours of the gods, nor in heroic measures celebrate the deeds of men of war; but every stone and brick of modern Rome proclaims the triumphs of her missionaries and her martyrs. The schools of the philosophers indeed are closed, but in their place are colleges where men of every tongue, and clime, and color may drink at the fountain head of wisdom, and schools for youth where fifteen thousand children are daily and gratuitously taught. Her triumphal arches and other monuments of ancient art have long since fallen into dust; yet she still produces masterpieces in sculpture, painting, and architecture, which ancient Rome in her palmiest days did never equal, and which render modern Rome the greatest city of the world, not merely in this *our* day, but in *any* day, in *any* age. Call you this a fall?

No; Rome hath never fallen. From the Great Arbiter of the destinies of nations she received a twofold mission. She was first to conquer and subjugate the peoples, to prepare them for the sweet yoke of the Messiah, and then to teach them and conduct them to heaven. The one she achieved before the advent of Christ, the other she is still achieving. The one was a mission of force, the other of love. This twofold mission, if we may indulge in mysticism, is expressed in her very name. Roma is the Greek for *power, strength.*

Spell it backwards, it is *amor, love.* Now pursue the great events of history downwards to the Christian era, and we shall find all depending on, or tending to, material force and martial glory. On the other hand, trace back the great events of modern history, and we find all proceeding from the principle of divine love. All the wars of old, the rise and fall of empires, the conquests of Cyrus and Alexander, the battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ, tended to the conception and birth of Rome — to construct a cradle for her infancy and a field for her exploits. The great events of more recent times, the fortitude of confessors, the sufferings of martyrs, the triumphs of the cross, the conversion of the nations, and the civilization of the world, all are stamped with the impress of that boundless love which impelled the Son of God to lay aside his glory and array himself in the habiliments of humanity. Rome was always queen and mistress of the world — before Christ, because she governed the *bodies* of men; since, in a sublimer and truer sense, because she reigns over their souls. Call you *this* a fall?

Rome still commissions and sends forth her battalions of soldiers — soldiers who never quail nor fly — soldiers who, though defeated, will still rally and fight to the death. But her campaigns are no longer against Carthaginians, nor Greeks, nor Parthians, nor Gauls, nor Britons, but against principalities and powers unseen — against crime and oppression — against rebellion and heresy. In the name of God she spreads her banners. They are often "rolled in blood," — not the blood of her enemies, for that she *never* sheds, — but in her own blood and that of her children. Her priests, her missionaries, and her religious orders are so many invincible legions,

their shields all locked together, ready, at a single word from the successor of the Fisherman, to go forth to any part of the world to fight the battles of the King of kings and Lord of lords. Cæsar, resplendent with imperial purple, did but rule an empire; the Fisherman of the Vatican, though an exile and a wanderer, rules the world. The fall of Rome!

No — Rome hath never fallen — and never will. Thousands of strangers yearly throng her streets. Some of them are foolish, some are wise. The foolish prate and write about the ignorance and superstition of the Romans, and about the pride and tyranny of their rulers, and would fain convey the impression that Rome is heaving her death throes. The wise, on the contrary, stand amazed and delighted with all that the eye sees, that the ear hears, and that their intelligence can grasp. In her they behold the panting deer, all spotless and unstained, hunted by reckless and wicked sportsmen for eighteen centuries, with a malice and fury truly infernal — often driven from the sacred covert of the seven hills, seeking refuge now in the catacombs, now in the desert — taken captive, and bound and carried to strange lands — yet still at bay, holding a charmed life, beautiful, pure, and strong as when long ago she heard the fierce cry of her pursuers, *Crucify him, crucify him.*

O divine Rome! as the city of cities, the city of the world, the mistress of the arts, the school of chivalry, and the queen of empires, I have ever honored thee, even from my boyish days. But now that my eyes have seen thee, and my feet have pressed thy sacred soil, I revere and love thee as the nursery of every virtue, the refuge of the afflicted, the home of the indigent, the sanctuary of Christianity, and the bulwark of the faith.

Thou art all radiant with glory. Thou art a treasury of gems and precious metals. Thou art a sparkling fountain of waters, of which whosoever drinks shall never thirst again. Thou art a glorious sun, from which radiate life and light to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Thus I have endeavored to show that the city and empire of Rome was raised up by the Almighty for a great and sublime purpose — to act an important part in promoting the true happiness of the human race. Man has a destiny to fulfil; so have empires and kingdoms. So especially has Rome, which was born of the dying embers of the nations of old, and is the palpitating heart of those that now exist. That destiny she has accomplished, and is still proceeding with her work. "The milk-white hind is fated not to die." She will suffer to the last, but die she cannot. She will finally triumph — and, clothed with glory and all radiant with light, will behold her enemies at her feet, suppliants for mercy and pardon. What a consolation for us that her destiny is ours! Be it our glory and proudest boast that *we* are *children* of the CHURCH OF ROME — and our dying consolation that we have loved, honored, and obeyed her.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CHURCHES OF ROME.

As well might I undertake to describe the beauties of the diamonds of Golconda, or the pearls of the Indian seas, or the flowers of the tropics, or the constellations of the heavens, as to attempt a description of the

churches of Rome. Nearly four hundred of them, all rich and beautiful, of surpassing worth, confounding antiquity and challenging posterity, I find myself lost in a sea of gems — walking in a garden of delights. Every church and chapel is a marvel of beauty. Yet no two are alike. You visit church after church for weeks and months, and you are never wearied ; nay, you are never even satisfied. You still wish to see another, and you will enter every new one that you discover, and in each one you will find something still to contemplate and admire. It is like reading a long but extremely interesting book. There are a great many chapters, but each chapter has its particular point, and its own interest, and its share in the interest of the whole book. You read chapter after chapter, and never feel that the chapters are too many. On the contrary, you wish there were more. So it is with a Catholic in visiting the churches of Rome.

I shall not attempt a description of any of the Roman churches, because if I did I should certainly make a failure. In order to do it a man should be an architect, a painter, a sculptor, a scholar, and a divine. I shall content myself, if not my readers, by giving my own impressions of some of the principal churches that I most frequently visited.

The question, Where shall I begin ? is easily settled. I must begin, of course, with St. Peter's. We made our first pilgrimage to it on foot. Its matchless grandeur burst upon our view as we emerged from the street into the vast and beautiful piazza in front, which is eight hundred feet in length. In the centre is an obelisk, a solid mass of red granite, eighty-three feet in height, resting on a pedestal fifty feet high. On each side of the

obelisk is a fountain. These fountains are perfectly simple and beautiful — nothing remarkably striking, but in harmony with their position. The jet of water rises sixty feet above the pavement. The basin which receives it is fifty feet in circumference. The never-ceasing gush and flow of the waters is a fit emblem of human life: its throbbing pulse — its uncertainty — its rapid transit — its joys — its tears; while the granite obelisk — like a finger pointing silently to heaven — is an emblem of that faith founded on a rock, which tells of an abiding world above, of consolation and of rest, of a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. On either hand, again, are vast semicircular colonnades, supported by four rows of columns, and united to the church at their extremities. The height of these colonnades is sixty-four feet. On the entablature are one hundred and ninety-two statues, each eleven and a half feet high.

We now approach the church and stand transfixed with astonishment at the very vestibule, or porch. This is four hundred and thirty-nine feet long, thirty-seven wide, and sixty-two feet high. At the extremity on the right is an equestrian statue of Constantine, and on the left another of Charlemagne.

We are now about to press open the heavy leather curtain at the portal of St. Peter's itself. But we pause in awe and veneration. Can it be? Are we in Rome? at St. Peter's? on the threshold of the apostles — *ad limina apostolorum*? What men have crossed this threshold before us? How many saints and martyrs! How many kings and potentates! How many bishops and priests! How many poor and despised of the world! They entered and adored, and prostrate on the pavement they confessed that God alone was great and

good. They have passed away, and have beheld greater wonders ; and now it is our turn. So we press open the curtain and enter; and then, O God ! what a sight presents itself to our view ! This is indeed none other than the house of God, and this the gate of heaven. We cannot criticise, we cannot look at details ; we see no one thing beautiful or vast, yet we are lost in admiration.

> Thou movest — but increasing with the advance,
> Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
> Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
> Vastness which grows — but grows to harmonize;
> All musical in its immensities:
> Rich marbles — richer paintings — shrines where flame
> The lamps of gold — and haughty dome which vies
> In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
> Sits on the firmest ground — and this the clouds must claim.
>
> CHILDE HAROLD.

We behold a temple so vast that the loftiest steeple in Boston would not reach to its roof, and the largest church in Boston would scarcely impede the view more than one of its own massive columns. On whichsoever side we turn we behold colossal statues, the richest gildings, exquisite paintings, matchless mosaics, precious marbles, and wonderful monuments. Along the vast nave there is nothing to impede the view — neither pews, nor benches, nor pulpit. Far off, near its extremity, so far that human vision can scarcely discern what they are, are seen shining the hundred lamps which always burn around the "confession" or tomb of the apostles. Above them is the high altar, and above that again is seen its rich *baldichino*, or canopy, ninety feet high, supported by four twisted columns of Corinthian bronze. Looking still higher we behold the interior of that sublime and mysterious dome — the triumph of architec-

tural skill — a huge temple of stone, four hundred and seventeen feet in circumference, as large as the Pantheon, elevated to the top of St. Peter's, and planted upon four columns, each of these columns being two hundred and six feet in circumference and one hundred and sixty-six feet high. All around its base, in letters of gold, we could distinctly read, though at such a vast height the following inscription: *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et portæ inferi non prevalebunt adversus eam* — "THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT." Yes, glorious church! Thou art at once a monument and an emblem of the faith of him over whom thou hast been erected. Like the Catholic faith, thou art grand and majestic without — thou art all resplendent with beauties and treasures within. Thou reignest over the seven hills, seated on the holiest of them all; thou reignest over the temples of the whole world, the most splendid and faultless of them all. Storms have beat upon thee; tempests have raged about thee; Vandals, infidels, and athiests have sneered at thee, and defied the power of those who ministered at thy altars; but thou art ever the same, immovable as the everlasting hills. Thou art still St. Peter's. On this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

But hark! what is that we hear? It is distant music — a solemn chant — perhaps a public ceremony in a neighboring street. No; it grows louder and louder as we advance. The canons of St. Peter's are chanting the Divine Office in one of the principal chapels, and a thousand people are present and assisting. What a change! A moment ago we were lost in a wilderness

of magnificence — not a human being to be seen: now we are crowded in a compact mass of human beings, and regaled with the pealing of the organ and the rich, full chorus of a hundred voices.

We cross to the opposite side of the nave, to see that group of people, of every rank from a cardinal to a beggar, and what they are doing. They are surrounding a statue — it is that of St. Peter seated on a throne, the right foot projecting a little from under the vestment. They are reverently, by turns, kissing that foot, already polished and much worn by oft-repeated kisses. We were delighted to join the pious group; and I believe that no kisses were that day impressed more hearty and sincere than ours.

Now we have reached the "confession" of St. Peter, and on our knees we gaze down upon the tomb of the apostles. The time we passed in prayer, the prayers we offered, for whom and for what we offered them, these cannot be recorded here; but they are written above in the great book of the memory of God.

We visited St. Peter's many times. Indeed, during three months that we remained in Rome, there seldom intervened more than two or three days between our visits. Yet we were never weary. What do I say? We were never half satisfied. With alacrity and joy we entered those sacred portals; slowly and with regret we returned. I shall never forget the peculiar pleasure I experienced every time I entered, in hastening to the vase of holy water, saying, "Sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." On those occasions, more than on any other, I could form a faint idea of the architectural grandeur of the building. The vases, one on either side

of the nave, are held by infant cherubs; and on entering the church so they seem. But as you advance they appear to recede from you, and then suddenly increase in size, till they assume gigantic proportions; and when you reach them, these infant cherubs you find to be more than six feet high, stooping down to present you with holy water.

On one occasion we ascended to the roof of the church. Here too we could form some idea of its grandeur. We were in the midst of a sort of town. We walked through lanes and streets; carts were passing to and fro; we were in the midst of the habitations of men, yet a hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Walls and parapets were about us, domes and statues before us, and "the" dome, the glorious, wondrous dome, far, far above us. The ascent thus far is so gradual that mules and donkeys can make it as well as men. Now, however, we commence an ascent that mules and donkeys cannot make — that of the dome itself. The dome of St. Peter's is constructed of two walls, between which are passages and staircases to enable visitors to ascend without fatigue. We entered the circular galleries inside the dome, and though it made our blood curdle, we looked down upon the pavement of the church, and saw many human beings in motion, like flies crawling. Then we mounted higher, higher, higher, till we entered the very ball, which, though from the ground it appears but a gilded speck that one might hold in his hands, is, in fact, about twenty-two feet in circumference, and will hold twelve or thirteen persons comfortably. We did not stop long, for the air was very warm and oppressive, and we were glad to leave it.

One day we obtained permission to celebrate Mass in the subterranean chapel under the high altar. This is the church erected by Constantine the Great, and is still in a good state. It was lighted by torches, and we celebrated at the very altar used by the early Christians.

Protestants can write very prettily, and sometimes eloquently, about "St. Peter's Church in Rome." So could Lord Byron and Gibbon; and so also might Jews and Turks; but no one, I am certain, can truly appreciate its grandeur, magnificence, and beauty unless he be a Catholic, and can regard it with the faith, the honest pride, and the exultation of a Catholic. Indeed, to form any thing like an abiding impression of the almost supernatural beauties of this extraordinary Basilica, it must be visited on the occasion of some of the grand festivals.

We were present at the services on Palm Sunday. When we entered the church there were many thousands of people assembled, of every class and in every variety of costume, all apparently in motion, and making a sound as of a heavy surge upon a stony beach. Yet there was no crowd — no one jostled another. There was room enough for all, and for as many more. Presently the sound of martial music was heard, the heavy curtain at the main entrance was lifted, and the "noble guard" marched in with heavy, measured tramp, in their high Wellington boots, and took their station on either side of the sanctuary. Then followed several battalions of soldiers, who formed in two lines, facing each other, extending from the entrance to the high altar. Between these lines advanced the procession of public officers, prelates, bishops, cardinals, and the entire papal court, all in the richest costumes. Next came the "Swiss guard," the only existing corps that has re-

tained the dress and armor of the ages of chivalry. Over their party-colored uniform they wore greaves, gauntlets, brassets, and breastplates of steel. They wore helmets of the same material, and carried long halberts in their hands. Last of all entered the pope himself, seated in the gestatorial chair, and borne on the shoulders of members of his household. This was Pope Pius IX. — Glorious Pius IX. — the exile of Gaeta — the head of the Christian church on earth. His holiness wore a mitre of cloth of silver, without any ornament, and a red cope. He proceeded slowly up the nave of the church, blessing the kneeling multitudes, until he arrived at the throne in the sanctuary. The sanctuary is behind the high altar, but is large enough for a church, and can accommodate several thousand persons.

The palms, which are genuine leaves of the palm tree, were then blessed by the holy father, and by him distributed to the cardinals, bishops, mitred abbots, generals of orders, princes, nobles, and such others as had obtained permission to receive one. I had the pleasure and the honor to be one of these last, and received my palm, advancing like the others to the throne, first kissing the pope's foot, and then the palm, as his holiness presented it.

I have used the expression "the pope's foot," and I have done so intentionally. Some writers like better to soften it down, and they talk about kissing an embroidered cross, and are vastly anxious that all Protestants should be informed that there is a cross on the pope's shoe which is kissed — just as if they (Protestants) cared a penny for an embroidered cross! For my part, I yield to none in my respect for the cross, be it embroidered or not embroidered — be it on a shoe or on a

diadem. But it was not that which I kissed, or even thought of on this occasion. It was the *foot* which I kissed; and I would gladly have kissed the very dust it rested on. Here, seated on his throne, — the throne of St. Peter, — sat St. Peter's successor — the Bishop of Rome, to whom all patriarchs and bishops of the world owe obedience — the head of the church militant — the vicar of Jesus Christ; yet I, an obscure, unknown stranger, from a distant land, far over the great waters, was permitted to approach him, to kneel before him, and even to kiss his feet. St. John, the beloved disciple, leaned upon the bosom of Jesus himself; the traitor Judas kissed his cheek; the Magdalen his feet. I could not do either, but I did what I could — I kissed the feet of his vicegerent upon earth.

Nothing can be conceived more grand than the ceremony as a whole. You must take in the crowds of people present from all parts of the world — the number, rank, and costume of kings, dukes, lords, and ambassadors — the wild and unearthly harmony of the choir — the almost supernatural chant of the "Passion" — the decorations of the sanctuary — the magnificent temple, which radiated beauty and grandeur on all — the person and character of the sovereign pontiff — finally, the sublime theme of the church's meditations — the triumphal entry of the Lord into Jerusalem, amid the hosannas and palm branches of the shouting and exulting multitudes.

The same week, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons, we assisted at the office of Tenebræ, in the Sistine Chapel. Tenebræ means *darkness.* Formerly this office was celebrated in the night, as is still the practice in some religious orders, though it is usually

anticipated. The singing was by the pope's choir. I shall never hear such singing again, unless in heaven. I shall not attempt to describe it. I might as well try to describe the songs of the cherubic hosts.

On each of these evenings I witnessed a most interesting and edifying spectacle at the *Trinità de' Pellegrini.* This is a hospital founded by St. Philip Neri, for the entertainment of poor pilgrims coming to Rome from different parts of the world for devotional purposes, particularly during the years of jubilee. It is served by a "congregation", composed of cardinals, priests, princes, nobles, and others, who receive the pilgrims as they arrive, provide for their wants, and serve them at table. In ordinary years there are, during holy week, from three to four hundred lodged in the house. To prevent imposture, they who come from a distance of more than sixty miles are obliged to present a certificate from the bishop or vicar general of their diocese, as an attestation that they come as pilgrims. During the paschal time they are allowed to remain three days if Italians; four days if Ultramontanes; and seven days if Portuguese. They pass the day in making visits to the seven Basilicas. In the evening, after the "Ave Maria," they assemble in chapel to hear a sermon, after which commences the ceremony of "washing of feet;" then they are conducted to the refectory for dinner, and, after evening prayers, to bed. On the occasion of my first visit, the "washing of feet" had just commenced. The pilgrims were seated in rows, on benches, in vast halls, and were taking off their stockings. Before them stood the members of the confraternity, ready to work. But such feet as some of the pilgrims presented! They needed much the application of water, to which some

had been strangers perhaps for years. The "Brothers" who were employed in washing them were all dressed alike, in a sort of robe, or long sack, so that you could not distinguish the prince from the poor mechanic. The only persons that could be recognized were the cardinals, who always wore their red calottes. I perceived several of them at the work. While washing the feet, they repeated with the pilgrims the Lord's Prayer, and other devout ejaculations, and at the end kissed the feet that had been washed. We then hastened to the refectory, and soon the pilgrims entered in order and took their seats. It was a beautiful and affecting sight to behold so many men of different languages, colors, costumes, and physiognomies come from all parts of the world to gain the indulgences of holy week; and then again so many persons of all ranks, both in church and state, acting as servants and domestics. After the blessing of the table, the "Brothers" immediately began bringing in the soup; then fish, salad, bread, wine, fruit, &c. One of the "Brothers" stood in a pulpit during the repast, and read, in a loud, clear voice, from a spiritual book. After dinner they were all conducted to the dormitories where they were to sleep, each pilgrim having a bed to himself. Here night prayers were offered, while each pilgrim knelt at his bedside and responded. The female pilgrims are served and washed by ladies in another part of the building. Gentlemen are not admitted to witness it.

On Wednesday, in holy week, after having celebrated Mass at the church of St. Ignatius as usual, I assisted at the Mass of the Bishop of Boston in the chapel of the Roman College, on which occasion about five hundred

boys, from ten to twenty years of age, received holy communion.

Thursday in Holy Week was one of the happiest and proudest days of my life. I had the supreme happiness, and the undeserved honor, of receiving holy communion at the hands of the holy father himself. I was indebted for this great privilege to the Bishop of Boston, who kindly invited me to accompany him as his chaplain. The holy father celebrated Mass in his private chapel. The Bishop of Boston and the Bishop of Saint Flour served the Mass. There were not more than thirty persons assisting, — the greater part being prelates and officers of the pope's household, — all of whom received holy communion. We all breakfasted together in the palace of the Vatican ; after which we assisted at High Mass in the Sistine Chapel, and accompanied the procession to the Repository. This is the day on which the church commemorates the institution of the Blessed Sacrament — the solace, the strength, and the life of the Christian on his earthly pilgrimage. The holy father, bareheaded and on foot, under a canopy borne by eight bishops, carried the Blessed Sacrament, preceded by all the cardinals walking two by two, to the Pauline Chapel, which was splendidly illuminated ; the choir meanwhile singing the *Pange Lingua.* The Blessed Sacrament was then deposited in the sepulchre for the adoration of the faithful.

Now the great piazza in front of St. Peter's is filled with human beings, — strangers from abroad, citizens of Rome, peasants from the country, battalions of troops, bands of music, pilgrims with their shell and staff, beggars in rags, old men with crutches, little children and infants, — all awaiting the appearance of the pope in the

Loggia in front of the Basilica, from which he imparts his solemn benediction to the assembled multitude, to the city, and to the world — *urbi et orbi.*

Rapidly again the multitudes pour into St. Peter's to witness the washing of the feet. The holy father — a towel being fastened to his girdle — washed and kissed the feet of thirteen priests, dressed in white, called the *apostles.* He afterwards waited upon the same apostles at dinner, helping them to soup, and the different dishes, &c.

I also witnessed in the evening the washing of the high altar, by the canons of St. Peter's. The relics were then shown from one of the galleries under the dome, for the veneration of the faithful. These are, —

1. A portion of the cross on which our blessed Lord suffered for our salvation.

2. The lance with which his side was pierced.

3. The *Volto Santo,* or likeness of our Lord's countenance, impressed upon the handkerchief with which St. Veronica wiped his face while, sinking under the weight of his cross, he toiled up the side of Mount Calvary.

Good Friday in Rome can have no interest except to a Catholic. The whole city appears wrapped in darkness and gloom. The Gloria in Excelsis at yesterday's Mass was the last song of joy that she has heard. Even that shed only a transient gleam of light to show the faithful that they were not abandoned and left orphans in this season of bereavement and sorrow, but that Jesus Christ, who loved his own even unto the end, would still abide with them in the sacrament of his love, which on that day he instituted. Immediately after this sweet anthem the church again put on her sackcloth, and

mourned in silence. All the bells ceased ringing, from the great bell of St. Peter's to the silvery bells of the altars. There are in Rome nearly four hundred churches; and convents, monasteries, and schools without number. On every one of these are from one to eight bells, of every variety of size and tone; in every church, and chapel, and oratory, from one to fifteen altars, where the sacrifice of the Mass is offered from early morn till noon. The bells of these four hundred churches — of all these convents and chapels — the bells of these innumerable altars — are all silent as the sepulchre. The effect is singularly solemn and touching. I shall never forget the impression it made on me the first Good Friday I ever passed in Rome. I repaired to the church early in the morning as usual. I could not celebrate; for no Masses can be celebrated on this day, for it is that of the death of the church's Spouse. Where usually two thousand Masses are said every day, to-day there was none. But I went to adore in the place where his feet once stood. The streets were deserted; my footsteps echoed as I walked along. The very boys refused to play. No one thought of amusement. There were no cheerful greetings in the way. All I met seemed as if suffering under the weight of a heavy calamity. The very sky, though serene and without a cloud, appeared like a new blue pall just from the loom of its maker. I bent my steps to the Gesù, one of the largest and most beautiful churches in Rome. The portals stood open as usual, and I entered. There were many persons in the church, all on their knees, some kissing the floor, others smiting their breasts, many in tears. Where, O, where is our Lord? We cannot see him — we cannot find him. The altar of the Blessed Sacrament still occupied

its wonted place, but divested of all its ornaments, and its divine occupant was not there, for the door of the tabernacle stood open. A crowd of persons were gathered at the gate of one of the chapels; most of them were sobbing. Curiosity impelled me to join them. Within the gate, extended on the pavement, was a large crucifix of wood. The blood appeared as if issuing from the hands, feet, and side of the image, and the crowd advanced, one after another, and knelt and bent over the crucifix, and kissed the five wounds. I could control myself no longer. I, too, burst into tears, and in my turn bent over the crucifix and kissed those precious wounds. I then hastened home, and, strange as it may seem, I felt happy. After breakfast we were again in St. Peter's, and then at the Sistine Chapel. We listened again to the chanting of the *Passion* — to the *Improperia* by Palestrina — to the *Trisagion* and *Pange Lingua* — and to the *Miserere*. To convey an idea of the harmony, or to describe its thrilling power, would be simply *impossible*. I might as well undertake to describe the music of the choirs above. Nowhere but in Rome ever was or ever will be such music.

On Holy Saturday, or Easter Eve, I went to the Church of St. John of Lateran, where I witnessed the blessing of the fire, and of the paschal candle, and the baptism of Jews, Turks, &c., by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome. After which the newly-baptized were confirmed in the church, and ordination was conferred upon candidates for the priesthood.

At the Sistine Chapel the ceremonies were very beautiful and impressive. There were no candles lighted when I entered, except the triple candle on the Epistle side, and the paschal candle on the Gospel side of the

altar. The other candles were not lighted till at the Agnus Dei of the Litanies. Then the purple covering was, as if by magic, removed from the pope's throne, the purple antipendium of the altar disappeared, the vestments of the celebrant, cardinals, and assistants were changed, light seemed to flow in from every side, and all was glistening with white and gold. At the intonation of the Gloria in Excelsis the veil fell from the picture over the altar, disclosing a splendid representation of our Lord rising from the tomb. The pope's choir poured forth its song of exultation; the great bell of St. Peter's played double bass; the cannon of the Castle St. Angelo boomed; all the bells in Rome rang joyful peals; and all the hearts in Rome beat in unison. There was the promise and assurance of the resurrection of the Lord.

Easter Sunday was a beautiful and brilliant day — just warm enough — just cool enough. Having celebrated Mass at the Church of St. Ignatius as usual, we repaired at an early hour to St. Peter's. The tide of the population of Rome was flowing rapidly towards the Vatican. We paused a while to observe it. There were every sort of people, of every nation on the earth, pressing eagerly on to secure places in the church to witness the ceremonies. There were the gay and gorgeous coaches of the cardinals, some of them resembling huge crystals in golden frames, drawn by the noblest jet black steeds, elegantly caparisoned. There were kings, queens, and princes, foreign ambassadors and officers of state, in splendid carriages, with coachmen and footmen in livery. There were lords, ladies, and gentlemen rolling up in their coaches in interminable succession, displaying to the admiring multitudes silks,

satins, velvets, and spangles — gold, silver, swords, and epaulets. There were priests, monks, friars, cameratas of students, entire colleges and schools, each in a different, all in a graceful, costume. There were many battalions of troops — French and Italian — infantry and cavalry — marching, countermarching, and falling into line, with clean and tasteful uniforms, and burnished muskets and helmets glittering in the sunbeams. There were bands of martial music, and they were all "discoursing." And though last, not the least interesting, there were thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants of Rome, and peasants from the country, old men and matrons, young men and maidens, boys and girls, in the most curious and picturesque costumes imaginable — many of whom had travelled miles on foot to receive the blessing of the holy father.

Most fortunately I secured a fine position within the church, where I could see to the greatest advantage the grand procession as it passed slowly up the nave of the vast and venerable Basilica. I was equally fortunate in my position at the Mass, which was celebrated by the pope himself. His holiness received communion standing. At the Elevation the choir ceased singing, the troops knelt at the word of command, the multitudes were prostrate, and there reigned a silence as of death, which was presently interrupted by a sweet strain of mysterious music, such as I had never heard before. It proceeded from trumpets or horns, concealed somewhere, either in the dome, or in a tribune over the main portal of the church, or in both. The music of the Mass was Palestrina's.

After Mass I had another view of the procession as it ascended the Scala Regia, and I was in the great hall near

the Loggia before the pope entered. The Loggia is the balcony from which the benediction is given to the people. I observed several prelates and officers of the palace standing in the Loggia and looking at the multitudes below, and as the pope had not yet arrived, I boldly stepped out too, and mingled with them, and gently pushed my way till I reached the balustrade; and then what a view was presented to my eyes! A hundred and fifty thousand people in the great piazza — dragoons, soldiers, officers, peasants, and citizens, all embraced, as it were, within the arms of St. Peter's, that is, within the semicircular colonnades that stretch on either side from the church into the piazza — every face of them turned upward to the Loggia, expectant. It was like a brief and strange vision. In a few seconds it was dispelled, for I heard the whisper behind me, "*Il papa!*" In another moment I was back in the *Sala*, and his holiness was about to enter the Loggia. When the sovereign pontiff appeared the trumpets sounded, and instantly the multitudes and the troops dropped upon their knees. After the prayers and responses prescribed by the ritual, the holy father rose with majesty, opened, extended, and elevated his arms, as though about to bless the whole world, and in a voice loud and clear, and with devout unction, as though it proceeded from the very depths of his soul, he pronounced the sublime words of benediction: *Benedicat vos, omnipotens Deus — Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus;* at each of the titles of the blessed Trinity making the sign of the cross over the people, first towards the left, then in front, then towards the right. All other sounds were hushed but the voice of Pius IX., and I believe that it could be heard by all the multitudes below. An instant more and all was changed. The

guns of St. Angelo fired — the bells rang all over Rome — the bands played — the drums beat — the multitudes were on foot, and their noise was like the roaring of a tempest. This glorious scene alone was worth a voyage to Rome. In no other place was such a sight ever beheld. In no other place is such a scene possible.

In the evening we had a fine view of St. Peter's illuminated. We went early, in order to see the men — about three hundred — who were setting the lamps in their places. For the illumination is always on the outside of the building. It made my blood curdle to see them like flies, or grasshoppers rather, running along and leaping over friezes, cornices, and huge mouldings, only secured from falling to the pavement by ropes fastened to their bodies, which were lowered, or hoisted, or carried to the right or to the left by those above, according as the workmen wished to place a lamp here or there, a signal being given by themselves as they desired to change their position. Sometimes they would encounter a vast projecting cornice, or the capital of a column, in the way of their ascent or descent. Nothing daunted, they press both feet, drawn up, against the side of the building, and, by a vigorous push, swing themselves eight or ten feet off into the air, over the heads of the horrified spectators, (the rope meanwhile being paid out or hauled in from above,) and then find themselves at or near the place they were seeking.

The illumination was exceedingly beautiful and brilliant, bringing out in a marvellous manner the outlines and architectural proportions of the building. It surpassed every thing that can be imagined of the kind. The cross on the summit, the entire dome, the façade, the colonnades, were one blaze of light. There are two

illuminations. The first, which lasts till near nine o'clock, is mild and beautiful. The second, which begins just before the other ends, is brilliant and dazzling. The great marvel of the last is the rapidity and suddenness with which it is accomplished. The signal is given by the discharge of a cannon. The same instant a blaze of fire is seen flaming from the summit of the cross. In a moment it spreads as if by a train of gunpowder, and the whole structure becomes a blaze of light, equalling almost the sun in brilliancy. This last illumination continues during a great part of the night. Nothing else on this earth can be made to equal or even to resemble it. We gazed in silent wonder till ten o'clock; then went home to think and dream about it.

On Easter Monday evening we witnessed the display of fireworks on the Pincian Hill. They were the most brilliant and the finest not only that we had ever seen, but that we had even conceived of. There were silvery cataracts; fountains and jets of gold; emerald palaces and gorgeous temples, glittering with innumerable lights; vast candelabra of seven branches; an emerald atmosphere dissolving into one of a rich crimson; the booming of cannons; a wild and rapid discharge of innumerable pieces of ordnance, the smoke of which ascended in heavy, sluggish clouds, and instantly caught different hues — red, crimson, scarlet, green, and violet; and hundreds of rockets, as though shot from a fountain, and descending as they burst, throwing out different colored lights in overwhelming showers, illuminating the whole scene, and discovering the presence of the immense multitudes packed together in the Piazza del Popolo.

A few years ago I was in Rome on the festival of

Corpus Christi, and it will perhaps not be thought irrelevant in this connection to extract from my notes taken at that time a description of the procession and ceremonies upon the occasion.

At about half past six o'clock in the morning I was in the Via Montserrato, on my way to St. Peter's. When I reached the bridge of St. Angelo, which crosses the Tiber opposite the celebrated castle which, some two thousand years since, was the sepulchre of the Emperor Adrian, I perceived, by the immense number of carriages and crowds on foot that filled the bridge and the principal streets leading to it, that I was none too early. I threaded my way as rapidly as I could, and at length reached the magnificent piazza in front of the great Basilica. The colonnades were decorated with costly hangings, and were made to unite at the lower extremity of the piazza by a vast canopy spread upon temporary posts of immense height, and wide enough for six dragoons to ride abreast under it. The *scala regia*, or great stairway to the Vatican, was tastefully hung with white and scarlet on one side, and with Gobelin tapestry on the other. The figures represented on the taspestry were scenes from the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. Finding the throngs rapidly increasing, I sought a situation from which to see the procession, and at length hired a chair under the colonnade, near the *scala regia*, in the front row. It was well I did, for in a few moments every seat was occupied, and none could be had for money. After waiting here some time the procession was announced by the flourish of trumpets and the beat of drums. When these martial sounds had died away, a multitude of voices were heard, as of angels singing. These were the boys of San Michele, one of the noblest

of the many pious institutions of Rome. Their sweet voices filled the air, and with seraphic strains heralded the advent of the King of kings. The words sung were those of the hymn *Pange Lingua*. But these passed on, and to my regret. They were followed, however, by another choir of angels, all in white robes. They, too, sang in strains celestial; but just as their voices were growing faint in the distance, and my ear was strained to catch the dying notes, suddenly there burst forth near me the deep-toned and solemn music of men. These were Franciscan friars, one hundred and fifty in number. Then followed friars in black robes, in number seventy. Then one hundred and seventy Franciscans, fifty Augustinians, one hundred Dominicans, and about one hundred and fifty religious, of orders the names of which I did not know. Next came thirty boys, in white cassocks and surplices, reading devoutly from books which they held, and responding one to the other; and they were followed by sixty-four boys in surplices and purple cassocks, holding birettas in their hands before their breasts. Then appeared three priests with stoles, and seventy other priests with only surplices. Next came the prelates, canons, choirs, &c., of the seven Basilicas. Before each Basilica was borne a sort of canopy, made of different colored cloths. The whole number of priests following, as attached to the seven Basilicas, was two hundred and forty. St. John of Lateran came last. Next appeared the prelates, chamberlain, mace bearers, and others attached to the papal court. Two bore each a triple crown; fifty-seven were in purple or crimson robes, twenty of whom wore surplices. There followed nine priests in chasubles, and thirteen bishops, with copes and mitres, at-

tended by their chaplains. Between thirty and forty cardinals followed with their attendants. Next came a band of martial music, containing almost every instrument that was ever invented, and played by the best musicians in the world. Then came the body guard and immediate attendants of the holy father; and at length approached the pope himself, — the good and venerable Gregory XVI., — borne in his chair of state by twelve men, under a canopy borne by eight students in theology, a prelate on either side bearing the *flambellæ*. In his hands the holy father reverently carried HIM who was the object of all this pageant — HIM who can never be sufficiently honored, who indeed asks not the applause of men, but who for this very reason is the more worthy to receive all honor, and glory, and praise; HIM before whom angels bow and archangels veil their faces — before whom the thousands upon thousands there assembled fell prostrate, like fields of wheat swept by a strong wind — the King of kings and Lord of lords, mercifully veiling the splendors of his majesty under the form and appearance of the consecrated host. Last of all followed the pope's troops, infantry and cavalry, accompanied by several bands of music, constantly playing.

Amid all this the numerous bells of St. Peter were incessantly ringing, the mammoth one booming at intervals, and the canons of St. Angelo were constantly firing, which added to the excitement of the scene. Soon as the procession had passed I left my seat, and hastened to secure a place in St. Peter's before the entrance of the pope, and fortunately succeeded. The magnificent temple was brilliantly illuminated, and, vast as it is, all hung with white, scarlet, and crimson velvets and silks

All the windows were darkened, and the church presented a most remarkable appearance. The procession entered and knelt around the high altar, each holding a lighted candle, appearing in the distance where I stood like a vast ocean of fire. Numerous lights glittered on the altar, and covered it, and the hundred gorgeous lamps of bronze that burn day and night around the tomb of St. Peter gave a beautiful relief.

I never before saw so many people in St. Peter's. There must have been at least fifty thousand on their knees. The Holy of holies had been deposited in its receptacle on the high altar, and after the singing of the *Pange Lingua* by the Pope's choir, and the customary prayers, the holy father rose from his knees, ascended the steps of the altar, and gave the benediction, in silence so profound, that throughout that vast assemblage the clicking of the chain against the censer was distinctly heard, and that was all that could be heard.

As I am not compiling a guide book, I shall not undertake to describe the churches in Rome. There are nearly four hundred within and without the walls, not one of which is wanting in objects of great interest to the Catholic. The Basilicas, of course, are the first to claim his attention. These are the more ancient and venerable churches. Their architecture is peculiar; their form is that of an oblong rectangle; the roof of the nave is supported by two rows of columns, and the roofs of the side aisles are much lower than the principal roof. Among the Basilicas there are seven which enjoy a pre-eminence, on account of the great indulgences attached to them. They are called the Seven Basilicas. These are, St. Peter's, St. John of Lateran, St. Paul's, St. Mary Major, St. Lorenzo, Santa Croce, and St. Sebastian.

The church of St. John of Lateran claims, by an inscription on the front, to be the mother and head of all the churches of the city and of the world — OMNIUM URBIS ET ORBIS ECCLESIARUM MATER ET CAPUT. The first thing that strikes you on entering is the marvellous beauty and fitness of the statuary and sculpture. There are, first, the prophets of the Old Testament. Above them, on one side of the nave, are the figures or types relating to the Messias, and on the other side, the facts related in the Gospels which verify them. Below them are colossal statues in marble of the twelve apostles in as many niches, and under each niche is a dove holding an olive branch in his beak.

St. Mary Major is of a very different style of architecture; yet it is eminently Roman, and you perceive at once that it is a Basilica. It is a vast temple of sacred magnificence. The attention is not distracted by statuary, sculpture, and painting, but is concentrated on the incomparable beauty of the long rows of columns, the walls, and the ceiling.

St. Paul's is not yet finished. When completed, it will be one of the most splendid churches in Rome.

The church of St. Clement is one of the most ancient and interesting in the world; and the Gesu, the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and that of St. Ignatius, are among the grandest and most imposing, next after the Basilicas.

### MIRACULOUS CONVERSION OF AN ISRAELITE.

There is a church near the College of the Propaganda which I visited with a peculiar interest — it is that of St. Andrea delle Fratte. It was in this church

that occurred the miraculous and sudden conversion of Ratisbonne, the Jew, on the 22d day of January, in the year 1842. I was on a visit to Rome at the time, and carefully informed myself of all the particulars. I was present at his baptism, and was near him on the occasion of his receiving holy communion for the first time; and, as this book is written for Catholics, and to convey information respecting their faith, as it exists in other lands, I shall give the story of that remarkable conversion as I received it at the time from eye witnesses, and intimate friends of this highly favored servant of Mary. The scoffer will sneer, and the incredulous will smile, at the story, but the Christian will give glory to God, "who hath mercy on whom he will;" he will adore the mercy and power of Him who, by his divine grace, can in an instant subdue the most stubborn will, and break open the fountains of contrition in the most obdurate heart; he will acknowledge the efficacy of fervent and persevering prayer, and the marvellous power of the Blessed Mother of God.

Alphonso Ratisbonne was born in Strasbourg, on the confines of France, in 1815, on the 1st day of May, the month dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, of a wealthy and renowned Jewish family. With his years increased his affection for the religion in which he was born and educated; while, at the same time, he conceived for Christianity in general, and for the Catholic faith in particular, so strong an aversion, that when, some years since, his brother Theodore* became a convert to Christianity, he indignantly discarded him, and refused to be recon-

* This brother is a Catholic clergyman, distinguished alike by his zeal and by his pen.

ciled to him. Alphonso was betrothed to a Hebrew damsel of beauty, wealth, and other rare endowments. High birth and family, refinement of education, sentiments of the heart, worldly interest, every thing, combined to attach Ratisbonne to his religion.

Previous to his marriage, which was to take place the ensuing summer, he resolved to make a tour of pleasure. Accordingly, towards the close of the autumn of 1841, he left Marseilles for Naples, and there waited an opportunity to embark for Sicily, Malta, and Constantinople, with the intention of returning to France by land. But the thought occurring that in that case he should probably not visit Rome, and perhaps never see it, he suddenly altered his purpose, and resolved to hasten to Rome, and make a short stay there of about two weeks.

Having passed several days in Rome, gratifying his curiosity, he was so far from evincing the smallest spark of attachment, or even respect, for Christianity, that after a visit to the *Ghetto*,* he felt and expressed the strongest sentiments of compassion for the degraded condition in which he found his unfortunate countrymen, and of detestation of the Christians, whom he regarded as their oppressors. On the 17th of January, the day fixed for his return to Naples, he went to take leave of his friend, the Baron Theodore di Bussières, a pious convert from the Protestant to the Catholic faith. This gentleman, strong in faith and fervent in charity, dexterously drew Ratisbonne into a conversation upon religion. Having attacked him on various points, and finding his heart a stronghold of Judaism, and utterly

* A part of Rome assigned to the Jews, of whom there are about ten thousand.

impregnable to his arguments, he at last, in a most affectionate and gentle manner, entreated him, as a token of friendly regard, to accept of a medal * of the Blessed Virgin, which he offered him. Alphonso stoutly refused; but the baron still urging, he was ashamed to be thought obstinate, or wanting in courtesy to his friend, and, with loud laughter, suffered him to throw the string over his neck. Nor did the baron stop here, but with many and judicious arguments, pressed him to defer for a few days his departure; to which at length Alphonso reluctantly consented. Meanwhile were offered to the throne of all grace, fervent prayers, by several devout persons, that it would please the divine mercy to subdue this stubborn soul. Among these was the pious Count de la Ferronays, also a friend of Alphonso, who, by a remarkable providence, was, on that very evening of the 17th of January, overtaken by death, leaving his family, and a numerous circle of friends, overwhelmed with sorrow at so unexpected a bereavement.

On the 20th of January, while preparations were making for the funeral obsequies of the deceased, in the Church of St. Andrea della Fratte, Bussières, who never ceased his pious solicitude and efforts in behalf of his young Israelite, invited him to ride in his carriage. They drove to the Church of St. Andrea, where Bussières alleged that he had a little business to transact with the monks attached to the convent. Thinking it would not be agreeable to sit outside in the carriage, Alphonso replied that he would go into the church, and wait there. Thither he went, and as usual when visiting a church, gazed about coldly and indifferently. It might

* It was the miraculous French medal.

have been about ten or twelve minutes, when Bussières returned. Ratisbonne was not to be seen. The baron, surprised, sought him in different parts of the church, and at last, to his amazement, espied him on his knees in the chapel of St. Michael the Archangel, before the altar, his face buried in his hands, and prostrate on the pavement. Astonished, and uncertain what to think, Bussières approached and gently shook him two or three times, which Alphonso appeared not to notice. He called his friend by name, and shook him more violently, when, as though just awaked from a trance, he slowly raised his head, and turning his face towards the baron, all bathed in tears, but beaming with celestial joy, and clasping his hands, burst forth in these and other like expressions: "O, how that man has prayed for me!" alluding to the deceased count; "O, how good God is! O, how vile must I appear in the sight of the angels! How glorious is Christianity! Happy, happy day! O, what have I seen! how bright and lovely!" and he drew forth from his bosom the medal which he had worn from the day it was given him, and tenderly kissing it, again extolled the mercy and the majesty of God.

Bussières was confounded. He knew not what to think. He felt awed as one feels in the presence of a miracle. He lifted his friend from his knees, and led him, or rather bore him, in his arms from the church. Seated in the carriage, he inquired, "Whither shall we drive?" "Wherever you please," replied the Jew; "after what I have seen, I have nothing to do but to obey." Arrived at his lodgings, Bussières endeavored, but in vain, to calm his agitation. At length Ratisbonne, his countenance radiant with joy, exclaimed, "I can ex-

plain nothing now; take me, O take me to a Christian priest; what I have to reveal, I must say it on my knees." Bussières then conducted him to the Gesù, the professed house of the Jesuits. There, in presence of Father Villefort, he took the medal from his breast, and kissed it with the tenderest emotion, and then spoke as follows: "I have seen her! I have seen her! I was alone in the church. On a sudden, the whole edifice vanished from my sight, and presently, in that chapel, a blaze of glory burst upon my vision, and in the midst of that radiant splendor, erect upon the altar, and full of sweetness and of majesty, I beheld the Virgin Mary, as she is here represented upon this medal. With her hand she signed for me to kneel. A power irresistible drew me towards the Virgin. She seemed to me to say, 'Be of good courage.' She did not speak, but I comprehended all."

These are the very words with which Ratisbonne divulged the manner of his miraculous conversion. All absorbed with gratitude and love in contemplating the goodness and condescension of his divine Lord and of his Blessed Mother, he thought now of nothing but to prepare himself for his spiritual regeneration in the waters of baptism. He secluded himself from all intercourse with the world, and till the day of his baptism, passed his time in prayer and other spiritual exercises in the house of the Jesuits, and under the direction of Father Villefort.

The sacred rite of baptism was administered in the Church of the Gesù, at the altar of St. Ignatius, on the 31st day of January — of which intensely interesting ceremony I had the unspeakable privilege to be an eye witness. At an early hour the vast edifice was thronged

by an assembly drawn chiefly from the higher walks of life. All were anxious to behold the face of this Hebrew youth, on whom Heaven had so signally and so beneficently smiled. The holy rite was administered by his eminence Cardinal Partrizi, Cardinal Vicar of Rome. After the customary exorcisms at the great door of the church, the cardinal celebrant, arrayed in pontifical robes, conducted the neophyte, vested with the white robe of the catechumens, to the foot of the altar. Father Villefort accompanied him on one side, and the unwearied, ever-faithful and devoted Bussières, as his godfather, on the other. Here were administered the sacraments of baptism and confirmation. Vain would it be to attempt to describe the deep emotion, the fervent piety, the unaffected humility, the heavenly joy, which beamed from the countenance of the neophyte. But every one could read it there. Gifted by nature with manly beauty; that beauty radiant with celestial light; the snow-white baptismal robe contrasting with his raven locks; the tears that plentifully coursed his cheeks; his devout and edifying deportment; his very Hebrew origin, — every thing combined to heighten the intense interest of the occasion. He received the name of Mary at his own request. The sermon, which drew tears from many eyes, being ended, and the great sacrifice consummated, Ratisbonne now approached to receive for the first time the most Holy Body of his Lord. So deeply was he affected that he could scarce walk to the foot of the altar. Bussières supported him while receiving the Blessed Eucharist, and raising him from his knees, assisted him to the end of the altar, where, prostrate on the pavement, he offered his thanksgiving. After his communion, a crowd of individuals, distinguished alike

for their piety and their rank, desired to demonstrate to the young convert their fraternal congratulations, by partaking with him of the same eucharistic rite.

Who could witness this scene, so worthy of the golden days of primitive Christianity, at once so imposing and sublime, so manifestly illumined and sanctified by the divine presence, — who could witness the edifying devotion of the catechumen, the deep emotion of the celebrant, the devout strife of the many who crowded to the altar, and the pious feeling that was diffused throughout the assembled multitude, — without sentiments of the strongest emotion? — and what unchristian man could witness it without bowing to the sublime grandeur and ineffable sweetness of a religion on which is so manifestly stamped the impress of divinity?

Alphonso Marie Ratisbonne was now a Christian; and in return for the signal favor he had received from Heaven, he consecrated himself, with all his talents, and powers, and youthful energies, to the service of God. He forsook all, and followed Christ. He cheerfully yielded up all claim to wealth and patrimony; he wrote a letter to his betrothed, to release her from her vows; and commenced, with pious ardor, a course of preparation for the priesthood. He is now a zealous Catholic priest, laboring for the conversion of sinners, and especially of the Israelites, his brethren.

## CICERONES.

There is a class of men in Italy called Cicerones. Their office is to accompany tourists from place to place, to point out all objects worthy of notice, to expatiate on

the merits of all sorts of things, and to make as much money as they can. The money making I have put last, but with them it is always the first, and the most important thing. Truth, in their estimation, unless it pays, is a useless drug. Falsehood, if lucrative, is a priceless treasure. They are a race shrewd, intelligent, and well drilled. They are unsurpassed in their knowledge of character. Are they employed by a party of conservatives? How readily they take their cue! It was here where Rossi was murdered. There the bloodthirsty rabble rushed from a café and horribly mutilated, and finally killed, a worthy priest, bent on an errand of charity. In that piazza the brave defenders of their sovereign made a firm stand against the *Canaglia*, that were advancing, torch in hand, to set fire to the palace. In such a church a holy friar, by his timely exhortations, saved the commonwealth from anarchy and civil war. The next day we will suppose them to be employed by a party of radicals. How wonderfully they adapt themselves! Here, gentlemen, is where the patriots were cruelly massacred. There Mezzocodardo was overpowered by a mercenary police, and dragged to prison. In such a window a defenceless woman was shot by the tyrant's orders, because she was shielding her husband from the infuriate rage of government minions, but not till, over her shoulders, he had slaughtered several of the guardsmen. Is it a party of Catholics? Protestants are sure to receive their deserts, and even more. Is it a party of Protestants? Catholics are sunk down and steeped in ignorance and superstition, and the priests are a profligate and debauched class. If the evil ended here, with the cicerones, it would not be so bad. The cicerones might be despised, not feared.

But, unhappily, this is not the end. For it should be known that nearly all the books of travels that issue almost weekly from the presses of Great Britain and the United States are compiled from information derived from cicerones; not from personal knowledge, or actual observation. We read of a "Three Months in Italy." What can a stranger, with a smattering of the Italian language, and that so weak that he knows not even how to spell the commonest words, what can such a man know of Italy in three months? We read of tours — but how are these tours made? By post-chaises, or diligence, or steamboat, or railroad. The tourist tarries a week, or at most a fortnight, in each large city, hires a cicerone, and goes about a "sight-seeing," and, lo! brings forth a book — by far the larger portion having been written by himself, or some one else, long before he started on his tour. For my part, I have never read one of their "Pencilings by the Way," or "Crayon Sketches," or "Foreign Correspondence," or "Letters from Abroad," written or compiled by my Protestant friends, that was not characterized either by gross ignorance or by malicious misrepresentation. They use, indeed, eloquent and beautiful language in describing the pomp and pride of cardinals and prelates — the harshness and cruelty of the papal government — the degradation, ignorance, and superstition of the common people — the cupidity, extortion, and grossness of the priests, &c., &c. But it is false. Every word of it is false. I have lived among them; have become acquainted with persons of all classes; I have observed them narrowly; and I *know* it to be false.

How comes it, then, that so many intelligent writers and amiable men persist in asserting, year after year, and

tour after tour, the existence of these abominations and abuses? and assert, as they do, that their information has been derived from "intelligent Italians and Catholics, who, while they mourned their existence, had too much candor to deny it"?

But this brings me back to the cicerones again; and, in order to reply to this question, I beg the reader's attention to the following incident, which occurred while I was in Rome.

Mr. B., an intelligent and wealthy Protestant gentleman, arrived in Rome during my residence in the Eternal City, whose acquaintance I had the honor and pleasure of making at that time, and who was my travelling companion and intimate friend during many of my subsequent journeys. He went to Rome for the purpose of examining for himself the religious and literary institutions of Rome. One day he was invited by a party of American tourists to join them in a visit to some of the charitable institutions of the city.

They employed a very celebrated cicerone, named Pietro Nobili — the same, I believe, who has officiated in the same capacity for some of our most distinguished tourists. He was recommended to them as a very intelligent man, and a liberal Catholic. Accordingly, the gentlemen of the party plied him very freely with questions — holding their note books in their hands, ready to record his answers. Every individual of the party, except Pietro Nobili, was a Protestant, and Pietro Nobili knew it. Accordingly, he served up an entertainment suited to his knowledge of Protestant appetites. He began by abusing the clergy in general — lamenting in most touching language their gross ignorance and shameless immoralities — at the same time assuring his

gaping auditors that good men might undoubtedly be found among them — excusing their conduct, at the same time, as well as he could — and pronouncing an eloquent dissertation on the celibacy of the clergy, and the wealth, hospitality, and good cheer of the monks.

"But the cardinals?" asked one of the party; "surely they are not so ignorant or immoral?"

"O, no — by no means. The cardinals are learned men, and very accomplished in their manners. And why? They are princes, and roll in wealth. They grow rich, however, at the expense of the poor; and that accounts for the multitude of beggars that throng our streets and churches."

"But at least they are moral in their lives?"

"Yes, certainly. That is, as far as it is necessary that they should be. Of course, they are but men, and must ——"

"But you do not mean that they marry?"

"No — but you see that large building opposite." (It was the great hospital of St. Michele, for the education of hundreds of poor children, and for the relief of adult paupers.) "Well, that is an immense seraglio — magnificently fitted up — and it is visited by none but cardinals."

"But does not such an institution give scandal to good Catholics?"

"O, no; we become accustomed to such things, and only smile now and then." (Here followed a great flourish of note books and pencils.)

"And the pope — is *he* a good man?"

"Yes, a most holy old man. We all love the Holy Father. He is a man, of course, and has his little weaknesses." (A great rustling of leaves among the note

books.) "He has a high regard for the fair sex — and" (lowering his voice) "it is said, indeed ——"

Mr. B. had been for some time boiling with indignation at this fellow's impudence and imposture, and he could contain no longer: —

"Look you here, my friend. You may stop that nonsense. You have given us your opinion of the priests and cardinals, and you knew full well that you were uttering falsehoods. I will now give you my opinion of you; and I know that I speak truth. You are an infamous liar and an unprincipled villain, and I should serve you right if I denounced you to the authorities of Rome. For whom do you take us? Is it for Protestants? So we are. But dare you thence conclude that we are fools and knaves like yourself, and the contemptible class to which you belong? Gentlemen, we are acquiring ignorance, and not knowledge, from the services of this wretch. For my part, I came to Rome to obtain knowledge, and I want no such teacher as this."

The whole party, when they saw the miserable poltroon thunderstruck, pale, trembling, and silent, were satisfied that Mr. B. was in the right, and they applauded his zeal. The fellow was forthwith discharged, and never again employed by any of that party. It is to be hoped that Pietro Nobili learned that day a salutary lesson, that he will not soon forget. And Americans, too, may learn a lesson. They may learn of what sort of materials travellers' note books, and "first impressions" are but too often composed, and it may aid them to form a judgment of their credibility and authenticity. We often read in books of travels of the immoralities of the priesthood, of the irreverence of the people, of the indolence and grossness of monks, of the

failings of nuns, &c., &c., and they generally introduce them with a flourish to this effect: "We have derived our information from a highly respectable and intelligent Roman, [or Neapolitan, or Florentine, as the case may be,] himself a Catholic, who, by his standing in society, and association with men of the highest rank in both church and state, has had every opportunity of obtaining correct information and forming just conclusions." Just such a man was the redoubtable Pietro Nobili.

It is not strange that the people who read their books are caught in the trap, and sincerely believe that all these things are true. For, say they, this book is printed and published to the world. It therefore invites criticism. If any of its assertions are untrue, their falsehood can be exposed, and the character and influence of the book must fall. Moreover, the author is a man of learning and research. He is known among his friends as a gentleman and an honest fellow. Therefore all he has set down must be true. All we have to reply is, that the conclusion is a false one, even though we concede the premises. For, with all the fellow's honesty, education, and polish, he may be the dupe of one more cunning and selfish than he. And if the author be not quite so disinterested as he receives credit for, he knows well that the criticisms of those he respects will be friendly, and that those of an opposite nature will neither be read nor regarded by those for whose tastes he caters.

## THE COLISEUM.

Now let us hasten to the Coliseum. No Christian can be long in Rome without making a pilgrimage to this spot, consecrated by the blood of so many of the primi-

tive martyrs. In speaking of ancient Rome in the days of her greatest glory, I remarked that it contained a vast amphitheatre, capable of seating a hundred thousand spectators, where men fought with beasts, and with each other, and where hungry beasts were let loose from subterranean caverns upon defenceless Christians. This was the Coliseum. It still stands, in a tolerably good state of preservation. The circuit of the outer wall is about sixteen hundred feet; the arena, where the gladiatorial combats took place, is about three hundred and eighty by two hundred and eighty feet. It is more than a hundred and fifty feet in height, divided into four stories, separated by large projecting cornices. On one side a considerable portion of this vast edifice is preserved to its entire height. Now let us enter; but let us go in as Christians, remembering that this is hallowed ground; every particle of that earth is a sacred relic, for it hath drunk the blood of Christian martyrs.

As we passed reverently under one of the main arches of entrance, the first object that arrested our attention was a lofty cross of wood, erected on a pedestal of stone, in the centre of the arena. A few persons were kneeling upon the steps which lead to the foot of the cross, while others hastily ascended the steps, knelt for a moment, kissed the wood of the cross, then continued on their way. A little way in advance of us were three French soldiers, without muskets, apparently enjoying a promenade together. Curiosity impelled me to watch these soldiers, to see what they would do. Will they, too, kiss the cross? will they bend their knees on the stone steps? and in presence of so many persons as were at that time standing in groups or walking in all parts of the arena? — in presence of sneering Englishmen and

curious Americans? in the face of a regular stream of passers by, who make the Coliseum a thoroughfare in passing from the Lateran to the Capitol? Let us see. Yes; they walk, with soldierly decision and step, straight to the cross. Little do they heed whether there be one, or many, or none at all, regarding them. They knelt for two or three minutes, with the appearance of great devotion, then ascended the steps, knelt again, reverently kissed the cross, and proceeded on their way. It was now our turn. When we had offered our prayers at the foot of the cross, and kissed it, we continued our walk and our observations.

I have already remarked that this arena, on which we are now walking, has been saturated with the blood of the martyrs. To commemorate these bloody executions, and to consecrate these pagan ruins, Pope Benedict XIV. caused fourteen chapels to be built around the interior wall, in which are erected the "stations of the cross," representing the principal events of the passion of our Lord. While we stood contemplating, the distant sound of a solemn chant performed by men fell upon our ears. It approached nearer and nearer, till through an archway opposite to the one by which we entered there appeared a procession of some fifty men, two by two, followed by an indiscriminate crowd of women and children. They who led the procession were dressed in long robes, which entirely covered their heads and faces, small holes being made for seeing and breathing. The rest of the men were friars of the order of St. Francis, with bare heads and feet, brown robes, and ropes around the waist. Having finished the hymn of the Passion, which they were singing, they commenced making the "stations" — a devotion familiar to all pious Catholics. The men in

the long robes are lay persons of all ranks, frequently of great wealth and distinction, who belong to a congregation or society, and who, as often as their affairs will permit, take part in this ceremony, which takes place every Friday, at the hour when our Saviour expired. They wear this odd-looking dress in order that they may not be recognized and make a public show of their devotion, and also that every brother, rich or poor, may appear to be upon an equality, and all distinctions be levelled.

During these solemn services, and while the prescribed prayers were recited at the different stations, a party of English approached us, and presuming, I suppose, from our clerical garb, that we were Italians, commenced the following conversation: —

*Lady.* How queer!

*Gent.* Queer! It's perfectly absurd.

*Girl.* Why, papa, I think it's beautiful.

*Gent.* My dear, you don't understand any thing about it.

*Girl.* I don't understand what they say, papa; but I love dearly to hear them sing. Then they seem to be so pious!

*Lady.* Hush, child. What do you know about their piety?

*Boy.* O papa, what is that man holding up in his hand?

*Gent.* That is a crucifix.

*Boy.* See! all the people kneel down.

*Lady.* I presume they are worshipping it. Romanists, you know, worship images.

*Boy.* Mamma, what makes them wear such funny dresses?

*Lady.* It is because they are priests, my dear.

*Boy.* Do all the priests dress so?

*Lady.* No, not all the priests. I suppose that these men are poor, and very ignorant. Poor creatures! If they had been educated, like you, they might have been very good people.

*Girl.* Papa, you have not yet told us what all this ceremony means.

*Gent.* Well, I will tell you now. The Catholics believe that a great many Christians were put to death here by the Roman emperors. Now, the priests come here to offer prayers for the eternal bliss of these martyrs.

*Lady.* How absurd!

Thoroughly disgusted, we moved on. The last was the only sensible remark that the lady made. Who would believe, if their ears did not hear it, and their eyes did not see it every day, that the best bred and most intelligent Protestants could be so stupidly ignorant of Catholic faith and Catholic practice? Absurd, indeed, it would be to pray for the bliss of martyrs, when Catholic faith teaches that such have already received the crown of victory, and the fruition of heavenly glory!

Had it not been for the presence of those idle, gaping, and benighted English people, our visit to the Coliseum would have been one of unruffled happiness and unspeakable edification.

## THE POPE.

Through the kind influence of the Bishop of Boston, I obtained two private audiences with his holiness, and also assisted at his private Mass, on Holy Thursday, and received communion at his hands. Pius IX. is a much

handsomer man than I expected to see. The Romans are very proud of him. *Come é bello !* they would exclaim as he passed them in public processions. He has large and sparkling eyes, and a countenance which in repose is the concentration of piety and benevolence ; but when he speaks, it expands and assumes a countless variety of expressions, insomuch that the most skilful artists find it impossible to obtain a likeness of him that will be pronounced a good one by those who have seen him when conversing. He reminded me very much of the open, benignant, intellectual, and beaming countenance of the late Bishop Fenwick. When I explained to him the object and design of the "House of the Angel Guardian," established in Boston, for homeless or unmanageable boys, he appeared highly pleased, and bade me go on courageously with the work, to which he was pleased to give his apostolic benediction, according, at the same time, both plenary and partial indulgences to the benefactors of the institution. These audiences were the more precious to me, in that they were not public. They were in the Pope's private cabinet, and he was sitting at his table, with papers and writing materials before him. He scarcely permitted me to make the usual genuflections, or to kiss his foot, for he began talking and questioning me as soon as I entered the apartment, sitting with his face towards me and his side to the table. Three times, however, I kneeled, and the third time I was at his feet, which I kissed with devout fervor, and with sincere gratitude to the Almighty God, who had vouchsafed to me the unspeakable privilege of approaching so near to the person of his vicegerent upon earth.

## THE CATACOMBS.

We descended into the catacombs of St. Agnes, accompanied and guided by the venerable Father Machi, who has for so many years made subterranean Rome the subject of his most diligent and persevering study. The entrance is near the Church of St. Agnes, about a mile without the walls. We found ourselves at once in a labyrinth of galleries, or tunnels, perforating the earth in all directions, illuminated only by the torches which we held in our hands. These tunnels were from three to four feet wide, and from six to seven in height. On either side are the receptacles for the dead, one above the other, four ranges high. They are of different sizes, varying with the size of the bodies deposited therein. Some were open, others closed with stone. In many of the open ones were skulls and bones. Who can describe our thoughts and sensations as we walked, one behind the other, each with a lighted torch, through the silent city of the dead, constructed beneath the noisy city of the living? We paused for a moment, in awe, to listen to the rumbling of wheels over our heads. Its sound was like the whirr of distant spindles.

Who were they who once occupied these dark, funereal mazes — these dormitories of the dead? They were inhabitants of pagan Rome, who, because they dared to renounce the worship of false gods and idols, and to listen to the sermons of Peter and Paul, and their associates and successors, were hunted, like wild beasts, from their homes, and compelled to take refuge in these sepulchres and earth quarries; they were Christians, willing and glad to abandon all for Christ; they were

our brothers and sisters, professing the same faith, assisting at the same mysteries, partakers of the same sacraments; they were saintly bishops, confessors of the faith, and holy virgins; they encouraged each other by word and example; they suffered and prayed together, and conversed about their families and friends, whom they had left in the noisy Babel above; they cheered one another with the promise of brighter days; they looked and longed for the crown reserved for them in heaven; and here, on our right and on our left, as we threaded these consecrated mazes, were consigned their bodies, as one after another they were summoned to their great reward; and here lie still their bones, many of them in the very position in which they were laid sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen hundred years ago. These bones we saw with our eyes, and reverently handled with our hands.

Proceeding on, we came to chapels in which were the very altars at which the priests had celebrated Mass, the chair, or throne, of the bishop, and on each side of it the seats for the choir. There were smaller apartments, with a single seat at one end, and long benches on either side. Here it is supposed that the catechumens and children received instruction. There were also the confessionals, in which the sinner threw off the weight that rested on his conscience, and became reconciled to God. In many of these apartments the walls and roofs were covered with frescos, most of them allegorical or symbolical. Father Machi directed our attention to those most worthy of notice. Of frequent occurrence was the picture of the good shepherd, bearing a lamb on his shoulders, emblematical of the assiduous charity with which Jesus Christ seeks the lost ones of

his flock, and bears them in safety to the fold. The man sick of the palsy is represented carrying his bed, to show that in the church was still the power to forgive sins. "Which is easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up, and walk? But that you may know that the Son of *man* hath power on *earth* to forgive sins, then saith he to the sick of the palsy, Rise up, take thy bed, and go into thy house. And he rose up and went to his house." (Matt. ix. 5–7.) There were also the wise virgins, five in number; but not the foolish ones, for they were excluded from the marriage feast, not having taken the precaution to keep their lamps of faith trimmed and burning, till the moment that they were summoned to go forth and meet the bridegroom. There were Adam and Eve, emblematical of the second Adam, and of the Blessed Virgin, the second Eve. By the first Adam all died, by the second Adam all are made alive. The first Eve presented man with the fatal fruit that caused his disobedience and ruin; the second Eve presented him with an infant Son, through whose merits and intercession he was to be regenerated and reconciled to God. There were doves, with olive branches in their mouths, representing heralds of peace and reconciliation, and doves without olive branches, emblems of the souls of Christians, which are temples of the Holy Ghost. There were flowers in bud and bloom, to show the budding and blossoming of faith in the souls of men; and various fruits, to display the beauty and excellence of their works of love. There was Daniel in the den of lions, portraying the Christian, safe and unconcerned amid the dangers and temptations of the world; and the three children in the fiery furnace, unhurt by the edicts of bigotry, and unscathed by the

flames of persecution. Besides all these, and many more which I have not space to enumerate, there stands forth prominent over the altar — which is the tomb of a martyr, and in those days always was — the painting, in fresco, of the Blessed Virgin, with outstretched arms, in the attitude of prayer, invoking blessings on mankind; showing how, in these early ages of faith, Christians confided in, loved, and venerated the blessed mother of our Lord.

It is to me amazing, that any person, who loves truth and seeks it, can visit these catacombs — can visit ROME — without acknowledging the divine origin and authority of that church which is its greatest ornament and its crowning glory. The authentic traditions and monumental treasures of all the other cities in Europe are few and meagre, compared with what Rome alone contains within her walls and in her catacombs. Not a link is wanting in the golden chain that unites the apostolic age with ours. The altar at which St. Peter himself celebrated the holy mysteries is still preserved, enshrined in the high altar of St. John Lateran; also the chair of St. Peter, and his very ashes, the glory of the Vatican. The Mamertine prison, where St. Peter was incarcerated, remains unmutilated. The chains with which he was bound are in the church of St. Peter ad Vincula. Within the Latin gate "the beloved apostle" was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil. The prison where St. Paul was confined; the place where he was beheaded; altars, tombs, and chapels erected over the bodies of saints and martyrs, of every age, in every part of the city; the Church of St. Sebastian, covering the spot where the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul were first interred; the altar at which St. Stephen, pope and mar-

tyr, was celebrating Mass when he was discovered by the persecutors, and by them barbarously murdered, as soon as it was terminated; the very rooms once occupied by St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Luigi Gonzaga, and St. Stanislaus Kotska; the Basilicas, erected by Constantine; countless shrines, with their precious and certain relics; catacombs and crypts, with their paintings and inscriptions, — all these are so many existing and palpable proofs that the faith of the Romans has come down to them unsullied and unchanged. And all these should convince the unbeliever that there is more, infinitely more, in the religion of the Romans, than mere form, and ceremony, and festal pomp. But, alas! they *will* not believe. Atheism, Deism, Mahometanism, even the contradictions and absurdities of Protestantism, are tolerated; but if an angel from heaven should attest to the truth of the Catholic faith, they would reject it.

## INSTITUTIONS OF CHARITY.

It would require an entire volume, and a large one too, to give even a brief sketch of each of the benevolent institutions of Rome. There is not a class of men, nor a condition of the human race, nor an infirmity to which men are subject, that has not its appropriate hospital, or asylum, and its experienced and devoted guardians and nurses. The generous, world-wide, and intelligent philanthropy which brought them into existence is only equalled by the unobtrusive piety, and patient, persevering labors of those generous souls who, not for any earthly praise or reward, but simply for the love of God, consecrate their best days, and all their days, to the faithful execution of the work. It was Rome, the

centre of that holy religion that breathes nought but charity, that gave to Europe the first and most brilliant examples of such institutions. Before the nations of Europe had emerged from darkness and barbarism, Rome had established asylums for the poor and the infirm, for widows and the fatherless, for orphans and foundlings, and thereby demonstrated that civilization is but the daughter of Christianity. It was a Pope who, in the twelfth century, opened the first asylum for invalids; it was a Pope who established the "Ospizio Apostolico," the first institution in which were taught arts and trades; they were the Popes of Rome who, by their example, taught that the best mode of giving alms to the healthy poor was to provide them with labor. And yet, in this age of philanthropy, when all men are speaking and writing of "model institutions," of houses of refuge, reform schools, &c., scarce a word is said of the institutions of Rome, the mother and mistress of every charity that has ever aroused the sympathies and excited the admiration of man. Therefore, as an act of justice to that city, the home of the pilgrims, the refuge of the afflicted, and the parent of all, we propose, as far as we can, and as briefly as possible, to describe some of the most important of her institutions of public charity; and I shall begin with one of the noblest of them all —

## SAN MICHELE.

I visited this establishment in company with the Bishop of Boston, Hon. Benjamin Seaver, late Mayor of Boston; Ex-Alderman Rich, Edward Brooks, Esq., and several other Bostonians. We were presented to the resident cardinal, Tosti, by Monsignor Bedini. The cardinal is

a very old man, but possessed of all the energy and activity of his early manhood. He received us most kindly, and gave us free access to every part of the huge establishment.

The history of San Michele is this : It was originally formed by uniting three institutions already existing. The first was founded by Sixtus V., for the reception of the poor of both sexes. It was, properly speaking, an almshouse, and was intended to suppress pauperism and mendicity in the city. The second was founded in 1582, by Leonardo Ceruso, for orphan and deserted boys. The third was founded by Tommaso Odescalchi, for yet another class of boys, viz., those who had run away from their parents or guardians, and had no one to guard their morals and provide for their education. These three institutions were, by Innocent XII., united into one, and placed in the building erected by Odescalchi on the Ripa Grande.

In 1703 Clement XI., with the aid of Carlo Fontana, erected another building for the correction and reformation of young boys, who had been convicted of crimes. *We* imagine that in *this* country was first conceived the idea of reforming juvenile delinquents, and of establishing institutions for that object. The scheme of juvenile reformation was in full and successful operation a whole century before it was even thought of in this country. It was devised in Rome, where almost every measure of philanthropy had its origin. The building just spoken of is admirably constructed for the purpose, and doubtless suggested the first idea of modern improvements in prison architecture in America, Switzerland, and England. The dormitory consists of a vast rectangular hall, on the two longer sides of which it has a triple tier

of cells, or rather small and neat apartments, one above the other. These are approached by means of an open gallery; two large windows at each end furnish an abundance of light and air. At one end of the hall stands an altar, and the inmates assist every morning at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. For this purpose each inmate has only to leave his cell and kneel at the rail of the gallery. The cells are sixty-four in number, and all can be overlooked by a glance of the eye of the superintendent.

In 1735 Clement XII. constructed between these two buildings a female penitents' refuge. To Rome, therefore, are we also indebted for the first of these institutions for the protection and reformation of a most despised and unfortunate class.

In 1790 Pius VI. added an establishment for young girls who had no means of earning a livelihood. Here they acquired habits of industry, and were instructed in branches adapted to their strength, age, and ability. Thousands have, in consequence, been rescued not only from poverty and ignorance, but also from vice and prostitution. This building, which is entirely separated from the others, has a pretty court yard attached to it, in the centre of which constantly plays a fountain of water. There is a small church attached, expressly for the girls, and there is also a larger one for the old people and boys. The whole establishment is more than half a mile in circumference.

San Michele is destined, therefore, for four classes of persons, viz., aged men, aged women, youths, and maidens. The men, to be entitled to admission, must either be Romans or must have resided five years in Rome, and must also be free from every incurable or

contagious disease. They are divided into two classes — the able-bodied and infirm. The latter occupy the lower story, that they may go to chapel and to the refectory without ascending or descending a flight of stairs. The charge of this community is intrusted to an ecclesiastic, with the title of prior, and it numbers at present one hundred and thirty individuals, one hundred of whom are gratuitously maintained, and thirty pay a trifling board. They who are strong enough are permitted to go abroad at certain fixed hours, and the others have a covered corridor to walk about in. Their daily allowance of food consists of eighteen ounces of wheat bread, four ounces of meat, (to which, twice a week, are added herbs, vegetables, &c.,) a dish of soup, and a pint of wine. A smaller portion of meat and salad is allowed for supper. On festival days they have a greater variety of dishes, and more luxuries.

The aged women are about one hundred and fifty in number. In this community there are, besides, about thirty younger women, who do the washing, ironing, cooking, &c., for the whole establishment. It is presided over by a prioress, selected from among the inmates, and she is changed every three years. The prior of the men's department has also a general supervision over the women. The diet is the same as above described.

The department of young women and girls, called the Conservatory of St. John, from the fact of its having existed for more than a century in the Lateran palace, numbers two hundred and seventy inmates, nearly all gratuitously maintained. The great aim of this institution is to instruct the girls in religion, to save them from seduction, and teach them the duties and arts proper to their sex. By night they are distributed into

nine large dormitories, presided over by some of the older ones. They are superintended by a prioress and sub-prioress, selected once every three years from among themselves. They have a school, where they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the arts suitable to their state; they are also instructed in singing. They do their own washing and cooking; they make the epaulets and other ornaments worn by the soldiers, and for their encouragement they receive half the profits. They never leave the institution, except to become wives or nuns. The institution gives a dowry of one hundred dollars to each one who marries, and two hundred dollars each to those who become nuns. We saw among them some advanced in life. The most capable and prudent of these are made teachers and guardians of the younger ones.

But the department of San Michele which most interested me was that of the boys. Their number at present is about two hundred and twenty. They are divided into six *cameratas*, or classes, according to their ages. Each *camerata* has its patron saint, and takes his name. There is St. Michael, St. Francis, St. Philip, SS. Peter and Paul, St. Charles, and the Holy Innocents. Each *camerata* has a prefect, who is an ecclesiastic, and two sub-prefects, called *decurions*, which latter are selected from the more mature and virtuous of the boys themselves. The conditions of admission are, that they be orphans, of the Roman States, and not under eleven years of age. The revenues will permit but a limited number to be taken gratuitously. At present there are one hundred and sixty gratuitous pupils, and about sixty who pay four dollars and a half a month, which is all that is demanded. The diet of the children is the same

as that of the adults. Their beds consist of a straw mattress, pillows stuffed with wool, a pair of sheets, two blankets, and an iron bedstead. On holidays they sally forth for recreation by cameratas, walking two and two, each camerata guided by its prefect, and repair to a fine vineyard without the walls, where they freely amuse themselves.

These boys are carefully instructed by the very best of masters. They are taught mechanical trades and the fine arts. We visited their workshops. The boys were busily occupied in statuary, Gobelin and other tapestry, carving, engraving in wood and copper, cutting cameos and medallions, moulding, drawing, painting, draughting, silk and woollen weaving, book binding, harness making, brass finishing, hat making, marble working, blacksmithing, cabinet making, locksmithing, carriage building, knapsack making, alto rilievo, architecture, tailoring, shoe making, carpentering, stone cutting, working of metals, and printing books.

From these shops have gone forth some of the most distinguished artists in Europe. The boys remain till they have attained the age of twenty-one, when they are presented with a sum of money sufficient to start them in the world. Thus encouraged, they set sail bravely on the sea of life. But while so much attention is bestowed on mechanics and the fine arts, literary instruction is by no means neglected. According to their tastes, ages, and abilities, they are taught Christian doctrine, reading, writing, arithmetic, anatomy, mythology, sacred and profane history, and music, vocal and instrumental.

In a word, no pains, no expense, are spared to inflame the piety, to augment the virtue, to direct the energies,

and to expand the intellect of these interesting youths, and to fit them for future usefulness and enjoyment. This department of San Michele is, in truth, a complete polytechnic school — a conservatory of trades, of arts, of literature, and of religion, opened by the wisdom and paternal zeal of the sovereign pontiffs of Rome a whole century before the example was imitated by other nations of Europe.

### ARCH HOSPITAL OF SAN SPIRITO, IN SASSIA.

This establishment is situated between the Tiber and the Vatican. The name "Sassia" comes from the word *Saxon;* for in 717 there was a hospital erected here for the Saxons who accompanied Charlemagne to Italy. The spot was selected and the hospital erected by Innocent III., who ascended the pontifical throne in 1198. When the work was completed, the pontiff placed it under the charge of an order of "Hospitallers," called "of the Holy Spirit;" hence the hospital received the name of "*San Spirito.*" In order to stimulate the laity to contribute to the support of the institution, Innocent III. founded a "confraternity," the first established in Rome, subsequently revived by Eugene IV., and at the present day in a most flourishing condition.

In 1471, the old building having fallen considerably into decay, Sixtus IV. caused it to be rebuilt after a splendid model of architecture. The principal ward of the new building, called the Sistine ward, measures five hundred and sixty-four palms in length, fifty-five in width, and sixty in height, capable of containing a triple row of beds. This ward is ornamented with a beauti-

ful cupola and an altar. Another ward was subsequently erected, one hundred and forty-eight palms in breadth, and forty-nine in height. It runs at right angles with the first ward, and will hold sixty-four beds. It is, at present, devoted to surgical cases, and is called "The Infirmary of the Wounded;" for experience has long since taught the propriety of separating such cases from the sick, in order to effect more speedily their cure. There is also a special apartment assigned to those afflicted with scurvy, another to chronic diseases, another to consumptive patients, another to lunatics, and so on. During the last century, Benedict XIV. added another ward, called the "new wing," four hundred and fourteen palms long, and of the same height and width as the Sistina. This was ornamented with rich frescoes, representing the miraculous cures wrought by our Saviour. Benedict XIV. also enriched the institution with a fine anatomical museum, to which Pius VI. added many curious things, among which is an exquisite representation or model of the arterial, nervous, and venous system, executed with incredible patience by the celebrated Joseph Flagani.

Pius VI., under whose gentle reign the population of Rome swelled to the number of one hundred and sixty-five thousand inhabitants, added a new and beautiful building, separated from the old one by the public street. This building has two stories, the one called S. Maria, five hundred and twenty-seven palms in length, twenty in height, and seventy-four in width; the other, called S. Carlo, five hundred and ninety-two palms in length, forty-five in height, and seventy-five in width. In each of these wards are four rows of beds. Reducing to a

tabular form the number of patients that can be accommodated in all the wards of San Spirito, we have, —

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| In the Sistine ward, | . . . . . | 326 beds. |
| " new wing, | . . . . . | 287 " |
| " S. Carlo and S. Maria, | . . . | 840 " |
| " surgical ward, | . . . . . | 64 " |
| " that of the scurvy, | . . . . | 6 " |
| " chronic maladies, | . . . . . | 25 " |
| " S. Giacinto, | . . . . . | 13 " |
| " S. Girolomo, | . . . . . | 12 " |
| " S. Philip, | . . . . . | 22 " |
| " of lunatics, | . . . . . | 3 " |
| " Clinical Hall, | . . . . . | 18 " |
| Total, | . . . . . | 1616 " |

Let those who attempt to blacken the Catholic church, and would fain make men believe that she is altogether selfish, and seeks only her own enrichment — is cold and relentless, and steeled against the sorrows and sufferings of humanity — let them look at the above table, and ponder it well. Here is a single hospital, only one among a multitude, and in this one hospital there are sixteen hundred and sixteen free beds provided for the sick and afflicted. Is there one like it on the whole continent of America?

Pius VII. added to the hospital a surgical apartment, light, well ventilated, commodious, and beautiful, furnished with marble tables, abundantly supplied with water — in a word, superior to any thing of the kind in Europe.

San Spirito is designed principally for the reception

of persons with fevers. If a man be attacked with fever, no matter of what age, country, condition, or religion, he stands in need of no recommendation or ticket of admission, but has only to present himself at the door, and he is immediately received. A person called the "*scribe*" minutes down the name, age, and country of the patient; also, the day, month, and year of his admission, and the number of the bed assigned to him. His effects are made up into a bundle, and carefully put aside; if he recovers they are returned to him; if he dies they are sold for the benefit of the institution. The bedsteads are of iron, as in all similar establishments in Rome. They are the most economical, the cleanest, and the best. Each one is provided with a straw bed, a mattress, bolster, pillow, sheets, a counterpane for summer, and two or three blankets for winter. Between the beds there is a marble table fastened to the wall. Over each bed, hanging upon the wall, is a tablet on which is indicated the condition and mode of treating the patient, the diet allowed him, if he have received, or ought to receive, the last rites of the church, the name, age, &c., of the patient. The diet consists chiefly of meat, soup, broth, bread, eggs, boiled succory, wine, and water; the kind and quantity for each patient is indicated on the tablet.

In winter each ward is heated by means of pipes admirably constructed, and leading from a stove in the middle. On the stove is a vessel containing a pectoral decoction of barley water and liquorice root, which is given to the sick whenever they require it. The hospital is swept out four times a day, and the floor washed once a month. The linen is changed whenever it is necessary. In the spring, when the number of patients is small, the walls

are all white washed, and the bedsteads undergo a thorough inspection and cleaning. That the air may be kept as pure as possible, vent-holes are opened into the attics, and chemical means are also employed to prevent infection. To carry off all sorts of filth, a stone duct is placed under the building, through its entire length, on an inclined plane, through which a large body of water is continually flowing into the Tiber.

If the patient recovers, he is taken to the "Hospital of Convalescents;" if he dies, he is left for two hours on his bed, and is then taken to the "Dead Room," where the body remains twenty-four hours. Every evening at the *Ave Maria* a confraternity of lay persons from different parts of the city assemble at the gates of the hospital, and with lighted torches accompany the remains of the dead to the cemetery on Janiculum, solemnly and slowly chanting in unison the requiem of the departed. No cold, nor storm, nor tempest ever deters them from the performance of this pious duty. I was myself several times witness to their zeal and piety, and was unspeakably edified by the solemnity of the scene. When there are no bodies to be buried, which not unfrequently happens, they go, notwithstanding, in the same processional order to the cemetery, reciting prayers for the dead.

The establishment is directed by a prelate of high importance, called *Comendatore*, or grand master of San Spirito, nominated by the pope. He administers the revenues and superintends the discipline. Under him are canons of the order of San Spirito, to whom are intrusted different offices and departments in the administration. Some are priests, and some are laics. The former serve the parish church. The chaplains and confessors of the

nospital, twelve in number, celebrate Mass every morning in the different wards, administer the sacraments, and assist the dying. Many pious persons, both priests and laymen, citizens and nobles, are daily seen traversing the wards on errands of love and mercy; reciting litanies, rosaries, and other prayers with the sick; adjusting their beds, combing their hair, cutting their nails, shaving their beards, speaking words of encouragement, consolation, and instruction, and in a thousand other ways administering to their wants.

Four physicians and two surgeons visit the hospital twice every day. Each physician has an "assistant," and each surgeon a "substitute," who reside at the institution. There are also others, supernumeraries, who are called upon when the number of the sick augments, so that no physician shall have more than seventy or eighty patients at a time.

By reference to statistical tables, it is ascertained that the annual expense of supporting this hospital amounts to the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; that the average number of patients received annually, during ten years, from 1823 to 1833, was twelve thousand; that the mean number of sick during that time was three hundred daily; and that about eight hundred and fifty died annually; which gives little more than seven per cent. of deaths — a fact which does infinite credit both to the hospital of San Spirito, and to the medical skill of the Romans.*

While on the subject of San Spirito, I will relate a story of one of its inmates, whom I saw and conversed with on the occasion of a former visit to Rome. He was

* Morichini, Istituti di Roma.

an old Irish priest, and a truly venerable and holy man. I was introduced to him by the vice-rector of the English College, who subsequently related to me his history as he had received it from his own lips. I wrote it down at the time, and have preserved it. It is too interesting to be lost.

When he was a little boy, his father being a Protestant, and his mother a Catholic, he contrived, with the connivance of his mother, to have secret interviews with the priest of his native town. Having been sufficiently instructed, he made his first communion, and lived a pious life, his father being entirely ignorant of the whole matter. One day, while on his knees, praying for the conversion of his parent, he made a vow that if God would be pleased to convert him, he would make a pilgrimage on foot to Jerusalem. A few days after, his father was observed to be thoughtful and agitated, and soon declared himself convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, and was received into the bosom of the church. He then learned, with surprise and delight, the history of his son's conversion, and consented that he should study for the priesthood. The bishop decided that he should make his studies at Salamanca. But he informed the bishop of his vow, and begged that he might be allowed to go first to Jerusalem. But no; Salamanca was the Jerusalem for him. So, as obedience is the first virtue of a good man, to Salamanca he went, and finished his studies, and was ordained. Several times during his subsequent ministry he craved permission to fulfil his vow, but was always denied; till on one occasion, during a severe malady, he obtained a promise from the bishop, the late Dr. Doyle, of happy memory, that, if he recovered, he might make the long-desired pilgrimage.

No sooner had he recovered than he disposed of all his little property, distributing in alms all the money he received for it, and without a penny in his pocket, but with the pilgrim's staff in his hand, he commenced his journey to the holy land, begging all the way. After indescribable difficulties and hardships he reached Naples, and there endeavored to find a vessel that would take him to Palestine for nothing; but there was none to be found. However, on being informed that there would be a better chance for him in Venice, one fine morning he set out to walk thither, a distance of only three hundred miles and upwards. Here again he was baffled, and then walked to Leghorn, where, after incredible exertions, he met a kind-hearted merchant, who gave him a free passage to the holy land in one of his ships. Thither he went joyfully, and made his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and then returned to Ireland, penniless as he had left it. When he found himself getting sick and infirm, he longed for some obscure and pious retreat wherein to spend the residue of his days in prayer, and so he returned to Rome, and after having suffered much from penury and sickness, he was placed in the hospital of San Spirito, where I saw him. He conversed with great cheerfulness, and appeared perfectly happy. He had found the very home and retreat that he had so ardently longed for.

The institutions which I have attempted to describe will give the reader some idea of how things of this sort are done in Rome. Every thing is on a grand scale, both in a moral and an architectural point of view. None of your ill-ventilated and contracted wards — your dark corridors, low ceilings, and crowded dormitories — none of your penny wise and pound foolish

calculations for the Romans. Why, the single establishment of San Michele, designed for seven hundred persons, covers more ground than all the city institutions of Boston put together. The circuit of the building is more than half a mile. The hospital of San Spirito covers about the same quantity of ground. The annual expenses of San Michele amount to thirty-five thousand dollars, and the receipts to thirty-four thousand five hundred dollars. Not bad managers, these priests and popes, nor timid ones.

### THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ASPECT OF ROME.

One who has lived in Rome during the pontificate of Gregory XVI. now sees at every step sad traces of the convulsions of 1848. They have left a scorch as of a red-hot iron dragged along. The inhabitants are just beginning to appear again like themselves. They are gradually resuming their old ways and occupations. The Romans are a religious people, naturally averse to war and to danger. When the hordes of foreign assassins began, in 1848, their infernal work of treason and of butchery, the Romans for the most part retired to their homes and remained quiet. Had but a hundredth part, instead, have taken arms, and faced the murderers, and shot at them, they would have fled in dismay to their dens and swamps, and in half an hour Rome would have been as tranquil and secure as the city of Boston. But they did nothing of the kind. They remained fastened in their houses. The enemy had a clean sweep They cruelly and coldly massacred men, women, children, and priests — all who ventured into the streets, or who dared to lift up a voice of remonstrance. However,

what the Romans ought to have done, but did not do, the French troops sent by Napoleon did for them. And dearly have the Romans paid for their want of courage and patriotism. They live now in continual dread. The assassins have proved them, and despise them. Nothing but the presence of the French troops insures the safety of the city and the security of its inhabitants. The Romans, true to the pope, are numerous enough, and strong and willing enough, to protect the Holy See against all invaders; but, alas! they lack the courage. But a revolution or rebellion like that of '48 can never again take place. The circumstances which rendered that comparatively easy can never again recur. In '48 the pope took the lead by granting many concessions, insomuch that the demagogues and agitators could seduce the people by persuading them that the pope was on their side. This to a religious people was a strong argument why they should not oppose the so-called patriots. Now, this can never happen again. For, by bitter experience, by the blood so cruelly shed, by the falsehood and hypocrisy of Mazzini and his accomplices, by the awful and sudden death of Rossi, and by his own forced banishment to Gaeta, the pope is convinced of the utter inutility of conceding aught to the demands of a mob. The papal policy has ever been kind, conservative, and parental, and the present and all future popes will adhere to it.

The year 1854, the Romans say, was the first really prosperous year for Rome since 1848. A new element is beginning to be known and felt in Rome. It is the American element. It was remarked during Holy Week that there were more visitors from the United States than from any other country in the world. Our countrymen,

I am proud to say, make a very favorable impression here on all classes. They are liberal but not extravagant, reserved but not haughty, and bold but not overbearing. They make large purchases of paintings, statuary, and fancy ornaments, which, carried to the States, will, in a few years, have the effect to elevate and refine the tastes of our countrymen. A few years ago a marble statue was a novel and very rare sight either in our public buildings or our private mansions. Plaster imitations were all we had to exhibit or to look at. Well do I remember, when I was a student in Harvard College, with what delight I used to gaze upon that wonder of New England, the Room of Statues in the Boston Athenæum. But those statues, after all, were only plaster images. It is to be hoped that, before many years, through the zeal and good taste of our travelling fellow-citizens, they will be all replaced by their marble prototypes. But the best feature of American character in Rome is the conduct of Americans in the churches and during the public ceremonies. Englishmen will talk loud, and find fault with every thing, and sneer almost in the face of the ministers of the altar. Americans, on the contrary, may be known by their subdued, quiet, and respectful behavior. The ceremonies and forms, no doubt, appear to them quite as absurd and unmeaning as they do to their brethren over the seas, but they have the good practical common sense and natural politeness not to allow their sentiments to manifest themselves in a way to shock the feelings of those who attach to them a religious importance. These good people, say they, sincerely believe in all this, and what can I possibly hope to gain by insulting them? It suits them, and they like it. Why should I wish to destroy their tastes, and leave

them without any? And if I did wish to do it, can I succeed by making myself supremely ridiculous? The consequence is, that wherever you see the Americans — whether in the Sistine Chapel, in St. Peter's, or in the smaller churches — whether at the daily service or at the grand ceremonies — they always observe a respectful silence, which sometimes appears even like devotion, and pay the closest attention to every thing that is going forward. They ask many questions, and lay in store a fund of useful knowledge. It were, however, devoutly to be wished, that when they write their books they would give their own honest impressions, as stamped at the time and on the spot, instead of a series of dissolving views to suit all parties and creeds at home.

The Romans, the true Romans, are a people full of faith and piety; consequently they are "priest-ridden." That is to say, like all good Christians, they regard the eternal as above the temporal — God above Cæsar. They take counsel of the ministers of religion; they revere them as the servants of God, and they revere the pope as his vicegerent. A little while ago I insinuated that the true Romans were cowards. I am sorry for it; for I was wrong. They are no cowards. They love their country, and would shed their last blood for it; but they love God more. The pope, the common father of the faithful, forbids them to fight in his defence. The priests, the ministers of the altar, forbid the shedding of blood. What, then, can faithful, believing Christians do? Why, retire to their homes, make a sacrifice to God of all thoughts of retaliation and revenge, and pray, saying, "Our Father, who art in heaven, HALLOWED be thy name; thy KINGDOM come, thy WILL be done on earth as it is in heaven." If THIS be not courage, tell me what courage is.

The true Romans are rarely seen, still less known, by foreign residents in Rome. They are not the servants, waiters, and shopkeepers; they do not frequent the fashionable *cafés*, nor the grand churches; they occupy no tenements in the Piazza di Spagna and the Via Condotti; they are not at levees, and parties, and public shows. They occupy the more quiet and obscurer streets; they are at home with their families, or at their places of business. Vast numbers of them live on the banks of the Tiber, and in Trastevere. They are a peace-loving, hard-working people; they are artisans, mechanics, manufacturers, and artists. They are full of charity and religion. Their faith, like that of St. Peter, has never failed, and never will. During the pontificate of Gregory XVI., I resided one year among them. During that time I was most favorably impressed with many excellent traits in their social character. Parents exercise a most kind, but firm and unflinching, authority over their children; in return, the children are never guilty of disrespect towards their parents. When they come into the house or leave it, they reverently kiss the cheek of their mother and the hand of their father. Once I saw a boy returning from school; he was passing a blacksmith's shop; the smith was welding iron; he had just taken it from the forge, all white, and shooting out sparks, and the hammer was upraised to strike it, when the boy darted in at the door, and seizing the black hand that held the hammer, drew it down to his lips and impressed a kiss upon it, and without a word hurried out again. The smith was his father.

They love the daily Mass, and they esteem it a great happiness to assist thereat, and a still greater one to be permitted to serve it. Even the boys, with their satch-

els in their hands, step into a church, on their way to school, to assist at the holy sacrifice. I have counted more than a hundred at one time, in the same church, on their knees, awaiting the school bell. No human respect deters the evening groups from assembling around the shrines of the blessed Mother of God, at the corners of the streets, to chant litanies in her honor. Wherever the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, the churches are crowded during the entire day with devout adorers, and many remain the whole night to keep watch with their Lord.

"Faith, hope, charity — these three." The faith of the Romans, I have already remarked, hath never failed. Our Lord prayed for Peter, that his faith fail not. That prayer must needs have been efficacious; hence the faith of Peter never did fail; that of the see of Peter never can fail. That faith hath descended from apostolic times to ours, unsullied by a single stain of heresy. It is a remarkable fact that no heresy hath ever yet come forth and thrived in Rome. No heresy can live there, any more than poisonous reptiles can live in the Green Isle of the Ocean. The faith of the Romans is proverbial, and strikes with astonishment every visitor. It is evinced by their zeal for religion, by their simplicity of belief, by the ardor of their devotion, by the fervency of their prayers. When witnesses of it, the sincere are converted, sceptics are astounded, infidels blaspheme.

The *hope* of the Romans is evinced by the multitudes that crowd the confessionals. If oppressed with the weight of sin, no matter how enormous the crime, instead of nursing the darling passion, or deferring repent-

ance to a more convenient season, they go promptly to their spiritual father, and with the confidence and simplicity of little ones, unburden their conscience, and solicit his benediction, his counsel, and his prayers. They know that they shall not be rejected, and that the deeper the dye of their guilt the wider will be extended a Father's arms to receive them. As the people never despair of forgiveness, so the pastors never despair of the conversion of even the most obdurate sinner, but through life, and even to the hour of their death, though on a scaffold, will follow them with kind words and affectionate reproof, till at length the floodgates of the heart burst open and the tears of compunction flow.

But the Romans shine with a virtue greater than either of these. It is their charity. Says the apostle, There remaineth faith, hope, charity — these three ; but the greatest of these is charity. In this virtue the Romans stand forth preëminent, particularly in that branch of it which is perhaps the most beautiful and perfect of all, that which offers no inducement of temporal reward or repayment — I mean such as is exercised towards the poor, and the sick, and the imprisoned, and the distressed. There are more charitable institutions in Rome for the alleviation of poverty and suffering than in any other city on the face of the whole earth. The charity of the Romans administers both to the souls and to the bodies of men, and is found at all hours of day and night, actively employed in hospitals, and prisons, and asylums, and conservatories, and houses of refuge. There is no disease of body, no distress of mind, no visitation of Providence to which man is liable, from infancy to hoary age, which is not provided for and relieved with a tenderness and prod-

igality of charity never witnessed but in Rome. Every traveller is compelled to acknowledge that nowhere else has charity assumed so many forms, or tried so many arts to discover and to assuage the complicated varieties of human misery. "I was hungry and ye fed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

When at last, from the summit of a hill, we caught the last glimpse of the cupola of St. Peter's, my heart leaped to my throat, and I thought, Shall I ever see Rome again? But other duties call, and I must away, though a heartstring break. Wonderful as Rome is in remains of ancient magnificence, and collections of modern art and genius, and interesting as are the associations that spring up in the mind of *every one*, at the mere *name* of Rome, it is to the Catholic alone that she unfolds her real treasures. To him she is the city of faith, and therefore the "city of God." The catacombs, with their subterranean chapels, and burial niches, and ancient frescoes; the Basilica, coeval with the foundation of Christianity; the thousand monuments of Christian art collected in the galleries; the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, nearly all marking some spot or commemorating some event memorable in history; the dignity and fitness of all her ecclesiastical ceremonies; and the fervent, simple faith of her people, — all speak to his heart; and, if he has seen Rome as a Catholic *ought* to see it, not by abiding among those who come with prejudiced minds to criticise and to scoff, nor trusting to lying *cicerones* and *valets de place*, but by mingling among her native inhabitants, visiting her parish churches, her schools, and hospitals, and institutions of charity, and judging of all, not by

standards founded on the prejudices of education or country, but in the spirit of Christian faith and love, — he will, he *must* come away with a heart purified and elevated by what he has seen and felt, glad from his very soul to find that single, simple-hearted faith has reserved for herself at least one spot on the earth — one spot that she can call her own, and over which she can reign, and that spot the throbbing heart of the Christian church, from whence life and strength are communicated to the whole body.

## FLORENCE.

We journeyed to Florence in a vettura. This kind of carriage has no fixed days for starting, but is always prepared to set off when assured of a sufficient number of passengers. What is more remarkable, there is no fixed price for passage, but each one strikes the best bargain he can for himself, with the *padrone*, or vettura master. We agreed for ten dollars each, the whole distance from Rome to Florence. This included lodging at night, and two hearty meals a day, viz., breakfast at ten o'clock, and dinner at five or six o'clock. Thus we had no care, no anxiety about making bargains, searching for lodgings, paying innkeepers, &c.; every thing was done by the *vetturino*, and well done, too. In fact each of us had a written contract, in which every item of the agreement was clearly stated, and signed by the padrone at Rome on the one part and by ourselves on the other. Half of the ten dollars had been paid in Rome; the other half we held till our arrival at Florence, which was then to be paid only on condition that every item of the contract should be punctually fulfilled. A gratuity was

also to be given to the vetturino, or coachman, at Florence, according to his services — not to exceed one dollar each. This is an admirable custom, for it makes the coachman dependent in a manner on the passengers, and induces him to be exceedingly civil and obliging.

The first country through which we passed was the ancient region of Etruria, the scene of so many furious battles and heroic achievements. After leaving the banks of the Tiber, which present an abundance of luxuriant pasturages, the country is not fertile, and in many places presents masses of rocks and frightful chasms, the effect, doubtless, of earthquakes and volcanoes. At nightfall we arrived at Civita Castellana, a small town situated on the summit of a steep mountain, thirty-five miles from Rome, where we dined and slept. While dinner was preparing, we walked to the cathedral, a fine old temple, in order to offer our evening sacrifice of thanks for the mercies of the day. Nearly all the people of the town appeared to be flocking the same way, for the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was to be given that evening. The women appeared in a most remarkable costume. Caps and bonnets do not seem yet to have found their way so far as this; and the women, persuaded of the propriety of being covered in the church, according to the injunction of the apostle, have devised the ingenious expedient of an enormous petticoat, made of coarse and stiff cloth, like buckram. This they put on over their ordinary dress, and then turn up the after part by the hem at the bottom, and draw it over their heads somewhat in the fashion of a hood. These were of all colors, though the prevailing ones were gamboge yellow and beet red. They made a most grotesque appearance.

At an early hour next morning (four o'clock) we left Civita Castellana. Our route lay through a country much broken into hills, but rich and well cultivated. The second night we dined and slept at Terni, where there is a celebrated cascade that attracts the attention and admiration of most travellers. It is caused by the waters of the Velino tumbling over a ridge of broken rock in one vast sheet, which, with the surrounding hills, and groves, and crags, "feathered with foliage," presents a scene grand and lovely. It is said to be one of the finest cascades in Europe. Terni contains seven thousand inhabitants, and is believed to be as ancient as Rome itself. It was the birthplace of the historian Tacitus. Pliny mentions that its meadows were mown four times a year.

The next day with wearisome slowness we ascended Mount Somma, with the assistance of a yoke of oxen harnessed in as leaders. This novel and odd mode of ascending mountains we became quite accustomed to before we reached Florence. The range, of which Mount Somma is the most lofty, is a spur of the Apennines. The height of Mount Somma is five thousand feet. About noon we arrived at Spoleto, where we breakfasted. This is a very ancient city, situated upon the acclivity of a mountain. It is celebrated for the vigorous resistance made by its inhabitants against the victorious arms of Hannibal, whom they compelled to an ignominous and destructive retreat. In the apartment of the inn where we breakfasted is an admirable fresco painting, done on the wall, of a tattered beggar with a gray beard and bald head, wrinkled and toothless. He is represented as looking upon the company through a window, holding the remnant of a hat in his hand, and craving alms. Scarce any one can view it for the first time

without a start, and a momentary persuasion that it is reality, and no picture. Not long since, as the waiter informed us, an English gentleman, tired of the imperturbable importunity of the beggar, rose from the table, and approaching the supposed window, tossed a piece of money at the hat, having till that moment really supposed it to be that of a poor mendicant. After breakfast, that is, about one o'clock, we walked to see a celebrated aqueduct, which in the time of the ancient Romans was a magnificent bridge. It is constructed on arches of prodigious elevation, and all of solid masonry. In one part it is supported by a double arcade, said to be three hundred feet high. While expatiating on its beautiful proportions, and admiring the inimitable skill of the ancients, we were all of a sudden quite romantically caught in a furious shower, accompanied with darkness, and thunder and lightning, and violent wind. Our wise speculations went with the wind, and so did we too. We ran, we knew not whither for shelter. Perceiving at a little distance a huge mill, we made for that, and half drenched reached it. The miller, to our great joy, lived in his mill, and he very courteously invited us all (we were six in number) to mount to his parlor, a seven-cornered room, tapestried with cobwebs and various articles of wearing apparel, both masculine and feminine. Scattered about the floor were an axe, one or two water buckets, some billets of wood, bits of rope, a three-legged stool, and two chairs constrained to lie down for want of a sufficient number of legs. In one corner stood a small regiment of meal bags, filled and well secured at the mouth. In the opposite corner sat the wife of the miller, on a stool, mending a sack; and through a door opposite to us were rushing in a troop of dirty children

to look at us and wonder where we came from, and what we wanted. The good dame conjectured at once the object of our visit, and immediately rose and threw down four or five of the full sacks for us to sit on, bidding us at the same time welcome, asking with maternal solicitude if we were wet, and expressing hopes that we should not take cold. Woman every where is woman, always the same, thoughtful, kind, and affectionate. We chatted and laughed with the miller and his family till the storm was over, and then making a present of a few pauls to the worthy dame, we took leave and hastened to search for our vetturino, who had agreed to meet us with the carriage. Towards evening we arrived at Foligno, where we dined and slept. This is a fine town, containing about seven thousand inhabitants, situated in a delicious valley irrigated by the ancient Clitumnus. We were surprised at the commercial activity, industry, and thriftiness of the inhabitants. The streets were clean and handsome, and the noisy hum of labor assailed us from every quarter. At the cathedral, a fine large building, crowded with pious worshippers, we received the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Next morning the vetturino roused us at daybreak. It was a lovely morning, and we set off in fine spirits. Our route lay through the most delicious country that we have yet seen. Fields teeming with vegetation, vast and luxuriant prairies, lay extended as far as the eye could reach. We had travelled the distance of five or six miles in the midst of this beautiful valley, watching the grazing herds, and listening to the varied songs of innumerable birds, when, suddenly, in the midst of these boundless plains arose, as if by enchantment, an isolated temple, of vast dimensions and magnificent architecture.

It was the celebrated Church of the Madonna degli Angeli, the metropolitan or mother church of the order of St. Francis. Our vetturino drove us nearly to the church door, and gave us an opportunity to examine it more in detail. We entered, and after a few moments of prayer, in which all the passengers engaged with great apparent devotion, we were shown a small chapel in which St. Francis of Assisium was accustomed to offer his devotions, and another in which he died. The whole interior of the church is adorned with frescoes; some of the finest are by Overbeck. About fifteen years since, the greater part of this temple was totally destroyed by an earthquake; but it has been restored with great taste and elegance. About two miles distant, on the summit of a hill, lies the town of Assisium, the birth place of St. Francis. After making many objections, our vetturino at length consented to our going thither on foot, and agreed to await our return. The walk was delightful, as may well be supposed. The town contains about four thousand inhabitants. It was the Church of St. Francis that we particularly desired to see. We found our way to it without a guide. It consists of three churches, one above the other. Each one is of good dimensions, and richly decorated with paintings, some of them of the old school. The lower church is subterranean, and contains the tomb and body of St. Francis, and we examined it by torch light. The two upper ones are of Gothic architecture, and very beautiful. The windows were all brilliantly painted with full length figures of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. In the upper church of all was an immense rose window, of surpassing brilliancy. Most of the windows are ancient, though the priest who accompanied us as guide showed us some that

were modern; and to my unpractised eye these last yielded not to the former in beauty of design, delicacy of coloring, and richness of execution. There is adjoining a fine large monastery of Franciscans. But we have already tarried too long, and our poor vetturino will be out of patience. We hastened back, and found him pacing to and fro by the side of the carriage, looking black as thunder. He said not a word, but opened the doors, waited in silence till we had all taken our seats, then slowly mounted his box, occupied more time than usual in adjusting himself, and then drove on.

We reached Perugia about noon, with a keen appetite for breakfast. Perugia is a handsome walled city, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, abounding in noble edifices, its streets broad and well paved, and magnificently situated on the summit of a lofty mountain of exquisite beauty and luxuriance, at the foot of which flows the Tiber. It is at present the capital of the beautiful province of Umbria, and its inhabitants are alike distinguished for their industry and their warlike courage. Its churches and public buildings are richly decorated with paintings and other monuments of art. It possesses a university, an academy, hospitals, manufactures of velvet and silk, and divers other useful establishments. Its principal commerce consists of wool, silk, oil, and cattle.

At nightfall we reached Pasignano, a small village on the border of the Lake Trasimenus, where we dined and slept. As it was Friday, we were served with fish, of which we had two dishes. The first was a species of eel, very large, and the second was about the size of a full-grown codfish, called *la regina.* They were caught in the lake. Pasignano is celebrated for one event,

and that a memorable one. It was here that Hannibal, by a masterly stroke of military skill, defeated and cut to pieces a Roman army, with the consul Flaminius at its head. This was two hundred and seventeen years before the birth of Christ. At the distance of a few miles are a village and a bridge that still retain the name of *Sanguinetto*, so called from the prodigious effusion of Roman blood shed on that memorable day.

The next day we crossed the Tuscan frontier, where our baggage was examined and plundered by the custom house officers, and we stopped at Castellione for breakfast, where, in consequence of the excessive heat of the weather, we remained till about three o'clock. Thence, through one of the most magnificent and luxuriant plains that the eye of man ever beheld, or that the pen of poet ever attempted to describe, we proceeded on our journey. This plain is the valley of the Chiana, is sixteen miles in length, and surrounded by mountains whose deep and sombre foliage made an enchanting contrast with the gay and exuberant fertility of the plain. Never before had I seen so elegant a landscape in so rich a frame. At Arezzo we descended from our carriage, and passed through the city on foot. It is a fine city, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, and built in the Tuscan style of elegance and simplicity. The streets are straight, broad, and clean, and paved with flags. There are some public buildings, and many churches of noble architecture; and these latter are rich in paintings. This city gave birth to Petrarch, and also to Guido, a monk of the eleventh century, who invented the scale of notes now used in music. At eight o'clock this evening we arrived at Rimaggio, where we dined and slept.

At four o'clock next morning, which was Sunday, we

were *en route* once more, and stopped at Incisa, a small country village, to breakfast, after which, according to our contract, we all went to church and heard Mass. We were charmed with the piety and devotion of the people. The church was so crowded that it was with difficulty that we could wedge out a spot to kneel on. There had already been two Masses, attended by congregations equally numerous; neither was this to be the last. Young and old were arrayed in their best habiliments, which, throughout the whole region of Tuscany, are remarkably neat and becoming.

This was our last day of travel, and, much as we desired to see Florence, we almost regretted that it was so near. In fact, about five o'clock this afternoon, while we were rapidly descending the long but gentle declivity, at a turn of the road the beautiful city burst upon us in all its charms. It lay reposing beneath us in the incomparable valley of the Arno. The "Campagna" that surrounds Florence for leagues and leagues is one rich and heavy garden, literally studded with villas and with cottages, and every villa and cottage imbosomed in verdure, and shining through the foliage. Florence herself, with her venerable towers and domes, sparkled like a gem in the midst, divided in twain by the waters of the Arno, which dispensed exuberance over the plains —and those plains environed by the Apennines. But enough. If I had not already too often expressed a similar sentiment of other scenes, I would say that this was the most enchanting one my eyes had ever rested on. In two hours more we were comfortably lodged in an excellent hotel.

Thus we made the journey from Rome to Florence without a single accident, or even a romantic adventure.

Though unarmed, and lodging at night in strange houses, where were none but strange faces, and all our baggage out of doors on the top of the carriage, at the mercy of the little dark-complexioned Italian vetturino, neither of us had our throats cut nor a shred stolen. Each night I went to bed feeling as secure as if in my father's house, and as unconcerned about my trunk and carpet bag as though they were in my chamber. I assure you there is no town in New England in which I would consent to leave my baggage on the top of a carriage all night, under no other protection than an alcove in a horse shed. But these are Italians, mind — thieving, cut-throat, desperate Italians, that are held in such horror by the pious dames of our favored land. Moreover, in no place did we receive other than kind and courteous treatment, and in no place (and this will please our mothers and sisters) did we find damp or dirty sheets.

Florence, most justly surnamed *la bella*, (the beautiful,) reposes in the midst of that magnificent and luxuriant valley of the Arno. This beautiful vale, dotted with innumerable white farm houses and elegant country seats, rich in every fruit, and vegetable, and flower, cushioned with hillocks of every variety of form, and encircled by the Apennines, presents one vast and closely cultivated garden, in which the groves, and orchards, and villas constitute the parterres and summer houses. Its general appearance is clean and airy — its streets handsomely paved with flags — its squares spacious and numerous — its public buildings and churches elegant — and its cathedral, and some of its more ancient palaces, grand and imposing.

The cathedral is a magnificent edifice, and ranks among the first in Europe. "It is, in fact," says a dis-

tinguished traveller, "if we consider magnitude and material, boldness and skill, the second, and in these respects inferior only to the unrivalled Vatican." Its walls on the outside are incrusted from top to bottom with black and white polished marble. The interior is paved with a variety of colored marbles, arranged, it is said, by Michael Angelo. It is decorated within and without by marble statues, and its paintings are masterpieces. It stands in a spacious square, entirely detached from other buildings, and is seen to great advantage. Its size appears immense, greater even than it really is, though it measures upwards of four hundred feet in length. It was commenced about the year 1290, by Arnolfo, and finished about the middle of the fifteenth century, by Brunellesco. The lantern is of solid marble, beautifully carved. The dome of this church is said to have suggested to Michael Angelo the idea of the far nobler and more beautiful dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

The *campanile*, or belfry of the cathedral, is a lofty, light, and elegant quadrangular tower, entirely detached from the main building. It is two hundred and eighty feet in height, and is incrusted with highly polished marble of various colors, and encircled with statues and bass-reliefs of exquisite workmanship. It was constructed in 1334, and is said to be the most beautiful edifice of its kind in Italy.

The Baptistery, called also the Church of St. John, also detached from the cathedral, is an edifice of an octagonal form, and very ancient. It is thought to have been originally a temple of Mars. In 1293 the merchants of Florence caused its exterior to be incrusted with polished marble. The interior is adorned with sixteen immense columns of granite, which support a

gallery, the entire roof of which is covered with richly executed mosaics. Between these columns are statues representing the twelve apostles. The pavement is composed of ancient mosaic, in one part representing the sun, with the signs of the zodiac. The Baptistery is, moreover, decorated with three large bronze portals, celebrated for the exquisite beauty of their bass-reliefs, representing historical events recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Michael Angelo termed them the Gates of Paradise. On the sides of the principal entrance we remarked two porphyry columns, the same that were presented to the Florentines by the inhabitants of Pisa, when the latter returned from the conquest of the Balearic Isles.

The same day we sought out and found the house formerly owned and occupied by Michael Angelo. It is still in the possession of the descendants of his family. We were showed four of the rooms that he had occupied. The walls were covered with frescoes, representing different events of his life, and for the most part executed by his scholars; some few, however, were painted by himself. We were showed some fine specimens of sculpture executed by him, some of them unfinished; also his first draught on paper of the celebrated last judgment, which still forms so conspicuous an ornament in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. We saw also his walking cane and sword, and the slippers he was accustomed to wear when at work. In one room was a large number of rare shells collected by himself, and several crucifixes and chaplets, together with relics of saints, many of which had been presented to him by popes and cardinals. His studio contained several unfinished pieces of sculpture and painting. We had the satisfaction of

sitting in the same chairs that had once constituted a part of his furniture.

One of the richest ornaments of Florence is the Royal Gallery, which we visited nearly every day, and which we should never be weary of visiting. It is an immense building in the form of the letter U, and contains the finest collection of paintings in the world, besides numerous masterpieces in statuary, among which are the celebrated Venus de' Medici, the Wrestlers, and the Scythian Slave. The Venus was found in Adrian's Villa, and is supposed to have been the work of Praxiteles. The two parallel galleries are each four hundred and thirty feet long, and that which unites them is one hundred. The immense space not being sufficient to contain all the treasures of the Museum, a large number of lateral halls has been added. To give an adequate idea of these treasures would be impossible. It would require a ream of paper; and besides I have nei ther the patience nor the requisite qualifications for the task. Independently of thousands of pictures, of every description imaginable, of the best masters of every school in every age, — independently of an infinity of busts and statues, and groups in marble and in bronze, — there are admirable collections of medals, cameos, mosaics, precious stones, and Etruscan and Roman antiquities. There is also a collection, unique of its kind, of upwards of two hundred portraits of great painters, nearly all painted by themselves. The ceilings are adorned with arabesques and paintings of various kinds, representing the revival of the arts and sciences, and other historical subjects, in which are introduced the portraits of generals, statesmen, princes, and other renowned characters among the Florentines. Among so

rich and unparalleled a collection of paintings, it would be impossible, at least for one so little skilled in the arts as myself, to declare which were the richest. Those that made the greatest impression upon me, at least that remained the longest and most distinctly on my memory, were a large picture of Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, a Wild Boar Hunt by Snyders, an Adoration of the Infant Jesus by Gherardo della Notte, a Visitation by Albertinelli, and a Head of Medusa by Garavaggio. The class of paintings that pleased me most, as a whole, were the Christian pieces of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteeth centuries. There was a peculiar delicacy in the coloring, and heavenly sweetness in the countenances, that are not to be found in modern paintings.

We visited all the principal churches, which are magnificently ornamented with paintings and statues, and some of them of great antiquity. Each one is, in fact, a rich museum, and would constitute the pride and marvel of any other country than Italy. The most beautiful of these churches were commenced, and decorated with their choicest ornaments, so early as the thirteenth century — that sad era of *gross intellectual darkness* and *Popish ignorance!*

On one occasion that I shall long remember we paid a visit to the house formerly occupied by the celebrated Galileo, situated in a sweet, retired village, upon the declivity of a high hill, about three miles from the Porta Romana, or Roman Gate. On our way we passed the houses formerly occupied by Americo Vespucci and Macchiavelli. We arrived at the house of Galileo just before sundown, on one of those lovely evenings so frequent in Italy, warm and serene, but exhilarating, when one feels in love with the world and with every

one in it, and would fain persuade himself that guilt and sorrow exist but in fictions and legends, and that the balmly breeze that fans him, and the thousand flowers that regale his senses, and the gay parterres and verdant fields that are spread around him, and the ever-changing music of innumerable birds, mingling with the sublimer canticles of men offering their accustomed even-song to God — that these belong to paradise, and are the heritage of innocence. In attempting to reach the house of Galileo by a shorter way than the usual path, we happily lost ourselves in a beautiful and most romantic villa. Having sufficiently enjoyed its beauties, we were hastening to escape without being discovered by the proprietor, who might be reasonably alarmed at finding four foreigners in his park so near nightfall, and being in a very narrow path, that wound among the flowers and shrubbery, we suddenly perceived approaching us a party of females. We were somewhat embarrassed, for we feared to agitate and alarm them by our intrusion. It was too late, however, to retreat; so we continued to advance without manifesting any confusion. Just before they reached us we stopped, and stood on one side of the narrow pathlet, that they might pass us. The party consisted of a matronly lady of majestic mien and a countenance full of sweetness and dignity, and four or five young ladies, of different ages, all probably her daughters, and all bearing a greater or less resemblance to their mother. They were all dressed in long frocks, perfectly white, and on their heads they wore those beautiful broad-leafed Tuscan hats that form so important and becoming a part of the dress of the Tuscan peasantry. The mother led the way, and as she passed us, without

evincing the smallest surprise or embarrassment, she smiled with an expression of countenance full of kindness and hospitality, and saluting us with a graceful inclination of the body, in the manner of the Tuscan ladies, she passed on; and each of her daughters saluted us in the same manner. They were possessed of all those remarkable and distinguishing features that constitute the charm of Italian beauty; but it was not so much their beauty that made an impression indelible on our minds, as it was the unaffected grace of their manners, the simple elegance of their dress, and the ingenuousness, innocence, and goodness that beamed from their countenances.

We first visited the *observatory* of Galileo, which is still standing — a sort of square tower, from which he was accustomed to make his astronomical observations. It stands on the summit of a hill, which commands a magnificent view of Florence, and of the Eden that surrounds it. We then visited his house, where we were showed his rooms, still containing the furniture he had used, and various pictures and other articles that had belonged to him.

Many of the statements industriously propagated with regard to Galileo, even by men whose literary eminence and intellectual attainments would otherwise entitle them to respect, may be regarded as absolute falsehoods, engendered by prejudice and bigotry. For example, it is false that Galileo was ever condemned as a *heretic*, or his theory of the earth's diurnal motion as a heresy. On the contrary, he received express permission, by a decree from Rome so early as the year 1620, to teach his system as an *astronomical hypothesis*; which terms were employed because his system in the minds of the learned

had not yet been proved to a demonstration. It is false, too, that he was imprisoned for teaching that system; for, besides the permission above mentioned, it is certain that the same system was publicly taught at that very time in one of the most celebrated colleges at Rome, under the very eyes of the holy office. It is false that the Church ever pronounced his theory untrue; all her pretensions were confined to the assertion that it was not to be demonstrated from the Bible. It is false that he was persecuted and abused by the pope and cardinals, and then suffered a long and cruel imprisonment; his own letters sufficiently refute the calumny.

The Church and Convent of St. Mark belong to the Dominican fathers. The former is enriched with a large number of exquisite paintings; and that which chiefly interested us in the latter were the cells of Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Angelico, and Fra Savonarola. The two first named were distinguished painters of the Dominican order, and we were showed their easels and many unfinished pieces just as they had left them four hundred years since. Savonarola was very famous in his day. Impelled by pride and ambition, he quitted the humble and retired walks prescribed by his religious profession, and entering the stormy arena of politics, became a popular demagogue and leader of a party, and arrayed all his genius and eloquence, of which he had an extraordinary share, against the family of the Medicis and the dignitaries of the church. With two of his companions, he was condemned and publicly executed in 1498. We saw his portrait and crucifix still preserved in the cell he occupied.

The House of Industry, or Poorhouse, is a noble pile of edifices of vast dimensions, capable of containing

three thousand persons. The actual number of inmates is about one thousand, a large proportion of whom are children. In consequence of the establishment of this institution, and the salutary regulations of the grand duke, which require all persons who cannot earn their own living to take refuge here, Florence has been entirely freed from mendicity. All the inmates, except the infirm, are required to labor, and in return they are liberally supported. Their clothing is neat and comfortable, and adapted to the different seasons; and their food is wholesome and abundant. They are neither clothed nor fed as criminals, nor are they made to feel that they are in a dependent or degraded condition. Their very looks betoken contentment and good cheer. They receive at their meals an abundance of vegetables, soup, bread, and wine. Two or three times a week they have meat; but the Italians are not accustomed to eat much meat, and the lower orders seldom use it at all — bread and salad being their chief nourishment, and that of which they are most fond. We saw the workshops both for the males and females. The number and variety of these shops were very great. The principal occupations carried on were the weaving of carpets, ribbons, stockings, woollen and linen cloth, and the manufacturing of sailors' caps, yarn, &c., &c. The boys were principally occupied at shoemaking, tailoring, blacksmithing, brass founding, &c. We were informed that the proceeds of their labor nearly support the institution, and would quite, were it not that one sixth of the profits of the labor of each individual is placed in a savings bank for his or her particular benefit, and which they receive when discharged from the institution. If indisposed, there is an excellent infirmary attached,

where the patients are provided with physicians, nurses, and every thing necessary for their comfort. If their indisposition, however, be of a serious nature, they are removed to one of the city hospitals. The children are required to attend school every day, where they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and even literature, science, and the fine arts, where an aptitude is discovered for these higher branches of education. In the schools the system of mutual instruction is followed. All the departments of the house, from the kitchen to the dormitories, we found remarkably clean and well arranged. The dormitories were perfectly well ventilated, and consisted of long halls, containing from fifty to seventy-five beds, arranged in a single row on either side. The bedsteads are of iron, and therefore free from vermin. Indeed, iron bedsteads are in almost universal use in Italy and France, even in private families. They are undoubtedly the cleanest, the most durable, and the cheapest, and it surprises me that they have not been adopted in all our public institutions in America. They can be purchased for a trifle more than the cost of the iron, and after a hundred years' use the iron loses nothing in weight, and can be sold, therefore, for something less than their original cost. Besides, they cannot be consumed by fire, nor eaten by worms, nor destroyed by dampness and time. The first cost would undoubtedly exceed that of wood, but a calculating, economical people should not be alarmed at the first cost, which is, after all, but an imaginary one; for the purchase of iron is, in fact, a real investment, as much so as would be the purchase of so many bars of pure gold. The hour of dinner arrived before we left, and we had the pleasure of seeing the inmates at their repast. We were particu-

larly pleased with the orderly demeanor of the children. The boys were in one refectory, and the girls in another. We reached the boys' refectory a few moments only before they came in. They entered in a single line, in great order and perfect silence. Each one stood at the place assigned him, at a given signal faced the table, then knelt, united in a short and appropriate responsive blessing of the table, making the sign of the cross at the beginning and end, then drew up their benches, seated themselves, and finally fell to eating, as good, stout, healthy boys should. Each motion, until the eating commenced, was directed by the touch of a small bell that the superior held in his hand. Their meals are eaten in silence. They have vegetables, bread, and wine, and three days in the week meat is added. Their supper is the same, with the exception of meat. They have bread and milk for breakfast.

In the cool of the afternoon we made a very agreeable ramble in the Royal, commonly called the *Boboli*, Gardens. They are attached to the *Palazzo Pitti*, or palace of the grand duke, which is the royal residence. These gardens resemble those of Versailles, only that, to my taste, they are much more beautiful. Nature and art unite, by a most happy and agreeable combination, in their construction. Your eye is regaled by an almost endless variety of enchanting perspectives, but is never wearied with gazing. At one moment we were lost among the undulations of the ground, and seemed to be in a valley environed with hills; at another, from a lofty summit, we contemplated the valley of the Arno and the whole city of Florence, and close by us the court yard of the palace, in which two of the royal coaches, each with six horses mounted by postilions, were sweeping

on the gallop, to leave the princes and princesses at the door of the palace; at another we found ourselves in a wide-extended plain, its rank verdure waving in the breeze; next we were lost in the gloomy shades of a thick forest; then ascended and descended gravelled alleys embowered in boxwood and myrtle, through whose long and umbrageous extent we beheld the sky as through an opera glass; then, by making a lateral turn, we found ourselves transported, as if by magic, into a smiling garden of flowers, with its marble benches for repose, and its statues, and sporting fountains, and lakes sparkling with gold fishes; and finally, by advancing a little farther, our ears were assailed with the joyous shouts of children at play, and presently we issued forth into a green field, where a hundred boys and girls were playing and romping on the grass, and their delighted parents and aunts were standing by, or sitting on the ground, watching their sports, nay, often taking part therein. Here we arrested our course, and spent at least an hour in watching the gambols of these young Florentines; and it was not till half an hour after sunset, when the deepening tints of the western sky warned us of the approach of night, that we thought of returning to our lodgings.

In different parts of Tuscany I observed many boys, in the fields and on the road sides, with no other garment than a long white robe. At first I thought it in consequence of their poverty, but on further observation was convinced that it was merely a dress of comfort; for I afterwards saw many clean, tidy-looking boys playing before their father's house, — the house and grounds manifesting wealth in the proprietor, — or accompanying their parents to walk, and yet in the same dress, that is,

in a simple robe. It would be thought an odd fashion among us; but the Tuscan youth, I doubt not, find it an exceedingly comfortable, as well as convenient, one. This circumstance may serve to elucidate some of those travellers' tales which represent the condition of the Italians as awfully deplorable, — so much so that the children go about almost in a state of nudity, — and which stir up the hearts and thimbles of half the Dorcas societies in the country to provide for their relief. The fact is, that in Tuscany there is not one half the poverty that exists in the United States, and a greater degree of happiness and domestic peace. Many reasons might be alleged for this; two only I will name: The first is, there are no drunkards, and therefore none of the wretchedness and squalid indigence consequent on drunkenness; the second, that it is a *Catholic* country, and therefore poverty and suffering are kindly and cheerfully *relieved*, not *punished*.

The industry of the Tuscan peasantry is a remarkable feature in their character. In going from Florence to Leghorn, I observed the laborers, both men and women, every where in the fields; which abounded with wheat, grape vines, fig trees, and vegetables of every kind. In the thickly-settled towns or villages, the women and girls sat all along in the streets, braiding Tuscan straw, and making it into hats so well known among us as Leghorn hats. They appeared to me the most thrifty-looking, healthy, and cheerful people I have ever seen. It should also be added that they are eminently a social and religious people, possessed of great simplicity of character and purity of morals, and enjoy in the bosom of their families a more than ordinary share of felicity. I was much struck with the appearance of the ladies, whose

modest demeanor, unaffected grace, and natural beauty, rendered still more conspicuous and attractive by the simple elegance of their dress, which consisted of full snow-white robes and large Tuscan hats, without ribbons or jewels, cannot fail to inspire every beholder with respect. Those gibbous deformities, called bonnets, form no part of the Tuscan dress, though, unhappily, they are beginning to be adopted by the higher ranks of ladies, whose taste is corrupted by intercourse with English and French residents.

The following morning I went alone to see the Church of the Annunciation. It is a splendid structure, and rich in paintings executed by the best masters. It is incrusted with highly polished marbles and gilded stuccoes. After having seen the church sufficiently, I retired to one of the beautiful corridors which conducts to it from an adjoining monastery, to await the arrival of a friend who had agreed to meet me there. Here I found an artist from the United States busily occupied in copying a painting. He was disposed to talk, and we immediately entered into conversation. He informed me, among other things, that the monks to whom the adjoining monastery belonged had given him permission to spend one month among them, sketching from their choicest paintings. "But," added he, "I do not copy for the *subject*, for I neither know nor care what it is, but solely for the faces — some of which are very fine — and for the grouping."

"But," said I, "if you were informed of the events which these pictures are intended to commemorate, and of the characters and histories of the persons represented, would it not aid you in appreciating their merits, and, as it were, inspire your own pencil in imparting life to them?"

"Not at all," he replied; "for I regard all those stories and legends as so many lies, *and all the monks as a set of rascals.*"

This was using rather plain language for a young artist, in the heart of Italy, and on the very premises of the monks themselves. But I could not attribute it to a desire to wound the feelings of his obliging benefactors, for there were none present to hear, and if there had been, they would not probably have understood. Neither could I attribute it to a spirit of high-minded, fearless American independence, for he believed me to be a Protestant, like himself; and, much pleased with the pungency of his remark, he ceased from his work and awaited my approbation. For a moment the old Adam stirred within me, and I could have charged him, face to face, with deliberate, known, and insolent falsehood. But this passed away, and I looked up for a moment at the beautiful fresco from which he was sketching, and which represented a group of monks supporting a venerable old priest, who had just descended from the altar after having concluded his Mass, and was dying in their arms; and I said, "As to the monks, if these be portraits, there must have been some holy ones in that company."

"Better, no doubt," replied he, crustily, "in those days than any we see nowadays; the present monks are a miserable, idle race."

"Are you personally acquainted with any of them?" I asked.

"No, I never had the slightest acquaintance with any one, neither do I desire to have any."

"I regret that very much," I answered, confining myself to the first part of his reply; "for had you been, I

am sure that you would entertain a very different opinion with regard to them. For *my part*, I have had the good fortune to be acquainted with many of them, both in France and in Italy, and am happy to be able to inform you that I have found among them persons of refined manners, sound and varied learning, and sincere piety; and I believe them, as a body, to excel in the practice of every Christian virtue."

"It may be so," he replied, with an incredulous shrug; "the only ones I have ever spoken with are those in this monastery."

"And have you, then, found these of a character to confirm your unfavorable judgment of the whole body, or is it in consequence of their treatment of you, that you just now pronounced all monks 'a set of rascals'?"

"O, no, no," he instantly answered, as though shocked at such an inference. "On the contrary, I have been most agreeably surprised at their piety and intelligence, and in particular at their kindness and urbanity towards myself, whom they know to be a Protestant."

I had just time to congratulate him upon having fallen into such excellent hands, and to express my pleasure that he should have made so candid, though involuntarily, an avowal of it, when my friend arrived, and I was compelled to bid the artist a good morning.

The above is but one among many facts that have convinced me of how little value are the opinions and judgments of Protestants, though otherwise intelligent and agreeable men, on all questions touching the faith of Catholics. Is it that, with all their pains and money expended in the attainment of a collegiate education, they have, after all, only acquired a vast amount of IGNORANCE? Is it that all their intelligence, and re-

finement, and polite accomplishments, are a mere external whitening? Is it that, though adopting Christian names, they are, in fact, no better at heart than the equally polished and accomplished gentlemen of the age of Cæsar Augustus?

Here is a gentleman of agreeable manners, and of no small intelligence, educated at one of our best colleges, who knows something of history, or ought to know, who has improved his mind by travel in foreign lands, and yet, withal, has formed the opinion of a considerable body of men in the Catholic church distinguished alike for their learning and piety, and their contributions to art and science, that they are all a "set of rascals."

This gentleman will return to the United States. He will carry his opinions with him. These opinions will have the more weight, that he has resided abroad in Catholic countries, and seen into the interior of convents, associated with the monks themselves, and, in one word, has had the best means of obtaining information. They will, most undoubtedly, be adopted and pass current in the circle in which he moves, be it great or small; and each individual of that circle will form another centre, whence to give them a new impulse, of course garnished and exaggerated in their progress; and all the members of these different circles will live and die in the firm belief of one of the blackest falsehoods ever invented by Satan, to wit, that monks and friars are, as a body, a "set of rascals." From similar sources, equally trivial at least, have arisen the host of prejudices and the mass of ignorance that pervert the judgment, and do injustice to the hearts of our countrymen, on the subject of the Catholic religion.

But let us for one moment analyze the opinion of

this gentleman. Let us discover, if we can, on what ground it rests, and we may thence judge what weight in general to attach to the opinions of those who differ from us in faith, how well informed soever they may profess to be. And first, was his opinion founded on a personal acquaintance with the individuals thus openly denounced? O, not at all. He had never had a personal acquaintance with an individual of the whole body. Had he then received from them rudeness or insult? O, no; on the contrary, the only ones with whom he had ever had the least intercourse had treated him with great kindness and courtesy; had thrown open to him their choicest galleries, and with Christian urbanity had invited him to make himself at home among them for a month, little imagining that they were cherishing an irreconcilable foe, utterly unable to appreciate the attentions they proffered him. Neither was his judgment the result of a studious investigation of the subject, or of information obtained from approved Catholic authors; for, as he himself avowed, he had never, to his knowledge, opened a Catholic book of any kind, or conversed with a Catholic on the subject.

It is, then, simply because they are *Catholics*, that he condemns the monks and brands them as knaves. Unhappily, the young men of our country are imbued with such prejudices against the Catholic faith, that, without the least knowledge of its principles, they feel a pride in contemning and vilifying it. From their very infancy, the idea is rubbed into their minds by the untiring zeal of parents and Sunday school teachers, that the Catholic church is the stronghold of the devil, and the monks his emissaries. Impressed with such ideas, then, every thing that is Catholic is bad; every thing that is

anti-Catholic is good. Justice is forgotten, argument is rejected, truth is disregarded. Sectarianism, however multiplied, and however abhorrent to reason and Scripture, is regarded with indifference ; infidelity is tolerated, Mahometanism is respected ; but *Catholicism*, — that is, the religion of nearly all Christendom, the religion that has planted the standard of the cross in every Christian land, and to which its enemies are indebted for the very *name* of Christian, — *Catholicism* is vilified and hunted with all the fury and perseverance of the most irreconcilable hostility. But, after all, we should not suffer ourselves to be betrayed into feelings or expressions of anger, much less of reciprocal hatred towards those of our brethren who have the misfortune to be educated with such cruel and unjust sentiments towards us. This blind opposition to the truth, this induration of the better feelings of their nature, should be regarded by us rather with sorrow than with anger. For time and for eternity, the loss will be theirs rather than ours, unless it be that we fail in making sufficient efforts for their conversion. In a spirit, then, far different from that of the Pharisee, let us thank God that we are not as they are, and after the example of the Saviour of men, offer them a return of forgiveness and of charity.

But to return to our artist. Of all persons on the earth's face to be jaundiced by these unmanly prejudices, one would suppose an artist would be the last. To Catholics is he indebted for every aid and appliance necessary to his success ; nay, more, for the very life and nerve of his art. The very moment he is fired with an emulation to excel in painting or in sculpture, he leaves home and country ; he flies to Catholic regions ; he studies and paints in Catholic churches, and convents,

and galleries; he imbibes inspiration from the productions of Catholic masters. The unrivalled galleries of the Vatican at Rome, the royal galleries of Florence and Naples, and those of the Louvre and Luxembourg at Paris, are all thrown open to him with a cheerful, whole-souled liberality that removes from the mind of the most timid stranger every feeling of embarrassment. He is, indeed, every where treated with a courtesy and kindness to which he had been wholly unaccustomed at home; and in view of such generosity and kind patronage, one might reasonably suppose that a mind ingenuous and refined would, from its own instinct, surmount the narrow prejudices of a false education, and instead of abusing his unsuspecting benefactors, and calling them rascals, would rather believe, and take a noble pride in declaring, that they had been grossly misrepresented and calumniated.

Speaking of monks, I will relate a story of one I met during a visit to Europe in the year 1842.

## STORY OF A FRIAR.

On board the steamboat from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, I made the acquaintance of a travelling friar of the order of St. Francis. However, from his appearance, no one would ever have taken him for a friar of any order. For, in the first place, he was very diminutive in size, and exceedingly thin, evidently a spare eater. And then his dress denoted poverty. He did not wear the habit of his order, but for certain reasons, of which the reader shall be duly informed, was disguised as a lay citizen. His dress consisted of an old black frock coat much too large for him, and which might once have

pertained to a portly dandy. His pantaloons were of cotton that had been white, but now were parti-colored, except from the knees downward, whence from light gray they gradually dissolved into black about the ankles, where they were turned up a couple of inches. On his feet were thick brogues, and on his head a cloth cap, which I should think once belonged to a boy. The first time I encountered him, was in the church of St. Augustine, near the port of Marseilles. I was much struck with his devotion and fervor, as, on his knees, he offered up his prayers before an image of the Blessed Virgin, and then taking a small coin from his pocket, crossed himself with it, and dropped it into the box. A beggar woman, who witnessed the act, followed him out of the church with a babe in her arms, and two ill-clad girls at her heels, and importuned him for charity. He said a few words to her, and seemed to give implicit credit to her tale of woe, for he conducted them all into a shop, and as I passed the window a few moments after, I saw him at the counter paying for their refreshments.

When, a day or two after this, I went on board the steamer for Civita Vecchia, who should be on the deck but the queer-looking little man who had so kindly ministered to the beggar family. I soon made his acquaintance, for I felt curious to know more about him. In a short time I had learned his history. It was short and simple. He was a Spaniard, born in Madrid, at a time when his country was rent by civil dissensions, and invaded by the opposing armies of England and of France. His father had been a distinguished officer in the royal army of Spain, and had fought in the Peninsular war against the forces of Napoleon I. When the French held possession of Madrid, his father was arrest-

ed, his property confiscated, and he was thrown into prison, where he languished and died. He left but the one son, who, having already lost his mother, was thrown upon the world without fortune and without friends; for who, in such times, would have the courage to befriend the son of a proscribed royalist?

The young man had received a religious education, and in the hour of adversity remembered the counsels of his mother, who, on her death bed, exhorted him to be always faithful to God, and if suffering or poverty ever befell him, to seek for consolation in religion. Wandering about the streets of Madrid, weary and hungry, seeking for employment and finding none, he bethought him to while away the time by reciting a rosary. While thus engaged with his beads, as he was passing the door of a famous convent, the dying words of his mother sounded in his ears, as if she were then addressing him. At the same instant the massive portal of the convent opened, and two venerable fathers, with shaven heads and brown habits encircled by cords, slowly issued forth for their daily walk. In a moment the youth had formed his resolution, and crossing the area in front of the convent, met the fathers before they had descended the steps. In a few words he told his simple tale, and with many tears announced his desire to escape the snares and temptations of the world, and to consecrate himself to God in a religious life. He was then but fourteen years of age. One of the monks, as it happened, was the father provincial, who had long known and respected the boy's father. He consented to receive the young man on probation. Soon after he was sent to college, and having completed his education, was received into the order and ordained

priest. He remained always attached to the same monastery, and there had passed the greatest portion and the happiest of his life. He had no cares, no wants, no disappointments. To say his prayers, to celebrate mass, and to obey his superiors, — this was his world, his earthly heaven.

But, alas! his happiness and peace of mind were doomed to be suddenly and terribly blighted. Espartero had usurped the government of Spain, a man as destitute of justice and humanity as he was of religion. Under his cruel and rapacious despotism convents and monasteries were suppressed and pillaged throughout the kingdom, and their treasures, revenues, and estates were seized and sold to feed his cupidity. Our poor friar, with thousands more, was driven from the home of his choice and affections, and once more he found himself in the streets of Madrid, and at the age of forty years an outcast upon a strange and unfeeling world. But this was not the end. The friars, wherever discovered, were compelled to leave their country, and take refuge in foreign lands. Our friar was too artless and inexperienced to know how to conceal himself from observation; so he procured from some charitable Christian the disguise in which I saw him, and made his way to Marseilles, mostly on foot, with the intention of visiting Rome, in order to know of the father general of the Franciscans, what he would have him to do.

Such had been the history of my travelling companion, for whom now I began to feel not only a deep interest, but also a sincere affection. Yet, by his simplicity, and ignorance of men and things in general, he caused me infinite diversion. I could not help laughing at him, good and amiable as he was. Indeed, he often

joined in the laugh himself, particularly after the occasion of it had passed. He had never before been in a boat of any kind, nor beheld the sea; and therefore every strange noise or unusual movement on board the steamer alarmed him. If the wind puffed a little stronger than usual, he would grasp a rope, or the rim of a cask, or what came first to hand, and stoop down so as nearly to sit upon the deck, and then would open his mouth as though for breath, and usually would contrive to get on a little trig pair of spectacles, and in that posture would turn round and round to look for and await the result. If the breeze continued piping for some minutes, so as to cause an unusual heave or roll of the vessel, he would stagger to some shelter, and crossing himself devoutly, would repeat his prayers, pausing at intervals to swallow, and then recommence with augmented vigor.

Having but little money to spend, he had taken a deck passage, and slept in the forecastle, a dirty, confined place, that smelt strongly of bilge water. However, he only occupied this place for one night, for on the second day he discovered a poor man who had no berth at all, and so he gave up his berth to the other, and during the residue of the voyage he lay all night on deck, exposed to the wind and rain.

He was, and with reason, greatly shocked, considering the wretchedness of his accommodations, to say nothing of his poverty, when the steward of the boat had the audacity, on arriving at Civita Vecchia, to demand of him a recompense, or "*pour boire.*" For what, in the name of goodness? Perhaps for not having mixed poison with his broth, or pushed him overboard. It would be hard to say what other claim the fellow had upon the gratitude of the poor friar.

He related his trouble to me, and said he had given the man half a franc, but that he was not satisfied. I told him not to trouble himself about it — that he had given enough, and need not have given one sous. Poor creature! his troubles had but just begun. In a few minutes he was obliged to pay twenty sous for having himself and baggage conveyed to the shore; then thirty sous for having it conveyed to the police office; and twenty more for having all his clothes and papers overhauled by the officers. At this last charge he could scarcely contain. It was full bad enough to behold the derangement and public exposure of his effects, but to be obliged to reward the official that did it — it was too much. Anger for the first time flashed from his eye, and quivered on his lip. But he *did* contain. He signed himself with the sign of the cross, and was silent; then sadly and calmly lifted his purse as though calculating its weight, and turning to me expressed his fears that it would not suffice for the accomplishment of his journey. A large part of the time he appeared absorbed in meditation or prayer, but was obliged at times, however reluctantly, to force himself back to earthly considerations. Once, on entering the diligence, he had lost his purse, but he found it again; then his passport, which he did not find. At another time he lost his hat, at another his cloak, at another his snuff box, and found them all. He was always the last out of the coach and the last in, and appeared often searching among the cushions and seats, as though to find something. Once or twice he came near being lost himself, or left behind.

O, what a fine fish would this good friar be for some of our travelling anglers! With what glistening eyes

and watering mouths would they bait their hooks! With what eager excitement would they throw their lines, in the expectation of catching him, and troll them when they felt the bite! He would be sent home to America, and served up whole, with plenty of trimmings, stuffing, and spices, prepared to order, and exhibited as a fair specimen of the pikes — of the priests, I mean — of Europe.

Then we should be treated with a lecture upon priesthood, and a priest-ridden people, and vice, and immorality, and the ignorance of the Catholic clergy; whereas the truth is, that our friar is nothing more than what he pretends to be; and that is, a poor, inoffensive Franciscan friar. He has no ambition, no aspirations for the honors and riches of this world; he desires only to lay up a treasure in heaven. He has therefore taken a vow of poverty, and spends his days in laboring for his salvation, and for the salvation of others. Let those who are more useful than he, or merit more the approbation of their conscience, or the favor of God, cast the first stone at him.

The poor friar felt very sad when I parted with him, and came several times to see me at my lodgings, after which I neither saw nor heard from him for three or four weeks, when one day, as I returned to my lodgings from a walk, the children of the house came rushing into my room, full of delight, jabbering Italian, jumping and dancing, and making all manner of gesticulations. "Heyday!" said I; "what have we here?" I followed the children into the kitchen, and there I perceived a stranger, a poor old Franciscan friar, with a bald head, in the usual dress of the order, which is a coarse brown cassock, so coarse that the alms people of our

country would feel insulted to be presented with a coat of the same; some thick pieces of leather on the soles of his feet, strapped over his toes by a narrow thong; a rope wound twice round his waist, and the ends hanging nearly to his feet; and a large chaplet, with a crucifix attached, secured to his cincture. Hats they never wear, not even in the streets. These observations I took before I reached the kitchen door. Just then the old man appeared suddenly to renew his youth. He sprang from his chair, ran across the kitchen, seized and shook me by the hand as though he would never release me. Of course I then recognized him as my little travelling friar, completely metamorphosed, not in looks merely, but in feeling. He was happy, and gay as a lark. He accompanied me to my room, talking the whole time as fast as possible, not one fifth part of which could I understand. But the substance of it was, that he was now fixed in a monastery, that he felt perfectly happy, and wished to see me to let me know it, and to learn how I did, and when and where I was going, &c., &c. After a winged conversation of half an hour, he was frightened that he had staid so long, and taking his leave, he went out as hastily as he had entered, but stopping every few steps to shake me warmly by the hand, and to say another last word.

A few days after, he called again to bid me a last adieu. He was to leave the following day, by order of his superiors. Whither he goes I know not; perhaps to be martyred in a distant land. May it be well with thee, good friar. I shall never see thee again in this world, though I should be glad to. Poor friar! how they would treat thee in Boston, my own beloved city! They would pelt thee with eggs and mud, wert thou to

show thyself as thou didst last to me. Wherever thou goest, God bless thee, friar.

We considered it a fortunate circumstance to have been in Florence on the festival of St. John the Baptist. It is one of the greatest festivals of the year among the Florentines, as St. John is their patron saint. On the eve of the feast there is always a chariot race, a remnant of the ancient Etruscan games. The exhibition took place as usual in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella. The square was surrounded with rows of seats, tier above tier, in the manner of an amphitheatre. These seats were let for about sixpence each, and were soon all taken. At each end of the piazza was a column, connected by a rope, its centre being held up by six men dressed in ancient costumes. Around these columns was the course. At the foot of the scaffoldings were posted bodies of cavalry and infantry. At the upper end of the piazza was the royal box, elegantly decorated. It contained the grand duke, his consort, and the royal children, besides ambassadors and ministers of foreign courts, and other strangers of distinction, with their families. All the windows, balconies, and even roofs of the surrounding houses, were crowded with spectators. There must have been from ten to fifteen thousand individuals, spectators of the races. The chariots were four in number, and the charioteers were arrayed in ancient costume. At a given signal they all started off, with a prodigious racket. They passed several times around the course, when, the one that was victorious having received a long and tremendous shout of applause, all was ended, and the spectators retired without further noise or confusion to their homes. I was particularly struck and gratified at witnessing the

perfect good order, and good nature too, that prevailed among this multitude of people. It was infinitely the most interesting part of the exhibition. While the race continued, they were frequently pressed back by the guards, and almost trampled on by the multitudes of horses, but not an angry word did I hear, nor an impatient remonstrance. As for drunkenness, I did not see an intoxicated man during the whole day, and I do not believe there was one on the race ground. When the hour for retiring arrived, you would have thought the people were returning rather from church than from a frolic.

In the evening there was to have been an illumination of the Arno, and of some of the principal squares, streets, and public buildings, and also a display of fireworks from one of the bridges; but a terrible squall of wind, which came in the morning like a thunderbolt, and blew like a hurricane, demolished the scaffoldings that had been a week in building, and overthrew and shattered so large a portion of the lamps, that both designs were necessarily abandoned. The cathedral, however, was illuminated, from the cross on the dome to the foundation, and made a magnificent appearance. The Baptistery, the Palazzo Vecchio, and some other public buildings were also illuminated, all externally, and the effect was very fine. I think that of the antique tower of the Palazzo was one of the finest I have ever seen. The streets were crowded with persons of all classes till near midnight, and the order and sobriety that reigned among them was equal to that of the afternoon. As we were returning to our delightful lodgings on the banks of the Arno, we met vast numbers of the inhabitants, of both sexes, quietly seeking their homes. Many of the ladies were unat-

tended, except by their little children, whom they were leading by the hand, feeling apparently as secure as if under the protection of their husbands.

The next day being the festival of St. John the Baptist, we assisted at High Mass at the cathedral. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Florence. The students of the diocesan seminary were in the choir. The ceremonies were, as usual, very imposing, and the music of a superior character. There were two choirs, each of which was accompanied by an organ, and a martial band. The royal family were present, and seated under a canopy within the sanctuary. The immense temple was crowded to oppression, and we were greatly edified by the recollection and devotion of the assistants. The residue of the day appeared to be passed in festivities, in making and receiving visits, in walking in the public gardens, and in riding about in carriages; all, however, without riot or noisy dissipation. All were in holiday dresses, and every street of the city teemed with gayety and joy. In the afternoon, about five o'clock, nearly the whole population of Florence directed their course towards the *Corso*, the longest street in the city, in order to witness the race, which always takes place on this day, of horses without riders. Scaffoldings were erected on each side for the accommodation of spectators, provided with seats, one of which I secured for myself. Crowds innumerable thronged the street throughout its whole extent, and two lines of coaches and chariots were incessantly passing and repassing very slowly, one directly behind the other. These carriages were of every variety of appearance, and contained every sort of people, from the humblest mechanic to the grand duke himself and fami-

ly. All enjoyed equal rights. The grand duke's family, with their suites, occupied eight coaches, each drawn by six horses elegantly caparisoned. Each coach had a driver, postilions, and from two to four footmen, in liveries. That of the grand duke was preceded by two men on foot, with long batons, and two or three horsemen, and followed by the royal body guard, a noble troop of horse. They passed up and down three times, the duke and family constantly occupied in returning the salutes of the people.

At length the signal was given for the race, and the street was immediately cleared of carriages. The crowds on foot, however, to my astonishment, proportionally augmented, and the street was literally choked with the multitude. I was deeply occupied in speculating how and when it would be cleared to enable the race to take place, when suddenly there rose a deafening shout from thousands of throats, and the multitude at the same time pressed from the centre towards either side of the street, leaving an opening or pathway of some eight or ten feet, and six horses, without riders or bridles, or trappings of any kind, were seen coming at the top of their speed, foaming at the mouth, and apparently half mad with terror. Narrow strips of leather were fastened over their backs, to which were secured sharp points like spurs, so contrived that the faster they ran the more acute was the pain ; so that they were constantly urged forward both by the spurs and the shouts of the people, till at the end of the course they were stopped by men holding canvas across the road. One was considerably in advance of the others when they passed me, and I believe he was the victorious horse, which was afterwards marched in triumph about the streets. The others followed at short

intervals, occasionally passing and repassing one another. As I feared would be the case, several persons, in consequence of their too great eagerness to be as near as possible to the horses, were thrown upon the pavement and severely injured, though I believe no one was killed. Immediately after the race, all quietly retired.

I have described this horse race, not because I either enjoyed it or approved of it, but because it was to me a very novel sight, and because I have undertaken to describe what I saw in Florence, and should not feel justified in suppressing even what might give an unfavorable opinion of the polished gravity of the Florentines. The custom of horse racing on St. John's day is sanctioned by immemorial usage, and throughout Italy they know of no other mode of doing it than that above described.

With reluctance I bade adieu to Florence — *la bella Firenze*. I could well say, with Dr. Johnson, changing the application, "If I had no duties to perform in this world, and no other one to prepare for," I would love to pass the residue of my days under its brilliant sky, and among its happy and lively people, who, surely, ought to be the most thankful people on the face of the earth. But, alas! the appreciation of such blessings can only come from comparison; and, I doubt not, they complain of this poor world of ours as much, after all, as other people. Sometimes it rains, and then they murmur at the wet and mud; sometimes it shines, and then they complain of the heat; if crops fall short, buyers growl at the dearness of provisions; if abundant, sellers can scarcely earn a subsistence. Thus are we all alike, under whatever sky, in whatever clime — under an empire, a monarchy, or a republic.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## GENOA — LEGHORN — PISA.

### GENOA.

Genoa, surnamed "the Proud," is one of the most beautiful of the maritime cities of Italy. It reclines upon the acclivity of a mountain, in the form of an amphitheatre. The view of it from the sea is certainly splendid. The city, with its beautiful palaces and churches, the two walls, which protect it from incursions from land, of which one is three and the other eighteen miles long, and the sombre aspect of the mountains behind it, form all together a most magnificent perspective. The streets are for the most part very narrow, and cannot fail to disappoint those who have seen the city from the bay. There are, however, a few streets wide, straight, and handsomely paved, and flanked on either side by beautiful mansions. While strolling along in one of the principal streets, we met a clergyman, who immediately recognized and saluted us. It was the priest who, as chaplain of the Sardinian frigate San Giovanni, visited Boston three years ago. Guided by him, we visited the principal churches and palaces. He also presented us to the archbishop, Monsignore Charvasse, who received us with great kindness. He is evidently a man of great learning, extensive information, and unaffected piety, and was quite conversant with affairs in the United States.

The cathedral church is in the Gothic style of architecture, and massive. It is lined within and without

with rich black and white marble. The churches and palaces, several of which we visited, are particularly splendid and gorgeous. Into one of the palaces we entered through a cluster of grottos, in each of which fountains played, and mineral waters showered from the vaulted roofs. Stalactites depended from above and shot up from beneath. We walked over pavements made of pebbles from the sea, and in the fountains were gold and silver fish innumerable, sporting. There were statues, too, made of various colored stones, put together with admirable skill and ingenuity. We strolled through extensive gardens, where orange trees groaned under the weight of their golden fruit, and laurestinas and other flowering trees bloomed in abundance. A vast cage of wire, capacious as a dwelling house, contained many varieties of singing birds, who chirped among the branches as cheerily as in their native plains.

The palace of Brignole contains many rich paintings, some of which are from the pencil of Vandyke, Guido, Rubens, Correggio, and Carlo Dolce. In the palace royal we saw some splendid paintings by Vandyke, Rubens, Titian, and others. But that which is said to take precedence of all others in Genoa, is the Magdalene at the feet of our Saviour, by Paul Veronese.

The Church of the Annunciation is said to be a masterpiece of taste and elegance. Its interior is decorated with Ionic columns of white marble, the flutings of which are incrusted with red marble.

The university is a magnificent building. At the entrance are two marble lions of mammoth size, and said to be of most perfect execution. The paintings, frescoes, and statues of bronze, with which it is decorated, are highly esteemed.

The poorhouse, or the *Albergo dei Poveri*, is said to be the most magnificent institution of its kind in Europe. It was founded in 1650 by a nobleman of the family of Brignole, to afford an asylum for those whom age or other unavoidable circumstances had reduced to poverty. It is capable of containing two thousand individuals. The inmates are kept constantly employed at such occupations as are suitable to their strength, age, and sex. Attached to it is a church, with seats on one side for the males, on the opposite for the females, and a large space in front for a miscellaneous congregation. Here there is a beautiful bass-relief by Michael Angelo, representing the Blessed Virgin supporting the inanimate body of her Son. With the general appearance of the inmates of this establishment I was much gratified. They appeared orderly, industrious, happy, and clean.

The hospital of incurables contained eight hundred patients, arranged in single beds in very long halls, attended as usual by Sisters of Charity. There are numerous other charitable institutions in Genoa, but during my short stay I was unable to visit them. I did not encounter a single beggar.

## LEGHORN.

There is little to be seen here but an active, thriving, business population, who trouble themselves about little else than to buy and sell and get gain. The population is about seventy-five thousand, one fifth of which, it is computed, are Jews. Leghorn has arisen to its present size and opulence since the beginning of the fifteenth century, at which time it was but a small village, without wealth or commerce. It owes its present prosperity

to the family of the Medici, who fortified it, and gave it such advantages in the way of trade as to allure to her ports merchants and traders from all parts of the world. Montesquieu has called Leghorn the "masterpiece" of the Medicis. The only objects of curiosity that I saw were a marble statue of Ferdinand I., and near it four gigantic bronze statues, representing four African slaves, naked, and of different ages. The expression of grief and resignation depicted on their countenances is truly admirable. Universal toleration is extended to the inhabitants, whatever the sect or religion. The English have a fine cemetery here, but I did not see it. One thing worthy of remark — in Leghorn I saw no beggars. The people all look tidy and cheerful. I saw no dirty, ragged, idle boys; every child was decently clad, and none even barefooted.

## PISA.

There being little of consequence to see in Leghorn, we took a coach and went to Pisa, for the purpose of seeing the cathedral, and celebrated leaning tower, for which this town is at the present day chiefly remarkable. Pisa stands on the banks of the Arno, about fourteen miles from Leghorn. Though once a powerful commercial and warlike city, both the terror and the scourge of the Saracens and African corsairs, and numbering one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, it at present contains but eighteen thousand. The streets are large, and handsome, and well paved, and the quay is said to be one of the finest in Europe.

The *Duomo*, or cathedral, is in the shape of a Latin cross. It was erected so long since as the eleventh cen-

tury, and is one of the finest churches I have seen. The interior is decorated with seventy-four lofty and magnificent columns. The high altar is very splendid, and adorned with lapis lazuli, verd antique, &c.

The Baptistery, erected in the twelfth century, is an octagon of white marble. The interior resembles an ancient temple. Twelve arches, supported by eight vast columns of Sardinian granite, and four pilasters of white marble, serve as the base to a second row of pilasters, on which rests the cupola. The font is adorned with beautiful Mosaics.

The *Campanile*, or leaning tower, erected also in the twelfth century, is of a circular form, nearly one hundred and ninety feet in height. Its declination is thirteen feet. It consists of eight stories, adorned with two hundred and seven columns of granite and precious marbles. Most critical travellers at the present day entertain the opinion that this tower was originally built erect, and has settled to one side by the gradual yielding of the earth. It is certainly an object of great interest, and I would not have failed to have seen it. I ascended to the highest story, from which I had a magnificent view — though one must have a strong nerve to contemplate it, and look from this summit, particularly on the leaning side, without giddiness.

The *Campo Santo*, or ancient burial ground, is the most beautiful building at Pisa. It is a vast rectangle, surrounded by sixty-two elegant Gothic arcades of white marble, with a pavement of the same. The celebrated Lanfranc brought to Pisa a large quantity of earth from Mount Calvary, and deposited it on the spot round which these arcades are built. The present structure was finished in 1283. The walls are covered with fres-

coes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. There are some fine churches in Pisa, but we had no time to visit them, as we were obliged to return to Leghorn in season for the boat.

## NAPLES.

Once in Rome, a trip to Naples is a matter of course. It is usual for travellers to have extraordinary companions in the diligence. In conformity with custom, I must proceed to describe mine. The first was a huge German baron, a gentleman at least six feet in height, and perhaps nine in circumference, and learned, amiable, and polite in proportion; the second was the baron's secretary, very affable and talkative, well skilled in Italian and French. The secretary was capital at making bargains, and understood all the arts and knaveries of *cicerones* and all that class of individuals, and he afforded vast amusement in his manner of dealing with them. The third was also a priest and a Neapolitan. He was a professor of theology. The piety and amiableness that beamed from his countenance were equally manifest in his conduct and conversation. The languages spoken among us were as numerous as the individuals. My friend and I, of course, conversed in English; the baron and his secretary, in German; the secretary and professor, in Italian; the baron and we Americans, in French; and finally, the baron and professor in Latin. At times, particularly at meals, there was a very Babel among us.

We passed over the Pontine Marshes during the night They were dismal enough. The second day we passed fine fields of wheat, orange groves, and vineyards miles in extent. The vines are trained upon trees about ten or

twelve feet apart, and hang in clustered festoons from tree to tree. We arrived in Naples about four o'clock, in the midst of a violent storm of rain. The pleasure of having ended our journey was somewhat damped by the thought of parting with our kind and intelligent friends; for friends we could truly call them, though we had known them but three days, so exceedingly attentive to us had they been through the entire journey. The baron gave us his address, and invited us to call at his lodgings, and the professor insisted on our coming to his house as soon as possible, and after shaking us warmly by the hand three or four times, bade us an affectionate adieu. We took comfortable lodgings at the hotel, where we remained during our stay in Naples, and were perfectly satisfied with the lodgings, the price, the servants, the quietness and order of the house, its situation, indeed, with every thing about it.

The second day after our arrival we called upon our friends the baron and the professor. The former was, as before, urbane and affable, and received us with the cordiality of an old acquaintance, and invited us to join him and the secretary in an excursion to Vesuvius, and also to Baia, which we gladly accepted, and appointed the day for the first excursion. Afterwards, we called at the professor's house, and received a welcome and a treatment as unassuming and kind as it was unexpected. If the baron greeted us as a friend and acquaintance, the professor received us as a brother. He gave us much useful information, and suggested many objects to be seen, which otherwise we might have missed, and entreated us to call on him, while in Naples, for any assistance of which we might be in need. We were charmed with our visit, and repeated it several times, and always

found him the same, and he seemed greatly disappointed when he found we had the intention of tarrying so short a time. One Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing him preach. It was in the afternoon, and I was looking for a church. Seeing a crowd of people entering one, and some of them stopping to read an advertisement on the door, I also read it. It was a printed notice that a sermon was to be preached in that church by "*il Reverendissimo Signore D. Raffaele Coppola, maestro in Sacra Theologia.*" I entered, and who should the preacher be but my good and affable friend the professor? To my surprise, he wore over the surplice a purple cape, around his neck a rich gold chain, from which depended a pectoral cross, and on his finger a ring adorned with a brilliant gem. I was surprised indeed, for he was dressed as a bishop. I afterwards inquired if he were a bishop, but was told no, but that he held a high ecclesiastical rank, which in Naples entitled him to these ornaments. His text was, "His name shall be called Jesus;" the subject of the discourse, the holy name of Jesus. The preacher, like the Italians in general, was all fire and force; and, if I could judge aught from the deep interest and devout feeling manifested by the hearers, his sermon was admirable. The audience was large and of the first respectability, mostly composed of gentlemen. After the services were ended, many remained upon their knees in prayer or meditation, both males and females. One poor old woman, kneeling near the door, made manifest her feelings by audible sighs and ejaculations, which spoke more emphatically in praise of the discourse than all the encomiums that language could frame. As I passed her, I perceived that she was in tears, smiting her breast, and saying, "O Jesus! O my

Jesus! Saviour! *my* Saviour! blessed, sweet Jesus! Have mercy on a poor sinner." I passed on with the crowd, but I shall never forget the poor old woman, for I was much edified and affected.

One of our first promenades, after our arrival in Naples, was along the quay, in order to catch a distant view of Mount Vesuvius. There it was in all its grandeur, vomiting forth that eternal column of smoke; and as I stood contemplating it, I remembered well the feelings with which, many and many a time while a boy, I had read and heard of that same Vesuvius, and of its dreadful eruptions, and of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and had in imagination seen the fiery floods, and the ashes, and the darkness, and felt the trembling of the earth, and fled with the terrified inhabitants. Little did I then think that these eyes would ever behold that mount, or these feet stand on flags of that lava that had buried Herculaneum; yet here I was, traversing streets entirely paved with that same lava, and there, directly before me, in solemn grandeur, stood that same mountain caldron that had boiled over and ejected it. The evening was warm, and the sky serene and almost cloudless; and desirous of seeing the bay and mountain to greater advantage, we stepped into a boat, and bade the boatman row us off for one hour. We glided softly over the glassy surface of the bay for that space of time, and then, having turned our boat's head towards Naples, we contemplated the scene before us with sentiments of admiration altogether indescribable. The sun was just setting in all that blaze of splendor so peculiar to an Italian sunset. There were a few long, narrow strips of cloud above the horizon, just sufficient to catch and retain the richest of his tints. The deep colorings and

changing hues that melted one into the other, and cast their declining radiance on the bosom of the waters, and the peculiar transparency of the deep blue vault above, convinced me of that which before I never believed — that in an Italian sky and sunset there is something surpassingly beautiful, and such as is never witnessed elsewhere. The sunset, however, was not all. We were in the Bay of Naples, the most magnificent in the world. Before us was that vast and beautiful city itself, numbering four hundred thousand inhabitants, forming a splendid amphitheatre. Its elegant quay, its castles, its palaces, its domes and minarets, fringed with sunset hues, afforded a spectacle of extraordinary beauty. On the right, at the distance of about six miles, rose Vesuvius, the sun shining on its summit, and reddening with a fiery glow the volumes of smoke that were rolling perpendicularly from its mysterious crater. On the wide-extended plain at its foot, and within sight, lay those hapless cities that have so often and so fatally witnessed its terrible and devastating eruptions. There was Torre del Greco, that about fifty years since was completely buried with lava, and Portici, and Resini, and Torre del Annunciata. There also were Herculaneum and Pompeii, whose sad history is but too well known to all. On the left rose the craggy promontory of Posilipo, and farther distant that of Miseno, and the towns of Pozzuoli and Baia. There were also in view the islands of Ischia and Procida, and Capri and Nisida. All was classic ground, and each spot remarkable for some heroic achievement, or venerable association of a people long since extinct. We glided homeward in silence, and the regular stroke of the oars beat time to our meditations. About an hour after sunset we landed on the quay.

Naples is nine miles in circumference, contains nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants, and is decidedly the merriest city I was ever in. It is all gayety and amusement. No one appears to feel any anxiety for the future, but, from the king to the beggar, to confine all his solicitudes to the present moment. All classes are evidently fond of being seen, and of seeing, too, all they can. They are constantly in the streets. The very houses look bright and merry. The windows are filled with flowers, and young men and maidens adorn the balconies. The Neapolitans are passionately fond of music, and the most harmonious strains continually strike the ear, both within doors and without. Add to this an ever cloudless sky, — and such a sky! — and Naples may be regarded as the most luxurious city of Europe. Still, however, notwithstanding the frivolity and gayety to which it cannot be denied that the Neapolitans are attached, there is much deep and fervent piety. The churches I found daily crowded with worshippers, whose devotion was most edifying and touching, and the fervency of which was only equalled by its simplicity and freedom from ostentation. It is, however, in the small or retired churches where you chiefly behold this devotion and zeal for religion, not in those mostly frequented by strangers, whose gaping curiosity and heedless conduct are so revolting to true piety, that it flees the places where it is thus offended, and seeks for itself other retreats, where, undisturbed, and if possible unnoticed, it may commune with God.

Perhaps if there is any mark more unerring than others of true religion, it is charity; and of all charity, that which is purest, and most evidently not earth-born, is that which seeks out the poor, and distressed, and sick, and without looking for a temporal reward, administers to

their wants. In this most excellent virtue the Neapolitans stand preëminent. Distress cannot and does not exist in Naples. There is established, and on the broadest basis of humanity, an asylum or hospital for every class of mankind, and for every misfortune or infirmity to which man is liable. True, there are beggars, and travellers often petulantly complain of it; but beggars are tolerated, and they form a distinct, and to the good natured Neapolitans, almost a necessary class in the population. But they are not numerous. I was in Naples two weeks, and was asked alms but two or three times. The people of Naples, like those of Rome, and many other Catholic cities, love to see beggars, and they will have them, too. It is one of their pleasures to give alms; for with them poverty is no crime, no more than it was in the Saviour's time, who always spoke kindly to beggars, and never reproved them, but gave them frequent alms. But the *lazaroni!* those forty thousand idle fellows that sleep in the streets, and never work, and whom so many travellers have described in graphic and thrilling language! The reader will doubtless be surprised when I inform him that the story of the *lazaroni* is all a fiction; that there is no such class in Naples, and never was. As far as my own observation extended, there were fewer indigent persons, fewer beggars, fewer idlers, in Naples, than in several other cities that I have visited. The lower orders are dressed as tidily, to say the least, as the same orders in Boston or New York. In one respect better; the boys are seldom ragged or barefoot, the men and women almost never. The only trait of dishonesty that I remarked, was a propensity among the boys to steal pocket handkerchiefs. If you carry your handkerchief in your pocket, you will be sure to lose it.

With this exception, the lower orders of Naples I believe to be a class honest, trustworthy, and industrious. They are ever gay, witty, and void of care; they live from day to day, without ever thinking of to-morrow. They require but little for their nourishment — a plate of macaroni and a half pint of wine at noon will render them happy for just twenty-four hours. They are uncommonly civil when addressed, and are ever ready to render their services, for which a very trifling compensation is expected. They are vigorous and healthy, and at an early hour the streets resound with their songs.

It is true the working classes live in great part out of doors; they like the open air. They will sometimes take their noon *siesta* stretched out in the middle of the street; they sleep soundly there as on a bed, and without the least fear of being run over, as the cartmen always turn out for them. One day we saw a man asleep in the middle of the street, with the bridle of his horse attached to his leg, and another with a yoke of oxen attached to him, and attached to the oxen a loaded wagon.

### THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

We must go and see this relic of antiquity, because every body does. It stands on the mountain of Posilipo. We ascended by a street zigzag and steep as a staircase, which, indeed, it much resembled, until we reached an old garden gate, which was opened by the gardener, who immediately conducted us to the tomb. There is nothing, however, remarkable in its appearance; all the ornaments with which it was once decorated, even to

the inscriptions, have been removed and lost; all that is left is a small stone building, the inside lined with ancient reticulated work in masonry, and the outside covered with ivy and wild flowers. The prospect, however, to be seen from the summit, comprising an enchanting view of Naples, of Vesuvius, the Mediterranean, and the adjacent country, covered with verdure, was magnificent beyond description.

### THE GROTTO OF POSILIPO.

Having descended by another path, we entered and passed through this famous grotto, or rather tunnel, that has been excavated through the mountain at its foot. The author, the age, and the design of this remarkable excavation are not known. With regard to the age, it existed in the times of the ancient Romans, as it is mentioned by Strabo and Seneca. As to the design, it is supposed to have been constructed for the same purpose for which it is now used, that is, for a public road to facilitate intercourse between Naples and the towns adjoining. Its length is about three quarters of a mile, and its width about twenty feet. Its height varies from seventy to twenty-five feet, it being highest at the two entrances to admit light. Light is also admitted through two large funnels in the vault, notwithstanding which, it was the darkest and most fearful looking road I ever passed through. It is lighted day and night by street lamps. We found it cold and damp, and we were obliged to walk very fast for fear of taking cold. The peasants, passing and repassing on asses or in carts, added much to the strange-

ness of the place by their shrill and discordant songs, and spectral looks and fantastic dresses; and joyful were we to escape from so horrible a prison.

## POMPEII.

We hired a calèche, and rode amid fields of scoria, and piles of lava, and fertile plains, till we reached Pompeii, where we alighted at the usual gate of entrance, and procured a guide. The first object that presented itself to our attention was a building which had formerly been the quarters of Roman legions. We saw the names of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, and could scarcely believe that those names were written two thousand years ago. We visited the great amphitheatre, with its rows of seats, tier above tier, still in fine preservation. It is said to have been capable of containing eighteen thousand people. We then traversed the deserted, but well-paved and handsomely-arranged streets, and entered the tenantless houses, and gazed on the ruined temples of this city of the dead of two thousand years, with feelings of sadness and admiration wholly indescribable. The houses appeared as though occupied but yesterday; the theatres, as if the gay and thoughtless throng had just retired; the temples, as if awaiting the customary sacrifices. In the lava which constituted the pavement of the streets were to be seen the very ruts in which the wheels of carriages once rolled. There was a tavern also, and in the adjacent stables were discovered skeletons of horses and rings for fastening them, and also two or three carriages and some pieces of wheel tires. Contiguous are eating rooms, in which were all the necessary appendages of cookery; also a drinking shop, with a stove and

a dresser, on which last still exist the marks of inverted glasses. There is the house of a surgeon, in which, among other curious objects, were found all sorts of surgical instruments, some of them very ingeniously constructed, and like those used at the present day. I saw them in the museum at Naples. There is also a bakery; in it were found a stable for the donkeys, which were blindfolded and employed at the mill; large quantities of corn were also found here. In one of the finest streets of the city we were shown the house of Sallust. It appears to have been a beautiful residence. A fountain played in the court, and opposite the door of entrance was a flower garden. The temple of Isis, of Egyptian construction, is an object of interest. It is about sixty-eight feet long by sixty wide, and in good preservation. In the court is a large altar, whereon was found a quantity of cinders and calcined bones of animals. Many statues, and vases, and candelabras, &c., were found in and about this temple. In one apartment was found a small table, near which lay a human skeleton. He was perhaps too busily engaged at dinner to heed the awful danger that menaced him. By his side were found table utensils, chicken bones, bones of fishes, remains of eggs, and bread and wine. In a small apartment was found another skeleton, with an axe in his hand, leaning against the wall. It is supposed that, having remained too long in the temple, and finding all egress impossible by the accumulation of ashes and stones, he endeavored to hew himself a passage out of this apartment. Another skeleton was found, at a little distance from the temple, with three or four hundred pieces of money, in gold and silver, wrapped in a cloth which had preserved them uninjured during so many centuries. Not far from this temple

was the studio of a sculptor, in which were discovered several unfinished and mutilated statues, and blocks of marble; one of the latter was partly sawed through, and the saw was found remaining in it. Balls of white marble were also found of the size and shape of a hen's egg, which were used by the ancients as we now use chalk eggs, to keep the hens to their nests. Most of the articles, with the tools used in sculpture, many of which were found here, may now be seen in the museum at Naples. Several of the streets abounded with shops, on which are printed the names and occupations of the proprietors. Many of these, when discovered, were well stocked with glass, earthenware, and bronze — among which were assortments of cups, saucers, and glasses of every description, steelyards, vases, candelabra, and lamps, and an infinity of other articles, most of which now enrich the Bourbon Museum.

One reflection struck me forcibly, as I traversed the streets and examined the antiquities of Pompeii. It was the *unchangeableness* of these people in their manners and habits; nay, in the very architecture of their dwellings, and in the shape of their mechanical, household, and agricultural implements. Enter a kitchen or shop in Naples, and you behold the exact counterpart of those of Pompeii. Yet Protestants would fain persuade us that this unchangeable and unchanging people, so wedded to antiquity that no persuasion can induce them to alter the fashion of a plough, or the shape of a lock, or the gear of a cart — how great and manifest soever the improvement — yet that this same people have, to a man, changed their religion, the religion to which they had been converted by the miracles and preaching of the apostles themselves; that they have abandoned a religion of a

thousand liberties, which gave to each one the right of judging for himself in matters of faith and conscience, and embraced one of restraint and austerity, and that so peaceably and with so little opposition, that all history is silent as to the year or even the century when this change was made. Why, this one consideration, simple as it is in itself, is an irrefragable and most forcible proof of the genuineness and the integrity of the Catholic faith, and that the sincere seeker after *primitive* Christianity may find it *here*. Every observing traveller, whether as a Christian or a philosopher, must acknowledge the force of this argument.

## BAIA.

Our next excursion was to Baia and its environs. Our companions were the baron and his secretary — the same that travelled with us from Rome to Naples. We hired, for the occasion, a barouche drawn by three horses. The morning was cloudless, and the air warm and balmy. We rode along the *Chiaia*, and through the Grotto of Posilipo, which I have already described. We rode with the top of our barouche entirely drawn, that we might be fanned by the morning breeze, and lose nothing of the prospect before us. Having reached the sea, we turned to the right, and rode along its shore; and though here the landscape varied, it was not less interesting. Before us rose the promontory of Misenus, bold and lofty, on the summit of which once stood a splendid villa, occupied by Marius and Lucullus. A little to the right was the town of Pozzuoli,* and in its vicinity hills

* The ancient Puteoli, where St. Paul landed after his shipwreck on the island of Malta.

and dales where once lived, and conversed, and studied some of the greatest men of antiquity — Cicero, and Cæsar, and Pompey, and Varro, and Hortensius. Behind us was the rugged promontory of Posilipo; on our right fields and crags of solid lava, which sadly revealed to us the cause of the abandonment and desolation of these once celebrated and lovely retreats; and on our left was the sparkling sea, which I loved to gaze upon, never wearied with its contemplation, because it reminded me of home.

We stopped at Pozzuoli only long enough to take a guide and torches. We passed a formless pile of ruins — the only remains of the elegant and classic villa of Cicero, where he composed his famous Academics, and where died the Emperor Adrian. We passed nearly at the base of a remarkable hill, called *Monte Nuovo*, or new mountain. It was formed in 1538, during an earthquake, in the short space of thirty-six hours. It is of a conical form, about three miles in circumference at the base, and now covered with vineyards. The same earthquake that vomited forth this mountain swallowed a whole town, with its inhabitants. At the *arco felice* or ancient gate of Cumæ, we left the carriage and walked by a steep path, through fields and vineyards, to the top of the hill on which once stood Cumæ, one of the proudest, most opulent and populous cities of the south of Italy, presenting now scarce a vestige sufficient to mark its site; for its very ruins have crumbled into dust, and not a human being dwells in what were once its walls. From the top of this hill we enjoyed an enchanting view of the sea and neighboring country. Before us lay the shore where Æneas landed to visit the sibyl, whose abode was in an enormous and horrid cavern beneath our feet;

behind us the temple of Apollo, or rather its ruins; on our left the "lighthouse" of Dædalus; and on the distant shore the tower which marks the site of Liternum and the burial-place of Scipio Africanus.

Descending, we resumed our carriage and rode on to the Lake Fusaro. This was the Acherusia of the ancients, or Acheron, so famous in Greek and Roman mythology. A little beyond was the *Mare Morto*, or dead sea. According to the ancients, the pious souls passed over the Acheron, on their way to the Elysian Fields, which lie along the northern bank of the Mare Morto. These fields, according to the poets, were once irrigated by numberless fountains, were covered with perpetual verdure, studded with mossy hillocks, refreshed by balmy gales bearing on their wings all the perfumes of the country, protected by the northern mountains from every unkindly blast, laved by the waters of the sea, and regaled by the eternal music of its waves. These plains were formerly used as a burial-place for persons of opulence and distinction; perhaps there was a spice of flattery in making it the abode of the blessed. On the Acheron was stationed Charon, the grim old ferryman, with his bark, to ferry over those who could pay the scot. In the middle of the lake is a small island, where are sold remarkably fine and large oysters. Thither were we ferried, if not by Charon himself, by at least a veritable descendant of that old gentleman, if we might judge from a most suspicious and forbidding physiognomy, and partook of a fine feast of raw oysters; after which we were referried to the shore, and wading through a crowd of little beggars, remounted our carriage, and rapidly proceeded towards Baia, through a country and amid classic monuments of great interest.

Baia was, in the time of Augustus, one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth. Nature here showered her choicest gifts. A bay always serene stretched before her. The earth yielded her fruits in abundance. The most delicious fish of all Italy supplied the tables of the inhabitants; and on every side were promenades and shady groves for their recreation and repose. Mineral springs of every degree of temperature gushed forth from the neighboring rocks and grottos. Gales, ever temperate, bore health and cheerfulness before them. Baia became in consequence the resort of the learned, the opulent, and the great — of poets and orators, heroes and emperors. It became, too, alas! the seat of voluptuous enjoyment, debauchery, and ruthless villany. Here was the palace of Julius Cæsar, where Marcellus was poisoned by Livia. Here was a villa of Piso, where was matured the celebrated conspiracy against Nero. Here, too, was a magnificent villa of Nero, the most infamous brute that ever disgraced humanity, whose crimes are too numerous and too shocking to recount. And here, too, was cruelly and wantonly murdered the wretched Agrippina, mother of Nero, by the orders of her own son, after that she herself, in order to place the imperial diadem on the head of that son, had poisoned the Emperor Claudius, her husband!

And what is Baia now? A heap of ruins. Its costly temples and splendid villas have mouldered into dust; its salubrious fountains have been converted into pools of infection; its walks are deserted, and its shore a waste; its very air breathes pestilence, and the most delicious region that the sun shines upon is now a howling desert.

Having ascended in our barouche to the top of the

hill on which stands the castle of Baia, and the ruins of the villa of Lucullus, we enjoyed a noble view of the Dead Sea or Stygian Lake, the Elysian Fields, Bay of Baia, and port of Misenus. This last-mentioned port was, in the time of Augustus, the principal station of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean ; and its commanding situation, and the almost uninterrupted tranquillity of its waters, seem to have been well calculated for that purpose. It was here that Octavius and Antony dined with Pompey on board his galley. During dinner Pompey's admiral came behind him, and said, " Shall I cut the cable, and make you master of the world ? " " Why did you not do it without asking ? " was the reply.

Descending the hill, we lighted our torches, and entered and traversed the *Cento Camerelle,* or hundred little chambers, a number of grottos opening into each other, and forming a species of labyrinth. These subterranean apartments are vaulted and lined with plaster. Their design and use are unknown, but they are supposed to have been one of Nero's prisons. We came next to the *Piscina Mirabile,* or wonderful fish pond, an immense reservoir for water, supposed by some to have been intended, as its name imports, as a receptacle for choice fish, to supply the tables of the neighboring villas, and by others to have been constructed by Augustus, or some other Roman emperor, to supply pure, filtrated water for the inhabitants of the environs, and also for the Roman fleet stationed in the port of Misenus. We descended by a flight of forty steps. It is divided into five corridors and many arcades, supported by forty-eight huge pilasters. It is two hundred and twenty-five feet long, seventy-five wide, and twenty high. It is constructed of brick, which is covered with an incrustation,

deposited by the water, harder than marble. From thence we walked along the beach for about a quarter of a mile, till we came to what is called the tomb of Agrippina, who was assassinated by order of the monster Nero, her own son. It is a semicircular building, and adorned with bass-reliefs in stucco. We entered with torches, and the place where she is reported to have been buried was pointed out to us. We next proceeded to the hot baths of Nero. These consist of several corridors made in the rock and terminating in a fountain of boiling water. The baron and secretary refused to proceed farther than the entrance chamber. My friend and myself, however, entered one of the corridors, accompanied by a guide. We had proceeded but a few yards when the hot steam poured upon us with such violence as almost to suffocate us. With difficulty could we discern the glimmer of the guide's torch, though he was but a few paces in advance. As to speaking, it was out of the question; once or twice I struggled to say a word of encouragement to my friend, who evinced strong indications of a disposition to return; but I could not. I found the most prudent course was to keep my mouth fast closed as possible. We persevered — the perspiration gushing from every pore, and rolling off in streams. At length, after what appeared a long walk, or rather groping, continually on the descent, we reached the fountain. It was a pool of some few feet in diameter, and appeared to be boiling. The guide dipped up some of the water in a bucket, that he had brought for the purpose, and threw in a duck's egg; whereupon we returned right gladly to the charming world we had left above, and on emerging, the egg was well cooked, and we quickly divided and devoured it.

In returning by another road we left the carriage, and proceeded on foot to the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl. We followed a shady and beautiful path along the bank of the Lake Avernus. This lake is an oval sheet of water, of about four miles in circumference; it is girt with lofty mountains, which formerly were covered with forests so dense as to cast a shade over the lake. The exhalations that arose from it are said to have been very pernicious, and its water pestiferous, insomuch that fishes could not live in it, nor birds even fly over it without dropping dead. At present, however, its banks are verdant and delicious, and its air salubrious; it abounds in excellent fish, and we saw numerous birds scaling over its surface and reposing on its bosom. Our torches lighted, we entered the Grotto of the Sibyl. The entrance is under a high, rocky, steep, and in the midst of a dense mass of wild shrubs and brambles. Having entered through a narrow opening, we found ourselves in a rocky cavern, dark and dismal. With the aid of our torches we could discern a pool of black water, and here and there a protruding rock, just enough to verify Virgil's description —

> Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu
> Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris.
>
> ÆNEID, B. VI. l. 237.

After proceeding a considerable distance in this cavern through a sort of corridor, resembling the Grotto of Posilipo, we reached the entrance to the Sibyl's Baths. We were here directed by our guides, of whom there were four, one for each of us, to mount upon their shoulders, unless we chose to wade up to our hips in water. My friend and I obeyed without hesitation, and were trans-

ported through a narrow grotto where the water was two or three feet deep, and set down at last on some square blocks of stone, in what appeared to be a small chamber, lined with mosaics. This was one of the Sibyl's Baths. Little is to be seen but blackened walls around and the water below. Our greatest amusement there was watching for the ingress of our travelling companions. We were curious to know how the guides would manage with the baron, who was of such enormous bulk that it seemed impossible that one man could bear him on his shoulders. Presently we heard his voice and that of the secretary, and those also of the guides; but from the sounds one would imagine that bedlam had broken loose, or that a dozen men were drowning and crying for help. Epithets, entreaties, and remonstrances, in German, French, and Italian, thundering and reverberating through these dismal corridors and caverns, burst upon our ears in horrid dissonance. At one time we thought the guide had fallen with the baron, and unable to rise with such a weight upon him, was in danger of drowning; at another, that the water had risen and was threatening to overwhelm the whole party, and ourselves with the rest; for we were in total darkness, our guides having gone out with their torches to assist their comrades. Presently, however, the guides returned, laughing as if to burst their sides, and the secretary appeared next, mounted on the shoulders of a little brawny man, his feet curled up to his hips to avoid the water, and his spectacles appearing just above the thick, black, matted hair of the guide, and his arms clasping, as if for very life, the poor fellow's neck. When he had set foot on *terra firma*, he related to us the occasion of the uproar. It seems that the good baron,

with a deal of trouble and with the aid of three others, had been safely mounted on the shoulders of the strongest man of the party, who started with his burden; but no sooner had he entered the water than the baron was seized with fear, and insisted on returning. But the guide, who wanted his fee, loudly remonstrated, saying there was no danger, &c. This only increased the trouble, for the baron was resolved to return; but he could talk only French, and the guide only Italian. To make matters worse, the baron's hat, striking against the roof, came near falling off, which increased his alarm, and the secretary was obliged to stop and take his part, and interpret his orders to the guide. So the guide was obliged to return with the baron, and the secretary advanced. We were conveyed back in the same manner, and were glad to emerge again into pure air and behold the light of day.

## MOUNT VESUVIUS.

The next day, with the same agreeable party, we made an excursion to Vesuvius. But how shall I ever be able to give an adequate description of its grandeur and sublimity? Yesterday we were bewildered and lost in admiring the multitude of objects that crowded upon us, to-day overpowered and struck dumb by the majesty and solitary grandeur of one. The ruined villas and temples of Baia, and Puzzuoli, while they proclaim the splendor and ingenuity of men of former days, proclaim also their imbecility and the frailness of their proudest works. Vesuvius, belching its eternal fires, mocks at the ingenuity and science of man, and proclaims the omnipotence of God. The sight of Vesuvius was to me amply sufficient

to compensate for all the expenses and all the toils of so long a journey from my native land.

We left Naples at about half past eight o'clock in the morning, in a calèche, to which were attached three spirited horses, harnessed abreast. O, it was a glorious morning, such as breaks nowhere as in Naples — cloudless, balmy, and warm — much like June in New England. Cheerily we rattled over the pavements, the top of the calèche down fore and aft, the whip cracking like mad, the boys scampering and hooting after us, and we prouder than the king himself when he rides abroad. The street along which we passed is constructed upon the beach, and forms a vast and magnificent arch as it sweeps from Naples to Torre del Greco; it is paved with flags of lava from Vesuvius, and on one side is walled by an uninterrupted succession of lofty and elegant buildings, all of stone, or stuccoed, and full of windows. These mansions are occupied during the spring and fall by the nobles and aristocracy of Naples, who, during those two most delightful seasons of the year, are fond of luxuriating on the borders of the sea, like their ancestors in the Augustine age. The opposite side of the street is open to the sea, and is prevented from washing away by a sea wall, which is laved by the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean. Tides there are none, and storms seldom visit these shores. The street, as we passed right merrily through it, was filled with calèches, coaches, and peasants' carts; with horsemen, soldiers, and foot passengers; with swarms of children, and a motley crowd of men and women vending eatables, or basking in the sun. And then the shrill, discordant cries of those who recommended their fruits and merchandise; the yelling of coachmen and cartmen; the

cracking of whips, in which the Neapolitan charioteers are very expert and take a deal of pride; the shouts of innumerable boys at play; our own rapid and independent motion, was, all together, as exciting to our spirits as it was deafening to our ears. For several miles we enjoyed the finest view of the bay imaginable. A thousand boats were gliding over its azure surface, and the sun sparkled on its gently-ruffled bosom. Behind us was the vast Naples, the third city of Europe, rising upon an acclivity of vast extent, like the receding banks of an immense amphitheatre; and most conspicuous and remarkable of all was Vesuvius itself, directly before us, belching from its scorched and furrowed summit that eternal cloud of smoke and sulphurous vapor.

Having reached Portici, at the foot of the mountain, we engaged mules and guides, and while they were preparing, we descended into

## HERCULANEUM.

Each with a lighted torch, we followed our guide down the dark stairway to the excavated theatre of Herculaneum. It is seventy feet under ground, and was capable, it is said, of containing ten thousand people. The only light of day that ever visits this place is through a well, in the digging of which the long-lost and almost-forgotten Herculaneum was discovered. The stage, the orchestra, the consular seats, and the proscenium, are still discernible, together with the lobbies or corridors. Nearer the sea are the remains of the city proper, where are still to be seen the streets paved with lava, raised sidewalks, houses built of tufa and other volcanic substances, the baths, &c., still decorated with their original

frescoes and other paintings. The brazen statues, mosaics, and other movable objects of curiosity, are found deposited in the museum at Naples.

It is evident that the inhabitants had time to escape, for very few skeletons have been discovered, and but little valuable treasure. Nearly all the houses were painted in fresco. The windows were closed by wooden shutters, except in some houses, where were found thick panes of glass. They had not discovered the art of making window glass so thin as we do, though many vessels and goblets of glass have been found as fine and exquisitely wrought as some of the richest of ours.

Various articles, such as manuscripts, corn, barley, almonds, figs, bread, &c., had preserved their original form — specimens of each of which we saw in the museum at Naples. Vessels of bronze, and most of the furniture, were found uninjured.

On emerging from Herculaneum, we found our guides and mules all in readiness, and waiting for us; mules they called them, but they proved to be miserable little donkeys. Some of the royal family, having taken it into their royal heads to ascend Vesuvius this very day, had sent forward couriers to preëngage all the horses and mules in the village, and we were obliged to accommodate ourselves to the little donkeys, with the best grace we could. None of us found any great difficulty in mounting, except the good baron. He was, unfortunately, wholly unaccustomed to ride on horseback; and this, added to his immense size, caused us no inconsiderable delay. He had expected to have found a fine horse, with a good saddle and stirrups; instead of which, seeing a half-starved jackass, with a moiety of his back a raw sore, and a saddle — luck save us! — a few bits of

rotten leather stitched together, and tied by ropes under the poor beast's belly, and the stirrups of the precise length, at least one of them, for a boy of five years, and the other six or eight inches longer, he was in absolute despair. He warmly remonstrated, but remonstrance was in vain. It was a choice between two — to ascend Vesuvius on this animal or return to Naples. At length, with the assistance of us all, he mounted, and the poor beast trembled under his burden ; and the good baron trembled too, for he feared that the animal would break in two in the middle ; and verily he had reason, for the poor creature bent like a pole. But the baron's beast was the best and largest of all. What, then, must ours have been ! We all mounted, and were each provided, not with a whip, but with an immense cudgel, to answer the double purpose of belaboring the beasts, and assisting our progress up the mountain when the asses would become useless to us. In this trim we started ; a multitude of boys and men followed, hooting and yelling in a most unearthly manner, and belaboring our poor beasts, some with their tattered hats, others with sticks, and others again with stones. One would suppose half the village had assembled for the purpose. Be that as it may, they were a motley set — ragged, bareheaded, coatless ; most of them with nothing on but breeches and a shirt, with their legs bare up to the knees. The beasts took it all with imperturbable coolness, not quickening their pace one whit, and only now and then evincing a degree of sensibility by spasmodic efforts to throw out their two hind legs at their persecutors, at the imminent risk of plunging their innocent riders on the pavement. The baron became very much alarmed, and so did we all ; but that did us no good, and only made

matters worse; and I verily believe that we should have all been unassed in a few moments more had we not, in our trepidation, drawn with such convulsive force upon the creatures' bits, that by a simultaneous movement they all stood still. We were greatly relieved; but not so our troop of kindly followers, who, attributing the stoppage to the obstinacy of the poor brutes, redoubled their yells and blows — yea, and their numbers, too; and I know not what would have been the result, had not the secretary, out of regard to the good baron, and to himself also, devised a mode to rid us of this incommodious rabble. He turned his animal's head towards them, and placing himself in a warlike attitude, commenced brandishing his cudgel among them, accompanying that operation with the most extraordinary contortions of countenance, at which remarkable and unequivocal demonstrations, the entire rabble scampered, like flies brushed from a honey pot. Thus, then, with the secretary behind as a rear guard, to whip off the tattered gentry of the village, we commenced the ascent of Mount Vesuvius.

Our path was at times exceedingly rough, and sometimes steep; but we held fast, at least I did, to the piece of leather that ought to have been the pommel of the saddle, for the reins were entirely useless, a mere form. But the poor asses proved very faithful, and picked their way, at times literally climbing, with great discretion and marvellous slowness; and we rejoiced, when we perceived the path becoming more rough at every step, that these beasts had fallen to our lot, rather than horses. That which most annoyed us, was the invincible propensity of the guides and owners of the asses to yell without intermission at the poor

animals, and beat them without mercy. We did all we could to induce them to desist; but our efforts were of little avail. It was Ey — y ! Ey — y ! and then a whack, whack — the whole way. At the commencement of the ascent our path was flanked by vineyards, with which the foot of the mountain was entirely covered. But as we advanced, what a contrast soon presented itself to our view — black havoc and fiery desolation ! Immense fields of ashes and scoria lay extended around us, and then whole seas of lava, of unknown depth, which in many places, as we approached them, assumed the appearance of rivers of melted coal suddenly checked and hardened in their beds. One of these immense lava torrents, which lay near our path, burst forth from the crater so lately as the year 1822, and is still so hot that, at a foot or two from the surface, it would blister your hand. Without any accident we reached the Hermitage, a small house at the foot of the "cone," where there always resides a friar or hermit. Here we were regaled by the good father with some of that much esteemed and truly delicious wine, profanely called "*Lachryma Christi.*"

We were now obliged to abandon our asses, and perform the residue of the ascent on foot, as it is entirely impracticable for beasts. The good baron, dismayed at the thought of such an undertaking, declined advancing any farther, and returned to the village. Our party thus reduced to three, viz., the secretary, my friend, and myself, we commenced the ascent of the cone on foot. It was a walk indeed. We did not ascend by the usual path, on account of the snow and ice that lay there, but were obliged to clamber up on loose and rolling lumps of scoria. We each had a man, with a leather

strap over his shoulder, one end of which was given us, in order thereby to lessen the difficulty of the ascent. I availed myself of it for a few steps, but preferred depending on my own resources; so, giving the honest man my coat, I followed in his track, and, I believe, was the least fatigued of the party. We toiled along in this manner for about an hour and a half, stopping three or four times to breathe, or rather to blow, and we perspired freely. Finally we reached the summit, and soon after the edge of the crater. Here we encountered first a cloud of hot steam, and were completely enveloped by it. We could see nothing else, and knew not whither we were going. At the distance of four or five feet we could not discern each other, and were obliged to call out, and warn our companions to keep close together. The poor secretary began to tremble, and imagined that we were tumbling into the boiling crater; and it was with difficulty that we could rally him, and induce him to advance. But this was a mere premonitory symptom, a delicate foretaste of that which was coming. In a short time the hot steam was converted into rolling clouds of black, pitchy smoke, and then came suffocating vapors, impregnated with burning sulphur. What choking, coughing, and applying of handkerchiefs to the nose and mouth! What exclamations and remonstrances! What grimaces and contortions! "Come on," shouted the chief guide, "come on! quick, quick!" But the poor secretary was frightened, and would not come; he stood stock still, and gasped, and coughed, and flourished his white pocket handkerchief as though he were mad. Convinced that the sooner we were out of this brimstone atmosphere the better, we took his arms to urge him on; but no, he would not go another

step, but insisted on going back, and, as he could catch breath, gave us to understand that he should die certainly, and, what was worse, that we should die too, and that he was resolved to return; nay, more, he was resolved that we should return with him. But there were, fortunately, two sides to this question. My friend was for yielding; not I. "You shall come back," gasped the secretary. "I shall not," gasped I. Where this dispute, in the midst of burning brimstone, on the summit of Mount Vesuvius, would have terminated, I cannot say, had we not fortunately been able to compromise the matter. We had two guides; so it was agreed that he should go back with one, while my friend and I went on with the other. If the atmosphere of the nether world be like this — nay, as the Holy Scriptures teach us, infinitely more horrible — what self-denials, what anguish, what tortures should we not rejoice briefly to endure in this world, that we may escape the pains of those unquenchable fires! Holding our handkerchiefs to our faces with one hand, while with the other we held upon our guide for dread of losing him, we hurried rapidly onward! The wind was, unfortunately, blowing directly from the crater towards us, and this was the cause of the unusual difficulty of advancing. Finally we emerged upon the opposite side, in a pure atmosphere, under a serene sky and a brilliant sun, and were immediately relieved. In a few moments the sound of human voices reached us. Another party had preceded us. As we advanced the voices grew louder and more distinct, accompanied with merriment and laughter; and, to add to our surprise and pleasure, their language was good, plain old English. But as yet we saw no one, and could not divine whence proceeded those agreeable,

merry voices. But we were not long in ignorance. The mountain's summit was wild and uneven, and, as we turned a point, we discovered a party of gentlemen in a fissure, between two banks of sulphur, roasting eggs in the ashes of the mountain. One of them, after eying me a moment, immediately ran towards me, called me by name, and shook me cordially by the hand. He was a relative, from Boston. Who would have thought of meeting him, amid ashes, and flames, and sulphur, on the summit of Mount Vesuvius? After interchanging an abundance of questions, we drank together some mountain wine, and ate eggs roasted in the cinders. All his party were Americans. After an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with them of a few moments, we took our leave, and pursued our course.

We walked about the summit of the mountain for about an hour. Looking out towards the sea, we enjoyed a charming view of Naples and the bay. Every thing, however, appeared on a level, and very diminutive, as if seen through an inverted telescope. The ground itself on which we walked, as may easily be imagined, was far from being an agreeable plain. Not a spire or herb of any kind was visible. It was broken into frightful chasms and hillocks, composed of sulphur, ashes, and scoria. But the most striking and fearful object of all was the abyss that yawned below us — a crater of about six thousand feet in circumference. There were some persons at the very bottom, who appeared so small that we could but just distinguish them. The weather was such that we could descend. The path is exceedingly steep, and, as the ashes yield to the feet, the descent is not difficult; but for the same reason, and also in consequence of the sulphurous vapors continually

exhaling, the ascent is dreadful. The shape and the surface of the bottom of the crater often vary. It is sometimes concave, sometimes convex, according as the degree of intensity of the internal fermentation forces it upward or permits it to settle downward. This crust, beneath which rage eternal fires, is formed by the lava, scoria, sand, cinders, and other volcanic matters. To stand on the brink of this crust and look over into the heaving and bottomless caldron requires no small degree of nerve. The aperture was about thirty feet in diameter, from which, as from a mammoth steamer, shot forth with horrid puffs black smoke and vapors. When we listened, we could hear, in the very bowels of the mountain, distinct reports, like those of distant artillery. When we rolled masses of scoria into the gaping chasm, hoarse sounds were emitted, and fresh and thicker clouds of smoke arose, as though some new aperture had been made in the mysterious mass.

But the day waxes apace, and the guide becomes impatient, and it behooves us to break the fascinating charm that chains us to this terrible spot. I would gladly have spent many hours about that summit and in that crater. We lingered as long as we could in reason, and then, remembering that the good secretary, and perhaps the baron, were anxiously awaiting our return, we gave one farewell look down the enormous chasm, and from the summit rolled, for the last time, some large masses of scoria down its steep sides, and stood for a moment to watch them as they bounded, and roared, and reëchoed, and then tumbled into the flaming pit. After which achievement, following our guide, we commenced the descent of the mountain. Having once more made our way through the smoke and sulphur, we

found the secretary and his guide awaiting us. We greeted him as we would an old acquaintance that we had not seen for some days. We descended by another path than that by which we had ascended. It was nothing but sand, or rather ashes, knee deep, and very steep. We had but to place our backs on nearly a parallel with the declivity, and at every step we made four or five feet of descent. It was literally leap and go down to the foot of the cone. Here our donkeys had been brought, and were in readiness. We rode to the hermitage, where we lunched. After which we rode to Portici. Our poor donkeys were wonderfully more active than during the ascent. Twice I saw one of our party thrown from his beast, and lying in the road. But mine would not stop. I suppose he was hungry, and had oats in prospect. So I held on fast to the pommel, lest I too should find myself in the same deplorable situation. Arrived at Portici, the beasts stopped of themselves, and could not have been made to advance another inch.

### ROYAL MUSEUM.

This is truly a magnificent establishment. It is doubtless the finest in the world for the study of Roman antiquities, — as the various utensils, furniture, and other curiosities found in Pompeii, Herculaneum, Minturnæ, Stabiae, Capua, Pæstum, &c., are here deposited. The museum is an elegant and spacious building, finely situated, and divided into various galleries and apartments, with regard to the principal of which I shall say a few words.

*Picture Gallery.* — The number of ancient paintings

amounts to near two thousand. Most of them are from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and display in general great taste in their design, and some also in their execution. However, their only interest to me was their antiquity, and the information they convey of the state of the arts at the commencement of the Christian era.

*Ancient Sculpture.* — The gallery of ancient sculpture far surpasses, in the richness of its treasures, that of the paintings. It contains equestrian statues, and statues and busts of men and women; wrestlers and gladiators; mythological and other groups; beasts and birds; urns and vases elegantly adorned with *basso rilievo;* mills made of lava for grinding corn and pressing olives; and columns of precious marble, porphyry, rosso antico, and terra cotta. Many of them are the richest masterpieces in existence of the Grecian and Roman chisel. Most of them were disinhumed from Herculaneum and Pompeii. The most celebrated group is that of the Toro Farnese, formed of a solid block of marble, two hundred years, it is supposed, before the Christian era.

One apartment contains an interesting collection of Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities.

*Bronze Sculpture.* — Some of the specimens are of rare beauty and exquisite workmanship, taken chiefly from Herculaneum. There were two large bronze dyer's vats, taken from Pompeii. Several of the statues had eyes of glass, some also of silver. There was a beautiful bust of Plato, another of Seneca, also a colossal head of a horse, said to have belonged to the statue of a horse anciently placed before a temple of the Sun, now the archiepiscopal palace at Naples.

Three rooms contained a collection of the common pottery of Pompeii. These were the sort of things that

pleased me most, and in rooms like these I lingered longest ; for, by examining these various utensils of every-day use, we learn, nay, we see, what were the domestic ways of the people — how they ate, drank, cooked, toiled, &c. I would give vastly more for such knowledge than I would for that of the exploits of heroes, the lives of emperors, and the victories and defeats of armies. By examining these objects, especially after a visit to Pompeii and Herculaneum, one can easily imagine himself in the kitchen or the parlor of the ancients, or refreshing himself in one of their restorators, or making purchases in their shops, or sitting at their tables, or peeping into their ovens, or reposing on their beds. In books of history I look in vain for some satisfactory account of the manners and every-day habits and mechanical skill of nations of by-gone days — something that will exhibit them as men like ourselves — as having the same wants, and putting forth the same activity of invention, and appreciating the same domestic comforts ; but here in the museum of Naples I find this want abundantly supplied from the ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other disinhumed cities of Southern Europe, at least as far as regards the proudest and most flourishing era of the Roman empire.

These rooms contained some curious specimens of pottery. Among the rest were small drinking cups for birds confined in cages, pestles and mortars, jars and jugs for liquors, and innumerable lamps of all shapes and sizes. Another room contains an assortment of glass ware that might well put to the blush our modern glass blowers. They were tastefully arranged on shelves, of every shape and color, and for every purpose almost that can be imagined. Besides decanters, fruit dishes,

cups, goblets, necklaces, &c., &c., there was a collection of large bottles of medicine, found in a druggist's shop in Pompeii, and also several pieces of plate glass.

In a room called the cabinet of gems were some rich and beautiful rings, necklaces, brooches, chains, gold leaf, and gold lace, from Pompeii and Herculaneum; also a purse of money found in the hand of Diomede's wife at Pompeii, the attempt to save which perhaps cost her her life. There were silver cups, dishes, plates, salvers, spoons, &c., and paints taken from a painter's shop in Pompeii. There were also in this room loaves of bread stamped with the name of the baker, various sorts of grains, fruits, eggs, flour, dough, soap, wearing apparel, &c. Among the precious articles were some beautiful cameos, one of them representing Cleopatra and the asp, and another, very celebrated, representing the apotheosis of Ptolemy.

In another room were various articles of household furniture, such as stoves, kettles, stewpans, a gridiron, frying pans, baking pans, egg pans, like those still used in Italy, moulds for pastry, skimmers, ladles, a portable stove, and a kitchen grate, all found in Pompeii or Herculaneum.

In another room were a variety of balance scales, steelyards, weights, &c., like those in present use, though far handsomer.

Another room contained agricultural tools from Pompeii, precisely like those now in use in some parts of Italy. Here also were fetters found in a prison there, and various weapons of war — helmets, armor, &c.

In another room was a miscellaneous collection, consisting of surgical instruments of every kind, inkstands, pens, letters for stamping bread, (showing that the

Pompeians understood the art of printing, at least in one department,) opera tickets, musical instruments, spinning wheels, hair and other pins, nails, screws, locks, keys, latches, bolts, hinges, axes, hatchets, &c., &c., many of them beautifully finished, and made precisely as they are made nowadays. The mirrors, combs, rouge, and other personal ornaments belonging to this collection, were found in the tombs of females; the arms, armor, dice, and writing apparatus in the tombs of men; the toys in the tombs of children, whose skeletons are frequently surrounded with marbles, tops, and jointed dolls. Kitchen and table utensils have been found in every tomb, as have vases for wine, oil, grain, &c.; so that by examining the abodes of the dead we are taught the domestic economy of nations who inhabited this earth from two thousand to three thousand years ago. In the room last mentioned was a beautiful compact cooking stove, found in Herculaneum, which beats Stimpson's or Pond's range out and out.

There are several other apartments containing sepulchral vases, appendages to heathen worship, *papyri*, &c., which it would take too much time to describe. I will merely remark that the *papyri* are the old manuscripts preserved in the libraries of the ancient literati, or written by themselves. A large number of these were found in Herculaneum. But the rolls were so scorched and burned as to resemble charcoal; and at first thousands were thrown away, or consumed as such. The true nature of the treasure, however, having been fortunately discovered, a Neapolitan priest has invented a machine for unrolling them, the process of which we witnessed. Several large volumes of these *papyri*, or manuscripts, have been already printed, and others

are in preparation for the press. The letters we could distinctly trace on some of the rolls and fragments.

The library is remarkable for its size and magnificence, and also for an echo which answers distinctly twenty-two times. It contains one hundred and fifty thousand printed volumes, and between three and four thousand manuscripts. We saw some ancient and splendidly illuminated Missals and Breviaries, &c

## CATACOMBS.

We passed a very agreeable half day in rambling among the catacombs. They are not, of course, so interesting, particularly to a Christian, as those of Rome, though it is said that they are more extensive. There are three or four different entrances to the catacombs, in different parts of the city. We entered by that called St. Gennaro dei Poveri. We were first introduced into a subterranean church used by the primitive Christians. The chair of the bishop is still in perfect preservation, as also the altar, seats for the inferior clergy, &c., all cut from the solid rock. The paintings and stuccoes that adorned the tombs of the martyrs are in many places distinctly visible. Many of the tombs are well preserved, and here and there are seen the remains of a skeleton. The size of these catacombs has never been ascertained, but they are supposed to extend for miles under the city. They are divided into three distinct stories, and you ascend or descend from one to the other by flights of steps, or by an inclined plane. Each story contains many vaults, halls, and corridors of vast extent, the whole cut from solid rock. We were showed the place where the operators ceased work, which informs

also *how* they accomplished it, viz., by chiselling round the piece of rock they wished to displace, thereby separating it from the main body, then rolling it out.

The finest streets of Naples are the *Strada Toledo* and *Chiaia*, and they are both well calculated to arrest the attention of travellers. The former is a mile and a half long, wide and straight, well paved, and flanked with superb edifices. The latter comprehends an elegant public garden, called the *Villa Reale*, which is more than half a mile in length, extending along the margin of the bay. This garden is richly ornamented with trees and shrubbery, parterres and fountains, temples and statues. These streets during carnival present a most animating appearance. The first few days of carnival I was fortunate enough to witness. I say fortunate, because this season of festivity has been so often and so severely animadverted on by travellers, to the prejudice of the Catholic church, of which many appear to believe that it forms an essential part, that I was very curious to observe how it was conducted. I expected to have seen carousing, drunkenness, quarrelling, and breaking of heads — I looked for vagabonds and pickpockets; but there was nothing of the kind. The *Chiaia* and *Toledo* were filled with people; half the population of Naples seemed to have been in the streets; but they all appeared well dressed, respectable, and orderly. A double file of vehicles, some of them very splendid, slowly traversed the streets, in the midst of the crowd, yet no one was run over. The windows and balconies were filled with ladies and gentlemen, and between them and those in the carriages, which were all open, was carried on a playful war, in which the projectiles used were sugar-plums and flowers. This is repeated every day

during carnival, and each day continues for about three hours preceding sunset, when all retire peaceably to their homes, and the streets assume their ordinary appearance. I should have added that among those on foot are many in fantastic dresses and masks, who, by their odd gestures and pranks, excite much mirth.

### CAPRI.

We made an excursion to the Island of Capri, by steamboat, and ascended on donkeys to the summit of the bluff on the extreme left, a perpendicular precipice one thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. From this precipice, it is said, Tiberius was wont to cast his prisoners headlong into the Mediterranean. We also entered the Azure Cave, by means of a small skiff, and through an opening so small that we were compelled to lie down in the bottom of the boat while she was entering the cave. The water was of an azure blue, and the same color was reflected upon the lofty vaulted roof. The effect was enchanting.

### LORETTO.

We travelled from Rome to Loretto in diligence. Our sole motive in undertaking this journey was to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Blessed Lady. We were forty-eight hours on the road, travelling day and night, over a beautiful and highly cultivated country, through wheat fields, vineyards, and olive groves. One morning, at five o'clock, while our horses were toiling slowly up the Apennines, we descended from the diligence and followed on foot. Presently, on the road side, we

espied a village church. The door stood invitingly open. We accepted gladly the invitation, and entered the church. A large congregation had assembled. The priest, vested for the Mass, ascended to the altar, and commenced the holy mysteries. It was the usual daily Mass. But, O, what sweet memories did it not revive! what thoughts did it not suggest! Here, thousands of miles away, among a strange people, talking a strange language, — here in a village church on the summit of the Apennines, — we are suddenly transported to our own home. Here we behold the priest, the altar, the faithful — our own fathers and brothers. Here we adore the same Lord and God in the Blessed Sacrament. The little boy in surplice precedes the priest. Both kneel at the altar. The priest ascends the steps, and arranges the chalice, opens the Missal, then descends and commences Mass. The language is the same, the words the same, the ceremonies the same, the attitude and demeanor of the congregation, all the same as in our own churches in America. Tastes may differ, languages may differ, ideas of liberty and of government may differ — every thing human undergo phases and progressive or receding changes. But religion, like God, its author, is always and every where the same. It knows no change, for it is founded on a rock. It knows no progress, for it was perfect in the beginning. It stands in need of no reform, nor purgation, for it is without stain or blemish. It is "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army in battle array."

But we cannot remain long. Our carriage is still toiling up the mountain, and we must say good by again to friends and home, and hasten to overtake it.

We reached Loretto in good season for breakfast, after

which we visited the holy house in which our divine Lord was conceived, which in the year 1294, was brought by angels from Palestine to Loretto. A large fine church has been erected over the house — a noble monument of the piety of the faithful and of the truth of the miracle. While we were occupied with our devotions, suddenly the principal door of the church was thrown open, and a band of pilgrims entered, singing hymns, — and, on their knees, slowly advanced to the holy house. They had come on foot from a village about twenty miles distant, solely with the object of making this visit to Our Lady of Loretto. When they had reached the door of the chapel they stopped singing, and in silence, or interrupted by sobs and ejaculations, they entered that sacred chamber where the angel had announced to Mary the incarnation of the Son of God in her chaste and unsul lied womb. Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.

Pious pilgrims, we will not intrude upon your devotions. Go in, and, prostrate before the shrine of the Mother of God, pour forth your griefs and make known your wants. You will find a powerful and generous advocate in Mary. She will smile upon you as only a mother can smile, and she will plead for you as only a mother can plead. Pious pilgrims in the holy house forget not to pray for sinners.

How I love the Italians for their tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of our Lord! — that devotion which excites the derision of Protestants, and the pity of proud, self-constituted philanthropists, and the sneers of rich and lordly imbeciles, and the horror of long-faced hypocrites. I shudder to think that had I come to Rome

a Protestant. I too might have sneered, and scoffed, and blasphemed; for what maketh us to differ, unless it be the grace of God? Thanks, everlasting thanks, to him by whose grace, unmerited on my part, I entered the Eternal City a child of the holy church of my Redeemer. Regarding Mary as the tenderest of mothers, the devotion of the Italians was to me consoling, and filled my heart with unutterable joy. In it I perceived the most unaffected and ardent love for Jesus, our divine Master. Indeed, what gives Mary a title to our veneration and love, except that she is the mother of our Lord? Was it not she who gave him birth? — she who suckled him, and watched over his infancy and childhood? — she who followed him in his suffering pilgrimage on earth, never quitted his side, saw him even nailed to a cross, and expire before her eyes, — her own son, and such a son! — yet uttered no word of remonstrance, nor offered a single petition for his release? And why, O meekest and most suffering of mothers, why thus resigned, thus patient, thus mute, when thy blameless child was cruelly torn from thee by ferocious men, arrested and tried as a felon, buffeted, spit upon, and derided, sworn against by perjured witnesses, convicted, and adjudged to the most painful and ignominious of deaths? Do I ask why? Ah, too well I know! It was thy pure and fervent charity — charity for me, most ungrateful of mortals — charity stronger than maternal love, and strengthened yet more by a knowledge supernatural of the character and mission of that son of thine, whose sufferings and death were necessary to secure the salvation of man. Shall man, then, refuse to love and venerate her who brought forth his Redeemer? Nay, shall he not venerate and love her more than any created

being? — than even angels and archangels? Can this detract aught from the love and honor due to Jesus our Lord? No, certainly. On the contrary, it manifests, it proves, it proclaims the love we bear to Him for whose sake *alone*, and on whose account *alone*, Mary is loved and invoked. Is it esteemed derogatory to a prince that his mother should be honored and esteemed by his subjects, and made the medium of conveying to him their petitions? Did the proudest potentate ever feel insulted because his mother, on entering the capital, was greeted with acclamations of joy, with the ringing of bells, and the discharge of artillery? On the contrary, would not these very honors redound to the glory of the sovereign?

Let me be believed, then, when I declare that I could see nothing in this devotion of the Italians to the mother of Jesus but the most fervent and touching affection towards Jesus himself. They regard her and address her as a mother because she is the mother of Jesus, and Jesus is our brother — "Ye are my brethren." She possesses still and exercises the prerogative conferred upon her while she stood at the foot of the cross — conferred upon her by her divine Son, who addressed the beloved disciple then representing the church, or body of the faithful, in these memorable words, "Behold thy mother;" and then addressed the mother, "Behold thy son."

On the following morning I celebrated Mass in the holy house, and gave communion to the band of pilgrims mentioned above. While in Loretto we made an excursion to Firmo, and visited Father Sopranis, rector of a Jesuit college. We were most hospitably entertained by the good father. We called on his eminence the cardinal archbishop, with whom we were vastly

pleased. During the troubles of 1848 he refused to abandon his flock, and was seized by the wretches who called themselves patriots, and for four months was incarcerated in the common jail. It being Sunday, after celebrating Mass we assisted at High Mass at the cathedral. The canons composing the chapter enjoy the privilege of wearing mitres, whenever the cardinal officiates pontifically, as he did this day. His eminence preached a plain, practical sermon, wearing the mitre. He exposed with a clearness, force, and dignity, worthy of a bishop, the reckless fatuity of the unbelievers of the present day, the emptiness of their systems, and the dangers with which they are fraught for individuals, and for nations. After Mass, we dined with his eminence. Many of his clergy, and several distinguished laymen, were at the table. We left with the most favorable impressions of the virtues, talents, and piety of the venerable prelate. His name is *De Angelis*. He is sixty-two years of age, and is regarded by the Italian clergy as one of the most prominent, influential, and learned of the members of the sacred college.

## TRIESTE.

We took passage for Trieste in a vettura, which was to take us as far as Ancona. When we arrived at Ancona, we received the agreeable intelligence that the steamer for Trieste was just on the point of sailing, and that, consequently, we were too late. What was to be done? There is nothing of interest in Ancona. Several days may elapse before another steamboat departs. Our fellow-passengers were more alarmed than we. One cursed; but that did us no good, and was sinful. An-

other ran about the streets; that was useless. Another rushed to the custom house, to hurry through the baggage; that, too, availed but little. The fact was, Ancona is fond of strangers, and Ancona likes to have them rest there for a few days, and Ancona is very happy to receive their money. However, to the disappointment of all the Anconians, my companion relieved us all from our anxiety and embarrassment. We were all huddled together at the door of the steam packet office, wondering what we should do. The steamer had not sailed; she lay in the offing, all ready, to sail the moment the agent should come aboard with his papers. We could have gone aboard, but our baggage was at the custom house; and the officers of the customs seemed determined that it should be delayed as long as possible, with the benevolent intent, doubtless, to force us to accept the hospitality of Ancona for at least a day or two. Now, my friend had discovered that the agent was at that precise time in the packet office, preparing his papers. He called me aside, and requested me not to look for him, as he intended, if possible, to engage the agent in conversation, and detain him till the arrival of our baggage. I remained outside, pacing the sidewalk, for what seemed to me an interminable age, occasionally glancing in at the windows, and seeing my friend in earnest conversation, or dispute, with the agent, (I could not tell which,) who (that is, the agent aforesaid) held his papers in his hand. At length, in about an hour, when the custom house officers supposed that the steamer must have departed, down came rattling a file of barrows, with our baggage piled thereon; seeing which, my friend, whose eyes were constantly turned in the direction of the street, abruptly terminated the conversation,

and we all hastened to the pier, where we hurriedly sprang into a boat, and bade the boatman pull for his life. The agent, perceiving that he was far behind time, jumped into another boat, and we ran a most exciting race. Fortunately we reached the steamer at about the same moment. We were so rejoiced to be on board, that we did not stay to hear the result of the violent altercation that immediately took place between the agent and the captain, which latter declared that he was just on the point of firing a gun, and sailing without him.

Trieste is a city wholly addicted to commerce. There is little in it worth seeing, except the shipping. The *Hotel de la Ville,* where we lodged, is a fine building; it was remarkably clean; a good table and excellent servants. There was no noise nor bustle, no pressing for gratuities and *buonamanos.* Give, well and good; not give, no word nor sign. There was not a mendicant to be seen. Every body seemed to be employed. In one of the churches, we assisted at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and were highly pleased with the singing. It was performed chiefly by children, led by one of the altar boys, who had a rich and melodious voice.

## VENICE.

A traveller from the western world, before reaching Venice, has seen many strange and beautiful things. He has beheld products of genius and of art such as he had never dreamed of at home. He has been lost in admiration of superb temples and gorgeous palaces, and has wandered through their galleries feasting his eyes on the marvels they spread before him. Yet with all their richness and beauty such things have not taken

him by surprise. He was prepared for them. He has seen temples, and fine buildings, and statues, and paintings, and many curious and beautiful specimens of artistic skill executed by his own countrymen; and when he went abroad, it was with the expectation of beholding something finer and more beautiful; and if he experience a sensation of disappointment, it is that they hardly reach the beau ideal of his expectations. But when he approaches Venice, it is far different. He has read of her as Queen of the Sea, "throned on her hundred isles," — as the glorious and formidable republic, — as the entrepot of the exhaustless riches of the East. He has heard of her numberless streets of water, of her Rialto and Bridge of Sighs, of her gondolas and moonlit festivals, and his imagination is filled with the romance and magic spells which surround her; yet, when at length the gondolier, in his black, hearse-looking bark, takes him to the city, all his previous conceptions and ideal creations give way before the reality. No man can describe Venice. No man can convey by language any thing like a just idea of the mysterious beauty, and dignity, and magnificence, and sadness, with which she is veiled. A vast, a beautiful, a populous city lies before him, — without streets, or yards, or lands of any sort, — rising out of the sea; the houses and public buildings, many stories high, of an architecture wholly unlike any thing which he had ever seen at home or abroad, the waters of the sea washing their foundations, and if they should rise a foot, entering their very doors; an eternal silence by day and by night, never interrupted by the sound of wheels, or the hoofs of horses, or even the barking of dogs; no merry shouts of youth at play, no holiday processions, no military displays, no

foot passengers for business or for pleasure, all business and amusement being silently accomplished in the fairy gondola, and by means of the noiseless oar, — he is bewildered with astonishment and wonder, and feels like one, who, with the lamp of an Aladdin, has been transported into another world, and among a race of beings not belonging to the earth.

It was near noon when the ancient and once gorgeous city of Venice loomed up from the sea. Venice has been often described by travellers; but it is always full of interest. Here is a city without streets, without carts, carriages, horses, or any beasts; a vast city, rich in costly mansions, stately palaces, churches, paintings, and galleries of the fine arts, yet floating, in disjointed parcels, on the bosom of the sea. There is not another city like it on the face of the earth. If you would visit a friend, or go a shopping, or assist at divine service, or draw money from your banker, you must step into a gondola and be borne thither by water. These gondolas are the most picturesque and graceful boats that I ever saw. They are very long and narrow; their prows are of burnished steel, high, and full of thin molar teeth; they are furnished each with a black canopy, like that of a hearse, and the entire boat is black; they cleave the water with a stillness and rapidity that seems almost preternatural; the gondolier, or boatman, tall and stately as a mast, stands on the stern, and with an easy, swaying movement of his body, gives velocity and direction to the gondola — never coming in contact with another, and shouting at every turn to give warning of his approach.

We engaged lodgings at a venture at the *Hotel San Marco*, and we had no reason to regret it. We had fine rooms, looking out on the beautiful *Piazza San Marco*,

from whence we could see the famous pigeons of Venice — almost the only animals in it. Sometimes the entire square was covered with them, as with a changeable carpet. We could assemble whole clouds of them at will, by throwing crumbs of bread from our windows. They are treated with the utmost kindness and respect by the Venetians. No one ever alarms or disturbs them. Thus has it been from the remotest period of the history of Venice.

After dinner we visited the famous Cathedral Church of St. Mark, and were long occupied in studying out its ancient mosaics and sculptured marble, and in admiring its strange and marvellous architecture. It was commenced in the tenth century by one of the doges, and completed in about a hundred years. Both the exterior and the interior are incrusted with rich mosaics, or bronze, or marble, or gold. The roof on the inside is almost one blaze of gold; the floor is paved with jasper and porphyry; and the columns which support the roof and domes, and decorate the chapels, to the number of five hundred, are made of marble, of bronze, of alabaster, and of verd antique. Every portion of the immense edifice is of corresponding richness and magnificence. And why, it may be asked, all this outlay of labor and of money? Why have doges, and merchants, and mechanics, and painters, and sculptors combined together to build and to adorn one of the most costly temples in the world? It was simply to erect a monument to a great man, — not a king, nor a conqueror, nor an orator, — but to a disciple and an apostle of Jesus Christ, and through the disciple to honor the Master. In all ages, more especially in the middle, or ages of faith, have men thus generously and piously brought their treasures, and

poured them out upon the altar of God. And if some men are found who carp and cavil, and ask, Why was not all this sold and given to the poor? we should remember that such belong to the family and sentiments of Judas, who afterwards betrayed his Lord — and Judas was a thief. God grant that they may not resemble him in their death.

The bell tower, or campanile, which is one of the highest in Europe, gives from its summit a fine view of Venice, and its port and shipping, and the neighboring coasts. This view seemed to me more like a fairy dream than reality. There lay a vast sea, smooth as a mirror, and a vast city floating on its bosom, whole blocks of buildings, ranges of storehouses, ancient and superb palaces, churches surmounted by domes, graceful towers with chimes of bells, architectural marvels, altogether bizarre and strange, and of various styles, Armenian, Greek, Arabian, Byzantine, &c. All these, on which may be read a history of centuries and of nations, —

"Rising like water columns from the sea," —

cannot fail to produce an impression on the beholder that years will not obliterate.

During the few days that we remained in Venice, we visited all the principal churches, the Armenian Convent of St. Lazare, the Ducal Palace, the Accademia delle Belle Arti, and the Armenian College for boys.

In the Church of Santa Maria della Salute are three fine paintings by Titian. In Sa. Maria dei Frari are several splendid sepulchral monuments. In the venerable Church of St. Pietro is a marble chair with arms, supposed to have been used by St. Peter at Antioch, and the

celebrated painting by Bellucci, of St. Lawrence Justinian Patriarch of Venice, delivering the city from the plague. The memory of St. Lawrence is still held in veneration, and every Catholic traveller visits his tomb. Elevated to the episcopate, despite his protestations and his tears, he was at once the Vincent de Paul and the Charles Borromeo of his diocese and of his age. Always humble in the midst of honors, always poor in the midst of riches, he had but one ambition; it was to be an imitator of Christ. During his last illness, seeing the servants preparing a better bed than the straw one to which he had been used, "What are you doing?" said he; "are you preparing a feather bed for me? It is useless. Our Lord was stretched upon a hard and painful cross; and who am I that I should die upon a bed?" He died upon a little straw. San Giorgio Maggiore is a gorgeous church, in the form of a Latin cross, adorned with eleven chapels, and several paintings by Tintoretto. It was in this church that Pius VII. was consecrated pope, at a time when the enemies of religion thought to have had it all their own way; at a time when the final downfall of the church was supposed to have been effected, and, by the dispersion of the Sacred College, a conclave was deemed impossible. But God had decreed otherwise, and set at nought the vain calculations of men. No sooner had Pius VI. breathed his last than suddenly the storm that threatened to burst upon the world ceased — the clouds cleared away — the French were driven from Italy — the sun burst forth in the zenith, and shone on Venice — and the conclave assembled in Venice — and Pius VII. was consecrated in San Giorgio.

In the Church of Sa. Maria di Giglio we observed the

following inscription over the tomb of a distinguished Venetian lawyer: —

Petrus . Antonius . Ordanus .
Civis . Venetus .
Et . in . hoc . foro . causarum . patronus
Vigilantissimus .
Hic . solus . quiescit .
Tubæ . horrorem . expectans .
Ob . 1697 . Æt . 67.

TRANSLATION.

Peter Antony Ordanus,
A Venetian,
And known in the Courts of Venice
as a shrewd lawyer,
rests here, all alone, awaiting
the horrid sound of the last trump.
Died 1697, aged 67.

Poor soul! Whatever may have been his delinquences, let us charitably hope that they were merely professional, and that after all that "sound" may not be to him so "horrid" as his pious friends seemed to have predicted when they composed his epitaph.

Rich in churches and palaces, Venice is also rich in her institutions of charity. There are orphan asylums for both sexes. The *Casa di Ricovero* contains four hundred aged persons. There are two hospitals for the sick and infirm, one capable of containing a thousand, the other fourteen hundred sick. The hospital of the *Brothers of St. John of God* has nine hundred beds,

seven hundred of which are appropriated to foreigners They do not seem to dread the presence of foreign poor, but rather invite them by their kindness and hospitality. The House of Industry gives employment, and the means of earning a subsistence, to about five hundred able-bodied indigent persons. The Foundling Hospital receives annually four thousand infants. Besides these there are innumerable other institutions of charity, both public and private, the entire expense of supporting them amounting annually to not less than seven hundred thousand dollars — nearly double the amount expended for the like objects in the whole city of Paris.*

We visited the glass works. Some of the richest and most beautiful fancy glass ware in the world is manufactured in Venice. We saw them making mantel and table ornaments, and beads of every variety of color and size.

The same day we visited the island and convent of St. Lazare. The island is level, and covered with gardens, in a high state of cultivation, in the midst of which appears the convent. Every thing about the building was perfectly plain and neat. The good religious find occupation in their daily office, in teaching Armenian youth, and in those literary pursuits which have rendered them so celebrated. A kind and intelligent monk, with a flowing black beard, showed us every part of the establishment with the greatest civility. The library contains a good collection of general literature, and is ornamented with a splendid bust of the founder, by Canova.

* Les Trois, Rome, v. iii. p 523.

## MILAN.

From Venice to Milan we travelled by railroad through a country more luxuriant and fertile than any we had yet seen. Milan is a large and beautiful city, about twelve miles in circumference, and containing about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; yet, though we remained several days with nothing to do but to walk about, or ride, there was nothing in Milan that left a lasting impression upon us, except its magnificent cathedral. Erected in the heart of the city, it occupies a large portion of the grand piazza. It is a Gothic structure, of white marble. For statuary, and delicate, complicated carving, it stands preëminent, the queen of all the churches in the world. Unlike St. Peter's, the roof is supported by many columns, fifty in number, but which, though of the clustered style, are so exceeding slender, that they conceal no part of the edifice, but give clear and full range to the vision of the visitor. The pavement is of marble, of various colors. The number of statues in the church and on the outside exceeds four thousand. Each of these statues is wrought with exquisite skill, and will bear a close and critical inspection. The marble of this cathedral is not a mere crust, or veneering, but it is solid material. The entire edifice is built, floored, vaulted, and roofed with the whitest marble that could be obtained with gold. In a word, the cathedral of Milan is a quarry of white marble, exquisitely wrought in every part, and covered with a forest of slender and graceful spires. Its erection was commenced in 1386, and is not yet completed. A yearly appropriation is made by the Austrian govern-

ment to continue the work. Next to St. Peter's at Rome it is probably the most beautiful church in the world. Its length in the interior is four hundred and fifty feet, and the width of the transept two hundred and seventy-five feet. From the floor to the summit of the dome is three hundred and seventy feet.

No one can form an adequate conception of the pains taken to embellish this wonderful temple, and of the real motives which prompted and guided such wonderful efforts, till he shall have ascended to the roof, and gazed upon that forest of spires and multitude of statues, among which he seems to dwindle into an atom. Here, in an obscure corner, which perhaps the eye of man never before penetrated, and never will again, is a statue, or moulding, or cornice, or fretwork, of such exquisite finish, that if exhibited by itself it would attract thousands of visitors, and give a princely fortune to its proprietor. Yet there it stands, and has stood for centuries —not because man was to admire and praise it, but solely because God would always see it. Conscious that such an eye would ever rest upon it, the pious artist did the best he could.

Among the numerous *bassi rilievi* which adorn the front, we were fortunate enough to discover a Yankee invention, and a very old one too; for, from its appearance and history, it must have been there for many centuries. It was a marble sculpture of a well, with the whole apparatus of chain buckets, recently introduced among us as a new invention, and patented in Washington. If any future traveller desires to see it, he will find it on the lower tablet of one of the principal pilasters, on the right hand side of the main entrance.

Immediately under the dome is a subterranean chapel,

in which lies the body of St. Charles Borromeo. We were permitted to see the body. It is extended at full length, under an altar, in the episcopal robes, and with the crosier and mitre. The face is still in a good state of preservation.

If ever, since the apostolic age, there has existed a bishop who was a model for that venerable order, and an acting example of every Christian virtue, that bishop was St. Charles. Distinguished above all his contemporaries for princely rank, polite accomplishments, talents, learning, and simple, unostentatious piety, at the early age of twenty-three he was elevated to the rank of cardinal and archbishop — Archbishop of Milan, one of the most important and splendid cities of modern Europe. Yet, at this ambitious age, he was without ambition; at this youthful age, he was mature and wise; at this age of dissipation and frivolity, he was thoughtful, serious, self-denying, and wholly devoted to God. To the simplicity of a child were united, in St. Charles, the modesty, and gravity, and holiness, of a venerable patriarch. He was a bishop, and therefore felt himself called to be the father, and the brother, and the servant, of each member of his flock. He infused his own pure and zealous spirit into the clergy of his diocese; he established seminaries for the people and for the clergy; he gathered his clergy about him every year in a religious retreat, where they received lessons and instructions for the discharge of their duties, which they never forgot; he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals; and when the plague burst upon the ill-fated city of Milan, he came forth in all his heroic grandeur, and attended personally to his sick and dying flock; when no one else dared to succor and soothe the dying, when parents fled in dis-

may from their children, and children forsook their infected parents, St. Charles was omnipresent, administering the consolations of religion, and serving the deserted victims with his own hands.

St. Charles also established Sunday schools in every parish of his vast diocese — Sunday schools, which we of the present age complacently imagine are an invention of our own, and which Protestants would fain believe to be an invention of theirs. These schools are still in full and energetic operation, divided into classes, and instructed in Christian doctrine by priests, and laymen, and laywomen. Every traveller may behold them, if he will but visit the cathedral and other churches, on any Sunday in the year.

St. Charles lived in a palace suited to his rank and station; but the raggedest mendicant was as welcome to his hospitality as the wealthiest lord. His table was spread with every luxury, for the entertainment of his guests; for himself, his food was of the coarsest, as he lived chiefly on bread and fruit, and fasted often. He was possessed of wealth, but his charities were almost incredible. Besides the colleges, hospitals, and schools without number, which he founded and endowed at his own expense, he gave annually to the poor thirty thousand crowns; and on various occasions of famine, and plague, and the ravages of war, he gave at least two hundred thousand crowns more.

St. Charles died at the early age of forty-six, "his eye not dim, nor his force abated;" neither fatigued by toil nor enfeebled by austerities; venerated by every member of his vast flock, not only as their chief pastor, a model of every heroic virtue, but as their friend, father, and benefactor.

On the festival of Corpus Christi, we celebrated Mass in the subterranean chapel, over the body of St. Charles. Afterwards we assisted at High Mass, which was celebrated by the archdeacon, in presence of the archbishop and his chapter. All the canons wore mitres. The rite was the Ambrosian. It differs in many respects from the Roman rite, and the ceremonies are far more numerous, and to us appeared more complicated. The liturgy of the church of Milan was remodelled and arranged by St. Ambrose, who lived in the fourth century — that century of pure, uncorrupted faith, claimed by Protestants as theirs. Yet this liturgy was more gorgeous and ceremonious in the fourth century than the Roman is in the nineteenth.

After Mass we followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, through the principal streets of the city, to the Church of St. Ambrose, a venerable and ancient structure, said to have been the church in which St. Ambrose formerly officiated. It was here that the youthful Augustine, then a dissipated young man of the world, afterwards one of the greatest saints, was wont to repair, in order to admire the eloquence of Ambrose; and it was under his preaching that he was converted, and by him that he was baptized. The great antiquity of this church is evidenced by the fact that the pavement of the church is several feet lower than the grounds all around it, so that one must descend a flight of steps to enter it. Under the high altar lies the body of St. Ambrose.

St. Ambrose was every inch a bishop. His indomitable firmness, his unquailing nerve, his moral courage, his meekness, humility, and charity, have never been surpassed since the days of the apostles. The Em-

peror Theodosius trembled like Felix when the holy bishop reproved him for his crimes, and humbled himself to the earth when the saint exhorted him to repentance. The other churches of Milan, of which there are a great number, have nothing remarkable to attract the attention or excite the admiration of the stranger, unless we except that of St. Ambrose, which is one of the most venerable monuments of Christian antiquity. It was founded so early as the year 387. We stood for some time in the large quadrangular portico, admiring the frescoes and statues. There was the very threshold at which St. Ambrose had rebuked the Emperor Theodosius, and refused to admit him into the church. Arrayed in the imperial purple, Theodosius came, according to his custom, to the church. A little previous, however, news had arrived of a horrible massacre perpetrated by the emperor's orders, in which several thousand persons had been cruelly butchered. St. Ambrose went to the church door to meet him, and forbade him any further entrance, saying, "It appears, sir, that you do not rightly apprehend the enormity of the crime that has been perpetrated by your orders. Let not the splendor of your purple robes prevent your recognizing the infirmities of that flesh which they cover. Remember that you are cast in the same mould with those subjects that have been intrusted to your care. There is but one Lord and Emperor of the world. How dare you then presume to enter his courts, and lift up before him those hands, red with the blood of the guiltless? Go then, sir, and seek not to aggravate your crime by the commission of another." "But David also sinned," replied the emperor, seeking an excuse for his conduct. "Yes," answered the bishop, "David sinned, but he

did penance for his sin. Go thou, and do likewise." Theodosius submitted, accepted the penance prescribed by the church, and meekly retired to his palace, where, with many tears, and in penitential weeds, he passed eight months in retreat, excluded from all participation of the sacraments. Such were the character and conduct of a bishop in those early days of Christianity, and such of a Roman emperor! The same emperor afterwards paid the following splendid tribute to the virtues of St. Ambrose: "Surrounded with flatterers, I have found but one man who has dared to speak to me the truth. I know but one true bishop in the world — that is Ambrose."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ALPS.

From Milan to Geneva we travelled in a vettura, with a German vetturino, who understood and spoke the French language. A traveller, who desires to obtain information, and, at the same time, to enjoy himself, should always travel in this way, when his course lies through an interesting country. Our vetturino made all our bargains, and paid all our bills; and he proved to be an honest man and a just steward. The first night, we slept at Arona, on the border of Lago Maggiore. On the following morning, at six o'clock, we started off on horses, to behold the colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo. It was placed on the summit of a lofty eminence. It is of bronze, and gigantic in its proportions. The head is capacious enough to hold four men. The entire statue is seventy feet high, and stands upon a

marble pedestal nearly fifty feet high. It represents the saint in his episcopal robes, as turned towards Milan, and with uplifted arm imploring benedictions upon its inhabitants.

As we approached, the *custode* advanced to meet us, inquiring whether we desired to ascend into the statue. "To be sure we do," was our reply; supposing all the time that there was an interior stairway, as in the tower of Pisa. But what must have been our horror at beholding approach an awful ladder, fifty feet in length, borne upon the shoulders of three brawny men. With much ado they erected it against the pedestal, and invited us to ascend. We looked aghast at the fearful height, and my friend positively declined hazarding his life on the ladder. I resolved, for once, to be bold and venturesome; so I made a desperate rush at the ladder, and before I had time to be alarmed I was safely landed on the top of the pedestal, and at the feet of the statue; which, as I gazed up upon it, resembled much the side of a brass house. "*Dove si va adesso?*" I inquired, with some misgivings, looking for a door of entrance, but finding none. "*C'è un altra scala,*" was the alarming response. Another ladder! Sure enough; another ladder was in process of erection nearly as long as the first, and the top of it was just below an aperture under the rochet of the archbishop. One of the men planted himself behind it, and grasped the rounds, to prevent its slipping off the pedestal. "*Sali, signor, sali.*" "*Basta,*" roared I, and began descending as fast as I could. In vain they cry after me to come back. I mount no more ladders. I soon found myself on terra firma, to the great joy of my friend, who had been anticipating my untimely obsequies.

The same day we rode along the lovely banks of Lago

Maggiore, one of the largest and most beautiful of all the Italian lakes. At Boveno we remained long enough to make an excursion to the Borromean Islands. These are justly regarded as the chief ornaments of the lake. The Isola San Giovanni is the largest, and is comparatively uninhabited. The Isola Piscatoria is covered with houses, and, as its name imports, is inhabited chiefly by fishermen. As we approached it, casting its distinct image in the water, it presented a view altogether lovely. The Isola Bella is the most famous and the most attractive to travellers, who visit it for the double purpose of seeing the palace which stands upon it, and of criticising the gardens which cover it. Once upon a time a certain guide book assured its readers that the gardens of Isola Bella were more beautiful than those of paradise; and in the following year an opposition guide book averred with equal assurance that they were mere grotesque inventions of bunglers, and not worth the seeing. Ever since, all travellers feel bound to visit them, and to take sides with the one or the other opinion. The palace contains some valuable paintings, and many curious old portraits of the Borromean family. The grounds are laid out with great ingenuity, and are ornamented with plants and trees from every part of the world, and trimmed into the most remarkable forms. Nothing could be more beautiful than the view from some of the terraces. The Isola Madre is, in some respects, finer than the Isola Bella. The gardens are less artificial. One side is occupied by terraces, the other is covered with wood. Its summit is crowned with a villa, at present uninhabited except by a custode who takes care of the grounds, and shows them to visitors. At Feriolo we rested for two hours, and engaged a boat, and sailed and fished upon the lake.

We continued our journey on Napoleon's great military road, through the valley of *La Toce,* one of the most charming valleys of the Alpine solitudes. It is encompassed by mighty piles of mountains, Alps on Alps arising, whose summits penetrated into the clouds. Towards evening we saw an Alpine rainbow, which described an entire arch on a mountain on our right, about half a mile distant. The same evening, about seven o'clock, we reached *Domo d'Ossola,* a pretty town, set in among the mountains.

The following morning we set forth in a flood of rain, which continued all day. But though our coach windows were closed, our eyes were wide open. During the whole day we were on the great military road constructed by Napoleon I., surrounded by gigantic mountains, from four to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. We rode along, and sometimes over, perpendicular chasms, miles in extent, and thousands of feet deep. Roaring torrents were foaming and leaping down whole mountains in two or three plunges, some vaulting over the pass we were traversing, others crossing the road under our feet. Many of them descended from such vast heights that they appeared to be pouring out of the very clouds which concealed the summits of the mountains from which they sprang. We passed the night in the village of Simplon.

On the following morning, at an early hour, we resumed our journey, and continued to ascend the Simplon. As we ascended the air became every moment colder, and vegetation became more and more scanty, till it ceased altogether. The mountains all around and above us were covered with snow, and the glaciers glistened through the lifting fog.

At nine o'clock, A. M., we arrived at the monastery inhabited by the good monks of St. Bernard, so famous in the history of philanthropy. These monks are a colony from the mother establishment on the Great St. Bernard. They give hospitality to all travellers who demand it, whether rich or poor, and ask for no compensation; though they do not refuse to accept alms, which they throw into the common fund for the support of the establishment. We rang the bell, and were immediately conducted to the kitchen, where there was a rousing coal fire in a large stove. The fire was most grateful, as we were chilled with cold, though in the middle of summer. Six or eight poor peasants were also there, eating their breakfast. Meanwhile the brothers were preparing a repast for us, though we had not asked it. When it was ready we were invited to the refectory, where we partook of an excellent breakfast of toast and butter, coffee and boiled milk. All their provisions are brought from Domo d'Ossola, in the valley at the foot of the mountain, from which it requires nine hours to ascend in a carriage. The superior of the convent sat with us at table. He is intelligent, young, and handsome. He is of a ruddy and healthy countenance, and his hair is glossy and jet black. Yet he has passed twenty years of his life upon this mountain, and appears perfectly contented with the lot that God has cast for him. He has no desire to change his state, and no wish to leave the cold and cheerless summit on which he is perched. He is a learned man, and well versed in the history of the nations; but his world is within him, and immediately about him, and there is to him the source of happiness and peace. "Godliness with contentment," says the apostle, "is great gain." That gain is his, and it is great indeed. He seeks in this world no other.

He conducted us about the monastery, and showed us most of its apartments. The chambers prepared for travellers, of which there are about twenty, are furnished with exquisite taste and neatness, and are perfectly clean, and fit for any gentleman or gentleman's family. They would do credit to a hotel of the first class.

We also saw and caressed the famous dogs, of which the monks carefully preserve the breed. They are of about the size of the Newfoundland dog. Their color is a mixture of brown and white, though the brown always predominates. These dogs are admirably trained. There is nothing in their nature fierce. They are not watch dogs. All strangers, whether in sleek broadcloth or in tatters, are treated by them with equal consideration. They are not even tinctured with pride or human respect. When we approached the door of the convent, two of them came forth to meet us, wagging their tails, and saying, plainly enough, "Good morning, gentlemen. It's rather cold; won't you walk into the house and rest you, and take a little breakfast? No trouble — all is ready — walk in." They had done the same for the poor, half-clad peasants who had preceded us. On ordinary occasions they appear very dull and sleepy; but in midwinter, and when the mountain blasts are tearing up trees by their roots, and the terrible avalanches of snow and ice are thundering and rushing down the cliffs, and the pitiless storm is pelting, and the exhausted traveller is exerting vain efforts to breast the storm and find a temporary shelter, then it is that these dogs are thoroughly aroused. Then their shaggy hair rises on their backs; then they whine and bark; then they run to and fro, excited by the howling of the Alpine storm; and when at last let loose, rush madly down the

mountain side, seeking the perishing traveller in the snow drifts, or among the cliffs and rocks, affording him timely assistance and refreshment, and by their peculiar howl signifying to the monks who follow where a fellow-man in distress demands succor.

The superior informed us that from ten to eleven thousand travellers annually receive hospitality at the convent. The cold in winter is excessive, and the winter is very long. The mild weather continues only two or three months, not long enough to ripen any thing, unless, perhaps, a few turnips. The thermometer falls to 20° of Reaumur. The snow falls to about seven or eight feet on the level, and when the winds blow, which is for the greater portion of the year, the drifts are terrible. Then it is that the mountain traveller hastens to the nearest refuge, to seek shelter from the stormy blasts and gathering drifts.* Then come thundering down the avalanches, shaking the mountain like an earthquake, tearing up the trees, carrying away rocks, and burying the habitations of men.

In 1849 the monks of St. Bernard were awakened at midnight by a terrible roaring, and, before they had time to dress, an immense avalanche had descended from a portion of the mountain which rises four or five thousand feet in the rear of the convent, and came, dash, against the building, breaking all the windows on that side, filling the chambers and chapel with snow, and burying the entire building. Fortunately, it was of stone, with massive walls, six feet thick, a square body,

* The refuges are small stone buildings, well furnished with every thing that can conduce to the comfort of the shivering and exhausted traveller. They have been erected by the monks, at intervals of about half a mile, all along the mountain pass.

with two oblong wings, only two stories and a half high, or it might have been swept entirely away. The same night there came another avalanche, which, striking upon a huge rock, glanced off, struck one end of the convent, then dashed forward, and carried away a sawmill and some other buildings, and then discharged itself into the yawning valley below.

Thus live these holy monks from year to year. Amid perpetual snows, and storms, and cold, and peril, they are ever calm and happy. True philanthropists, they live and toil only for their fellow-men. They make no boasts nor loud pretensions; they have no idle and vapid theories; they publish no papers nor annual reports; they banter no words with those who persecute them; they do not thank God that they are not like other men, extortioners, plunderers, and slave dealers; neither do they sneer at publicans, and prate proudly of "wine-bibbers." Yet they are true philanthropists. They love all men as their brothers, be they white or black, Catholic, Protestant, or infidel. They desire to do good to all alike; and to find the occasion of so doing, they pass their lives in the midst of eternal snows, forego the verdant fields, the balmy breeze, and the luxuries of a genial climate. Good monks, happy monks, if ever I was tempted to bid adieu forever to home, and country, and friends, it was during my brief sojourn with you; for I did long to tarry with you, and take part in your glorious work of love, and share your future crown.

Descending the mountain we enjoyed a glorious view of the glaciers on every side, glistening under the beams of the morning sun. The snow lay in immense fields all around us, and banks and drifts, from five to

ten feet in depth, lay along the roadside under our feet. Soon, however, we found ourselves in a warmer climate, and at two o'clock we were almost broiled under the rays of a burning sun in the little village of Brigue, where we dined.

For the two succeeding days we were riding along the banks of the Rhone and of Lake Leman, gigantic mountains on either side, most of them capped with snow and ice.

But I cannot leave the description of this ever to be remembered journey without a favorable and grateful mention of all the hotels, without a single exception, at which we slept. The most remarkable thing about them was their exceeding cleanliness and comfort. The sheets, pillow cases, bed curtains, and window curtains were as white as the snow on the mountain summits. The floors were without a spot or stain. The servants were kind, respectful, and all attention. What a contrast to the selfish, comfortless taverns of New England!

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## CHAPTER X.

### GENEVA.

On the seventh day from our departure from Milan, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Geneva, and descended at the Hotel des Bergues. This is a first class hotel, and consequently most inhospitable and uncomfortable. All the charges were exorbitant, from a beefsteak to a boot black. There were sponging, pretension, and cheating to any extent. As an act of charity, we would warn all travellers against it.

There is nothing to be seen in Geneva. It is a well-built, thriving city. The inhabitants have been munificently rewarded for their shameful apostasy from the faith of their fathers. They have "much goods laid up for many years." They can "eat, drink, and be merry." They are engaged in commerce, and are much addicted to the accumulation of wealth. In this they succeed. There are no beggars in Geneva. Our Lord said to his disciples, "The poor you have with you always." But the Genevese have no poor with them. Poverty is a crime in Geneva. It was made such by John Calvin, the reformer; for he, like Judas, "was a thief, and carried the bag." His economy suggested that poor people exhausted the wealth of a nation. Hence poverty was proscribed, and money became the great end of all human efforts and advancement. He had forgotten the old story about Lazarus and Dives, and the present inhabitants of Geneva appear never to have heard of it. I verily believe that if the former should be permitted to appear on the sidewalks of Geneva, he would be pelted with stones or ancient eggs, while he "in purple and fine linen" would be almost deified. Happily, the beggar "dies," and is borne upward by "angels;" but the "rich man" dies also, and is "buried in hell." The one is "comforted," the other "tormented."

Fifty years since there were but three or four hundred Catholics in Geneva. There are now fifteen thousand. They have but one church, but are now erecting another, very large and beautiful. In order to build this second church it was necessary to obtain an express act of the Council of Geneva, as the laws allow Catholics but one church in the city. Such is the legislation of *"liberal" Christianity!* Suppose that the Catholics of

Maryland had enacted a law forbidding the erection of but one Protestant church in the city of Baltimore; when should we have heard the last of invective and abuse?

We passed a Sunday in Geneva. We supposed that it would have been very decorously and scrupulously observed, especially as all the comeliness and grace of Protestantism consists in its external appearance. But we were disappointed. The first sound that aroused us in the morning was that of the discharge of cannons, and bands of martial music. There was a grand parade of the military, and half the people of Geneva were in the streets, hastening to enjoy the spectacle. The Sunday is selected for this sort of display because on week days all have more important occupations — those of getting gain. Drays and teams of all sorts were also in the streets, carrying stones, and lumber, and other building materials; and all kinds of pedlers were hawking their wares, and fruits, and fancy articles.

The environs of Geneva are not remarkably beautiful. There are some villas, and green fields, and pleasant "rides;" but they are nothing in comparison with the "country seats," gardens, orchards, hills, and valleys which make the environs of Boston superior to any other city of the world? The only natural object of interest that gives to Geneva a superiority over Boston is the majestic, mysterious, indescribable Mont Blanc, which, though many miles distant, is, in clear weather, distinctly seen from every quarter. I have often read and heard men talk of the sublime in nature; but though I have crossed the ocean several times, and have seen the stormy billows roll, and then sleeping in peaceful calm, — though I have stood for hours contemplating the torrent of Niagara, and have walked over the burning stones of Mount

Vesuvius, and stood on the edge of its frightful crater, — I must avow that I never had conceived an idea of the sublime that so completely filled my soul as when I gazed on the snowy, solitary summit of Mont Blanc There he stands, his head whitened with the frosts of many winters, and there he will stand till the consummation of time, in solitary grandeur. He heeds not the lightning's flash nor the thunder's roar. The bright sunbeams and the pelting storms are all alike to him. He is ever the same — his head in the heavens, and his richly-fringed garments sweeping the earth. Yet he is not always still and silent. Sometimes he shoots the avalanche, "the thunderbolt of snow." He forms and slowly launches forth into the world the glaciers, those strange, self-moving, colossal ships of solid ice. Sometimes he shouts aloud, as only echoing Alps can shout, when

> "Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder."

No human footsteps have ever trod that summit. No voices of men were ever heard there. No crimes were ever there committed. What a spot for angels to come together and hold a conference!

As to the Lake of Geneva, we were not very deeply impressed with its beauties. It is a comfortable-looking sheet of water, about as large as a medium-sized pond in the States, though it is said to be very furious when excited. There are some pretty villas along the banks, and a few small towns or villages. "Lake Leman wooes me with its crystal face," is good poetry, but to me was not reality. There was nothing in, on, or about the lake that was either striking, fascinating, or even attractive.

Even the fishes are very tasteless, and not over abundant, if we could judge from those that were placed on our table. Had it been the lenten season, I fear that we should have suffered acutely from the pangs of hunger.

We made an excursion in vettura to Annecey, in order to visit the tomb of St. Francis of Sales. About midway we crossed a magnificent suspension bridge, thrown over a chasm more than six hundred feet in depth. We descended from our carriage, and leaned over the rail of the bridge. There was a river flowing through the chasm, but it appeared like a thread of silver. We threw over a small block of wood ; seventeen seconds had elapsed by the watch when it reached the bottom. Our vetturino then went in search of stones, and brought some as large as a man's head. These we dropped into the river, and by the time they reached it they seemed reduced to the size of a hen's egg ; and if by chance they struck a rock, they were broken into a small cloud of dust, and after a few seconds made a report like that of a rifle.

Arrived at Annecey, our first visit was to the Episcopal Palace. The bishop, Mgr. Rendu, is a learned and holy prelate, whose writings are much esteemed in the Catholic world. He received and entertained us with great kindness and affability.

On the following day, by permission of the bishop, we celebrated Mass in the chapel of the first Convent of the Visitation, founded by St. Francis and St. Chantal, whose bodies are preserved entire in the chapel. These bodies we saw and venerated. The good nuns invited us to breakfast, after which they presented each of us with relics of these great saints, which we shall ever retain as a precious memento of our visit to Annecey.

St. Francis of Sales appears to have been raised up by the almighty hand of God for the special purpose of checking and neutralizing the poisonous infection of Calvinism, which was overflowing Geneva, and pouring into the neighboring districts. He was the oldest son of one of the noblest and most influential families in the country; yet he possessed a sweetness of disposition that endeared him to every one, and a humility and meekness that elicited universal admiration. He was the heir not only of high and honorable titles, but also of a princely fortune; yet he had no love for either, except so far as they could aid him in the accomplishment of his unyielding resolution to consecrate himself entirely and forever to God. He was possessed of vast, profound, and varied erudition, acquired in the best colleges in Europe, and under the guidance of the most celebrated scholars of the sixteenth century; yet he was kind, and affable, and agreeable to all — to the most ignorant as to the most learned. He was dignified and beautiful in his person, elegant and accomplished in his manners, and cool and unerring in his judgment; yet he was never vain, never repulsive, never uncharitable. Of an ardent temperament, and zealous for the salvation of souls, he plunged into religion as into a refreshing river destined to bear him to the City of God; yet he was no fanatic nor enthusiast; his end was before him as a star shining, and his eye was ever upon it. Hence, when his parents had formed for him a matrimonial alliance with a daughter of a wealthy baron, — a counsellor of state, — he refused it. When offered a seat in the Senate by the Duke of Savoy, he refused it. When told that his rank and inheritance entitled him to worldly honor and power, he offered to surrender his birthright.

Elevated, in consequence of so many virtues and talents, to the dignity of the priesthood, he applied himself, with all the energy and ardor of his character, to the duties of his high calling. Without money, without scrip, without servants, and on foot, he set forth on his mission of peace, to preach the gospel of peace and reconciliation. But the people to whom he came refused peace. War was in his path. On his right hand, war; on his left, war. He was refused a shelter from the piercing cold. Not a crust nor a cup of water would they give him, though he asked it for the love of God. His life was threatened, and repeatedly sought. But at length his meekness, patience, sweetness, and charity gained him the victory over all.

As is usually the case, the work of conversion commenced among the Catholics themselves. Then the Protestants, seeing the marvellous change wrought in them, naturally directed their attention towards him who had been the instrument of effecting so much good. They called to mind the many good examples he had given in his life and conversation, — his charity and forgiving spirit, his angelic virtues, his patient suffering, his incredible pains to do good to a people who had repaid him with insult and outrage, — and they at last felt convinced that his must be the religion of the meek and suffering Jesus. The Calvinists had assiduously taught them that Catholics were idolaters — that they paid divine honor to the Virgin Mary — that they adored the saints and prayed to images — that by their traditions they annulled the Scriptures — that they denied the atonement by Christ — and many other things equally detestable; but Francis, in his public discourses, full of unction and eloquence, showed clearly and to

the entire satisfaction of all that these imputations were utterly false, and pure inventions of the enemies of truth. From this epoch the authority and influence of their ministers were annihilated in Chablais and all the surrounding country. The people flocked in crowds to listen to his discourses, and by thousands abjured publicly the errors of Calvin, and were received into the pale of the Catholic church, and then in their turn became zealous and eloquent advocates of the truth. These wonderful conversions were not confined to the peasantry and to the ignorant classes. Men of every rank, station, and occupation came to him for counsel and instruction, and ever after regarded him as their spiritual father. Ministers, lawyers, nobles, and merchants were among his converts. He visited the celebrated Beza, and made so strong an impression upon that learned follower and successor of John Calvin, that even Beza, like another Felix, trembled, and, like Felix, responded, "I will hear you again of this matter." He did again hear from St. Francis, and at the close of his last interview acknowledged the full force of the arguments of the holy priest, but, alas! with downcast eyes, and in mournful accents, declared his inability to tear asunder the ties which bound him to the heresy of Calvin. Then, when the cup of his apostasy was filled, and he was on a dying bed, and called out for Francis to visit him, his attendants — we cannot call them friends — watched him so carefully, night and day, that this last consolation was denied him; and he died in his apostasy, though it is believed with an act of contrition on his lips.

The truly apostolic life of the illustrious missionary of Chablais rendered him most worthy, in the eyes of all

but his own, of the episcopal office. Accordingly, despite all his prayers, entreaties, remonstrances, and arguments, he was compelled, by a positive command of the Holy See, to accept the office of coadjutor to the bishop, and subsequently succeeded to the See of Geneva. In the exercise of the prelature, he fulfilled the promise of his previous life. Nay, if possible, he did more. He carefully avoided the shoals on which others have encountered shipwreck. There was nothing of show or ostentation in his public career. His dress was becoming a bishop, but plain and scrupulously modest. His house was clean and neatly furnished, but he banished all luxury and needless expense. His attendants were few, limited to those who were absolutely necessary, and they were obliged to be irreproachable in their character, modest in their demeanor, and kind and respectful to all. His table was frugally but abundantly spread, and all were welcome to partake of his fare. His charity was unbounded. No mendicant was ever sent from his door without an alms ; nor did he wait for them to call, but diligently sought out the indigent in their houses, and offered them the use of his well-filled purse. His daily routine was one of constant and arduous labor — of meditation, prayer, and holy conversation — of mortification and self-denial — of severe corporal macerations — and of frequent journeyings on foot through the poorest, coldest, and wildest regions of Southern Europe.

It was St. Francis who founded the order of the Nuns of the Visitation, and appointed Madame de Chantal the first mother superior ; who, by her extraordinary piety, prudent management, dignity of character, and innumerable virtues, proved herself full worthy the choice of such a man. Under their wise administration, the new

order increased with such rapidity that before the death of Madame de Chantal it numbered eighty-seven convents in France and Savoy, and in 1789 there were no less than one hundred and fifty convents, containing nearly seven thousand nuns.

St. Francis died in the midst of his labors, at the age of fifty-six, on the feast of the Holy Innocents, as innocent and pure as they, in the year 1622; and he was canonized four years after. He wrought many extraordinary miracles during his life. But the most wonderful and glorious of all was the conversion to the Catholic faith of seventy-two thousand Protestants.

We left Geneva for Paris by diligence, nor did we heave one sigh of regret at leaving that apostate city. We travelled by diligence; yet from Chalons to Paris the motive power was steam. In fact, at Chalons we were lifted from the wheels of our coach, body and bones, swung off into the air, and then most unceremoniously deposited on the platform of a car; and when we arrived at Paris we were again set on wheels. This is, I believe, an invention purely French. I have witnessed it nowhere else.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### ENGLAND AGAIN.

On the 15th of July, 1854, we returned to London. We visited the famous Tower, passed through the tunnel under the Thames, and spent an hour or two in Smithfield Market, on a market day. We also visited the British Museum and the House of Lords, and took

a drive through the poorest and most wretched parts of London.

At the time of our previous visit, six months since, the most exciting topic of political interest was the Convent Visitation Bill, then before Parliament. We were in the House of Commons while its passage was discussed. It struck us at that time as a remarkable fact that, with one or two exceptions, every speaker was opposed to the bill. Even Lord John Russell made one of his best speeches against it. Yet when it came to the vote it passed by an immense majority. The friends of the bill knew their own strength, and understood each other so well as to know that no arguments, however convincing — no considerations, however momentous — no sense of justice and right, however glaring — would detach a single vote from the sum total they had counted upon. Had it been a bill on any other subject than opposition to, and persecution of, Catholics, whole weeks might have proved insufficient to have discussed its merits. Honorable gentlemen would have found themselves extremely conscientious. Burning with patriotism, they would have boldly vindicated the liberties of the country, and jealously guarded the rights and privileges accorded by the British constitution to every class of British men.

But here was a bill for empowering inquisitive committees of the Commons to invade the sanctity of the cloister, and to burst into the dwellings of defenceless females — not because they were cloisters — not because they were females living in community — but precisely and solely because these females were *Catholic* ladies, and these cloisters were for *Catholic* recluses. Such being the bill, every man in the house *knew* it would

pass; and its opposers denounced it, and clearly showed its folly, injustice, treachery, and wickedness, not because they even hoped to defeat it, but because they wished to record their indignant protest for the edification of future and wiser generations.

However, the strangest part of the story remains to be told. Suddenly, while in the full tide of its final passage, the whole kingdom preparing to illuminate, and shout its approbation — suddenly, as though struck by a thunderbolt — it dropped down dead. The bill was withdrawn by its own friends and framers, and the house sat aghast, utterly unable to understand the cause. However, the whole mystery was explained to us by "one who knew."

To understand the matter, it should be borne in mind that in England there are, at the present day, a large number of monastic and conventual establishments, peopled by intelligent and well educated persons from every rank and order in the empire, as well as from the most distinguished families on the continent. Scions of royal families are found among them, and heads that in the world might have worn diadems and coronets. It was the intention of Parliament to have summoned the superiors, and perhaps other members of these religious houses, before its tribunal, and there submit them to lengthened and complicated interrogations. This they knew well, and prepared for it. Their plan of action was bold and clearly marked out, and they made no secret of it. First, they were to pay no attention to the summons. Then, when compelled by the ministers of the law, they had resolved to go to the House of Commons in their several religious habits, each lady attended by a retinue of her friends and rel-

atives, as protectors, many of them being of the nobility and gentry. Foreign ladies would have sent abroad for members of their families, and distinguished relations, or else would have been attended by the ambassadors of their several countries. Scarcely was this made known to the framers of the bill, when their embarrassment and alarm were heightened and capped by a letter missive from Louis Napoleon, the "august ally" of England, couched in terms of indignation and warning, and containing some good advice about minding one's own business, and letting defenceless nuns alone, and reminding ministers that his nearest relative was a nun in a French convent. This was enough for poor, bedridden, doting England, who displayed not even the valor of a Massachusetts legislature. The bill was withdrawn, and the convents are unmolested to this day.

John Bull is in a sad case. He hates Catholics as cordially as ever, but he knows not how to destroy them. He cut and slashed at the men, by enacting cruel and barbarous laws; still they prospered and increased, like the Israelites in Goshen. He then, in his rage, attacked desperately the women; but the women found *gentlemen* ready to protect them. And now he revenges himself, and reasserts his dignity and importance, by an onslaught on the little children. It is now the grand policy of England to pervert young Catholics, and, if possible, to Protestantize them. This is the talk in Parliament; this is the great theme of Exeter Hall haranguers; this is the burden of the counsels of the religious press; to seize on the children, to shake all faith out of them, and put in its place — nothing.

We visited various cities in England; among others, Exeter, Oxford, Bath, Manchester, and Birmingham,

We travelled mostly by railroad, and therefore could not form a very accurate notion of the face of the country, nor of the habits and social condition of the people. We may, however, venture the assertion that there is no country in the world where agriculture and gardening, manufactures and merchandise, are brought to greater perfection; no country in the world where the higher and middle classes are more rich and comfortable, and the lower orders more ignorant and depraved; no country in the world that has so many churches and so empty, so many religions and so little religion, so much money raised and expended for the propagation of religion, and so exceeding small the results.

One word, however, of Oxford. No Catholic but must regard old Oxford with interest; so much learning, and religion, and heroic virtue have gone forth from those academic shades, to lighten, edify, and improve the world; so many good deeds have shone, unobtrusive and unknown, within those once hallowed walls; so loud and clear a rallying note of return to the "old paths" is now heard daily issuing from those classic halls, and echoing among the hills and vales of England. As I rambled through the town, I was struck with its venerable and antiquated appearance, even in those portions not occupied by the colleges. The colleges are much as I had imagined them — a noble pile of fine old halls, telling of the good old paths in their very looks — the good old paths, in which Old England loved to roam when she was "merry England," and before she changed her sex and name and became John Bull. It was with feelings of sadness and pity that I looked upon them, and upon the fine young men in square caps and silk gowns, when I thought how the former had been per-

verted from the objects intended by those who had erected and endowed them; and how the latter had been cheated out of the religion of their fathers — a religion so full of consolations and spiritual treasures. Alas! how deep and dreadful must have been the faults that called for so terrible a chastisement!

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## CHAPTER XII.

### IRELAND.

On the evening of the 24th day of July, we took passage at Liverpool, in the steamer "Iron Duke," for Dublin, where we arrived on the morning of the 25th. It was a lovely morning: the sun was shining brightly, illuming with pencil of fire the turrets, cottages, and princely mansions on either shore, and gilding with its mysterious tints the hill of Howth on one side, and the mountains of Wicklow on the other. There is not perhaps a bay in the world, if we except that of Naples, that is so beautiful, and altogether lovely, as the Bay of Dublin. It is, moreover, vast, commodious, and perfectly safe. Frigates and merchantmen of the largest size, and yachts beautiful and buoyant as swans, may ride securely on the bosom of its waters.

As I stood on the deck of the Iron Duke, inhaling the fragrant land breeze that rippled the glassy surface of the bay, thoughts kept crowding and crowding upon me — thoughts which I could not banish if I would, and would not if I could. Not so much the surpassing beauties of Dublin Bay; not the lordly hill of Howth, and the glens and mountains of Wicklow, and

the distant hills and verdant vales of Meath; not the islands, and bluffs, and friendly lighthouses along the coast; not the villas and gardens, that grew every instant more distinct and beautiful as we bowled along; not the sandy beach, hard and clean as tidy housewife's floor, nor steep banks and stately promontories; not these, I say, so much engrossed my mind, as the single, solitary fact, that I was now, at last, in good, glorious old Ireland. Ireland, all hail! Thou art to me no stranger. Full well I know thee. I have known and honored thee from my earliest childhood. Well do I remember the delight with which I read, and the ardor with which I learned, the speeches of thy orators, statesmen, and patriots — of Burke, and Grattan, and Curran, and Sheridan, and Emmet, and Russell, and Phillips; and how afterwards, a student in a Protestant college, I gloated over the works of Dean Swift, and Sterne, and Tom Moore; and sympathized with thy bravest sons, in their repeated struggles for freedom; and admired the exploits of thy warriors and men-at-arms — thy Brian Boroimhes, and Malachis, and O'Briens, and O'Neills, and Sarsfields, and McCarthys, and Fitzgeralds, and O'Reillys. Never can I forget the little Irish boy, my own pupil, who, in exchange for the letters I taught *him*, first taught *me* Christianity; nor the Irish servant in my paternal mansion, who first made me acquainted with a Catholic priest — the Rev. Mr. Taylor, whose memory is venerated in Boston; nor the Irishman in my father's employ, who lent me Catholic books, and a Catholic paper, printed in Hartford, and in whose house I made the acquaintance of the late William Wiley, who afterwards became my spiritual counsellor and father, and received me into the bosom of the Catholic church,

saying to me, as the Son of God said to the paralytic, "My child, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." Solomon says, "One may be rich, though he have nothing." This is true of thee, land of Erin. Outwardly thou art in rags, poverty-stricken, famine-stricken, and bleeding under blows inflicted by legal persecutors and unfeeling butchers; but within all bright and glorious, true as the needle to the pole, faithful even unto death, awaiting the crown of life. Truly thou art a land of saints; for I do believe that no nation on the earth hath sent, and doth yearly send, so many saints to heaven. Thou art a vast seminary for the education of bishops, priests, and apostolic men, who go forth into all the world and proclaim the gospel to every creature. Thou art a golden, immortal flower, blooming amid thorns, and sending forth thy winged seeds, on every breeze, to gladden other nations, and to plant the faith in other lands.

But here we are at the quay, and in the heart of the city of Dublin. Other thoughts must now occupy us. Having selected our baggage, we proceeded to the Imperial Hotel, where we were provided with every thing we could desire. Immediately after breakfast, we engaged a "jaunting car," and took a general view of the city. Sackville Street is one of the finest streets in all Europe. The famous and much vaunted Canibière, of Marseilles, is nothing in comparison. It is no more at best than an end of Sackville Street cut off. On either side are splendid stores, five stories in height. The best view of the street is had from Carlisle Bridge, which spans the Liffey. Nelson's Column, surmounted by a statue of the great naval hero, towers conspicuous in the middle of the street, towards the north; facing the column is

the Post Office, and a little beyond is the Rotunda Turn your back to the column, and you have a fine view of the Bank of Ireland and the university; on your right are the Four Courts, and on your left the Custom House, which latter is a noble building.

We called at the House of the Jesuits, in Upper Gardiner Street, where I had the pleasure of meeting the venerable and learned Father Esmonde, brother to Sir Thomas Esmonde, M. P. During the years 1841–2, when a stranger and alone, a pilgrim in Rome, I first made his acquaintance. I had but recently abjured Protestantism, and nearly all my Protestant friends had abjured me; but instead, I had found not only the true faith, which was more than enough to compensate for all, but I found in Father Esmonde a counsellor, friend, benefactor, and father. He was a true Jesuit. In the same House I became acquainted with Father John Lynch, a true Christian and a perfect gentleman. He kindly accompanied me in my excursions about Dublin. We visited the ragged schools, where the children of the poorest classes are gratuitously instructed; also those of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. One of them numbered five hundred pupils. They were instructed in every branch of a common, useful education, even to drawing, designing, and architecture. We were much pleased with the cleanliness of the rooms, the excellence of the discipline, and the cheerful, intelligent countenances of the boys.

The Irish Academy is intended to promote the study of science, polite literature, and antiquities. We visited the museum attached to the institution, which contains a fine collection of Irish antiquities, among which were harps, implements of war, crosiers, rare and valuable

manuscripts, &c., &c. The Museum of Irish Industry contains specimens of the richest marbles, rare minerals, precious ores, and manufactures and fabrics, which prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Ireland is not behind any nation in industry, skill, and internal resources. If she stands not among the first, it is not her fault.

In Dublin — and the same we afterwards found true of every city that we visited in Ireland — there exist public institutions and charities as numerous as the diseases and infirmities to which the human frame is liable. There are hospitals for the diseased; refuges for the penitent; retreats for the aged; asylums for the blind, deaf and dumb, and the insane; and infirmaries for the sick and the maimed, and for women with child. Nearly all of them are supported by the spontaneous and voluntary offerings of the people. If there is one trait in the Irish character that stands forth more prominent than all others, and that hides or eliminates all their faults, it is their pity for one another's woes. The most crushed and dejected spirit revives at the sight of sorrow, for it hopes to relieve it. The most emaciated, famine-stricken family will cheerfully share their crust with the hungry wayfarer, and none will grudge "a bit and a sup" to the stranger who asks for it. When the ejected tenant, smitten with a contagious fever, lies down by the hedge to die, the nearest peasant will take him to his hovel, and bestow on him all the care and attention that his penury will permit. Even the insane and idiots are treated with respect, and no one mocks or derides them. "The fact is," says the celebrated Dr. Milner, "the charity and hospitality of the Irish supersede the necessity of poor laws. Every cottage is open to each poor person who chooses to enter it. There the stranger fares

as the family fare, is kindly sheltered from the weather, and reposes upon as good a couch as they themselves."

I visited several of the charitable institutions of Dublin. St. Vincent's Hospital, on Stephen's Green, for the sick of both sexes, is a large and commodious establishment, served by Sisters of Charity. It was founded in 1835, by Archbishop Murray. It contains a hundred beds. The same day, I visited an institution for the deaf and dumb. It is admirably governed. The number of pupils was about one hundred, all boys, and very intelligent-looking lads. They appear well instructed in reading, writing, ciphering, geography, &c. They are taught and disciplined by a lay person, who has two assistants. No female is employed about the premises. The pupils do their own cooking, chamber work, scrubbing, &c., &c., all except the laundry work, which is sent out. I cannot give a description of the charitable institutions of Dublin, because I could not obtain any printed documents giving a history of their doings. In fact, the patrons of these establishments do not seek for notoriety, but only to do good. Moreover, their funds are limited, and they cannot afford to spend money in publishing their good works.

We had ridden about Dublin and its environs; we had admired the princely villas and tasteful gardens which decorate the banks of the Liffey; we had made the tour of the circular road that surrounds the city; we had visited the Custom House, the Four Courts, and Phœnix Park, which last is one of the finest public promenades in Europe, containing one thousand acres, beautifully laid out; we looked with joy and pride upon the public buildings, bridges, monuments, and wide, commodious streets; we visited the splendid new cemetery,

and knelt over the grave of the great Daniel O'Connell, and offered up a *Hail Mary* for the peaceful repose of his soul; but, alas! in the midst of all so rich and beautiful, a solemn, sad loneliness hung, like a black pall, about every thing. The streets, though wide, were deserted; the stores, though lofty and built for long endurance, were closed; business there was almost none. Dublin was like a deserted village, or a city of the dead. Once it had been rife with a noble-hearted, enterprising, and busy population; now, as in Pompeii, the lofty buildings, which walled its beautiful streets, echoed to the footfall of the traveller. Such is the policy, and such the aim, of the imperial Parliament — to crush and ruin Ireland; to ruin her commerce; to crush her spirit of enterprise; to stop her progress; to forbid the education of her sons in all that is worth knowing, and then taunt them with ignorance, and to force upon them an education not worth the having. No man ever saw more clearly, and penetrated more deeply, into this cruel and barbarian policy, than did the great and good Daniel O'Connell. He understood it well; he felt it, keenly as a knife cutting his own heartstrings, because cutting the heartstrings of his country. In his youth and manhood, he bore it with courage and constancy. The best friend of the Irish people, their irresistible advocate, and the idol of their affections, he hoped to become their liberator. He looked and labored for the dissolution of that union which he regarded, not without reason, as the cause of his country's woes; and he regarded as already dawning the glorious day that should behold Ireland taking rank among the most intelligent and civilized nations of the earth. He grew old, but the light increased not; even the glimpse of dawn that

had hitherto cheered him disappeared, and he saw nothing in the eastern horizon but clouds, and darkness, and threatening tempests. Reluctantly and painfully he yielded to the conviction that English gold and English obstinacy were more powerful and successful than Irish energy, eloquence, patriotism, and right; and then — he died.

I shall never forget an interview I had with Mr. O'Connell, on the occasion of a previous visit to Dublin. It was in the year 1844, on the 12th of July. Strange to say, the liberator of Ireland, the peaceful agitator, the incorruptible patriot, the law-abiding O'Connell, was then in jail, a prisoner. I rode to the Richmond Penitentiary on purpose to see him, and pay him my respect and homage. Arrived at the gate, I called for the governor, and craved the privilege of an interview with O'Connell. At first I was refused, on the ground that it was not his day for the reception of visitors. No way discouraged, I pleaded that I had come a long way, even from America, to see O'Connell, and requested him at least to send my card, which he politely consented to do. The messenger immediately returned, saying that Mr. O'Connell would be pleased to see me. The governor hesitated no longer, but, having conducted me through the building, showed me into a garden, and left me there, saying that I should find Mr. O'Connell in some of the walks of the garden. I walked through several alleys, and met several persons whom I eyed sharply, but felt sure that neither of them was the great man I sought. I afterwards learned that they were the other traversers. At length two men approached, walking very slowly. One of them was tall, full in the body, and of noble mien. I knew at once that this was Daniel

O'Connell. I approached him with diffidence and awe, much as a boy does his master; but he placed me instantly at my ease. Drawing my card from his pocket, he called me by name, as if I were an old acquaintance, and immediately, with great vivacity, began to question me about America and the Americans; then about Rome and other places I had visited. At length he spoke of himself, in reply to some question of mine. A shade of sadness instantly passed over his handsome, intelligent, and most expressive features. He had been imprisoned since the 30th of May. It is true, he had had every thing to console him in his captivity — the affectionate attentions of devoted sons and daughters; the sympathies of innumerable friends, of every creed and of every rank; the devotion of millions of his countrymen, evidenced so eloquently by their tranquillity, and compliance with his every wish; but still he was in prison — in a jail — for treason and conspiracy. It is true, to use his own words, addressed to the judges when they pronounced his sentence, *justice had not been done to him;* and in the language of Lord Denman, under such an empanelment as was permitted on the occasion of his trial, the trial by jury, commonly styled the bulwark of English freedom, might be regarded as "A MOCKERY, A DELUSION, AND A SNARE;" still he was a prisoner — a convict — and he felt it. I tried to say a few words of encouragement, and to express my hopes that the efforts then making in Parliament would be successful, and that he would soon be free. "No, sir," replied he; "you do not know the English Parliament. They are determined to crush Ireland; therefore they will crush repeal; they must then crush ME. I have studied all their debates, I know well all their designs, and I

have made up my mind to serve out the term of my sentence in this jail." Mr. O'Connell, as it afterwards appeared, was perfectly right in his appreciation of the designs and sense of justice of an English Parliament; but he did not know then that the subject was to be referred to the twelve judges of England, and that among these — strange to say — were just and upright judges. In less than two months from the time of this interview, the writ of appeal was allowed; all the proceedings against O'Connell and his friends were declared null and void, and they were liberated from prison.

Daniel O'Connell was a man whom posterity will delight to honor; he was a true and disinterested patriot; he was bold and unflinching in exposing and resisting his country's wrongs; as a politician, he was governed and actuated by the purest principles; above all, he was a practical and fervent Catholic. If our young men would only take him as their model, and strive to imitate his virtues, they might, with safety and honor, pursue any calling, engage in any profession or occupation, and their career could not be other than successful and glorious; fame would precede them, honors would fall upon them, riches would reward them, heaven would crown them; theirs would be the path of true and unfading glory, onward and upward forever; no threats could terrify them, no insults disturb them, no sufferings subdue them, no examples seduce them; strong in the panoply of truth, they could walk unscathed through the fiery furnace of vice, immorality, and irreligion, and bid defiance to the skill and cunning of their fiercest enemies.

## CORK.

From Dublin we travelled to Cork by railroad. The journey is not by any means so agreeable as one I formerly made by the mail coach and Bianchoni's cars. In that journey I passed through a country diversified with hills and valleys, of surpassing beauty; through parks, and fields of wheat, and every kind of luxuriant vegetation, rivalling the most attractive plains of Italy and Switzerland. Palaces and mansions, denoting wealth and social comfort, appeared on every side; packs of hounds, the winding horns of hunters, and herds of deer, agreeably diversified the scene and added to its interest. The cabins of the peasantry lined the roads, revealing a population of vast extent, each cabin swarming with beautiful and rugged children. Fifty years ago, the celebrated Dr. Milner, speaking of the Catholic population of Ireland, after two centuries and a half of depression, poverty, and persecution, wrote as follows: "The history of the human race furnishes but one parallel to it — the increase of the Israelites in Egypt; and this, notwithstanding the vast and incessant drains upon the young men to supply the army and navy, and the constant and prodigious efflux of the poor from their own country." In this journey by railroad, on the contrary, we passed through a country of bogs and pastures, without inhabitants. Now and then we saw the remains of a burned or decayed cottage, or hamlet; and when, at times, we passed through a fine and florid country, we exclaimed, "Beautiful! but where are the inhabitants?" Alas! vast changes have taken place in Ireland within ten years. Villages are depopulated —

whole counties are comparatively deserted. Fever, famine and persecution, enlistments and emigration, have created a terrible void in the population.

We found excellent lodgings and sumptuous fare at the Imperial Hotel, one of the most comfortable public houses in the United Kingdom. We engaged a carriage, and rode about the city and its environs. Cork holds rank as the second city in Ireland, in extent, population, and commercial importance. It is delightfully situated on the banks of the River Lee, which flows through its heart. The Lee is a river of singular beauty; it winds gracefully among verdant hills, and through the most luxurious plains that mortal eye hath ever seen; and the wild and the cultivated are so happily mingled, that it would seem as if the hand of taste had been every where employed skilfully to improve nature. The hills are clad from the summit to the water's edge with every variety of foliage; graceful villas and ornamental cottages are scattered among them in profusion, and here and there some ancient ruin recalls a story of the past.* The principal streets in Cork are wide, straight, and neatly paved; in the suburbs and outskirts, they are narrow and dirty. From the number of carts, carriages, and loaded wagons, and the noise and bustle along the quays, I should suppose that business was very active, and the inhabitants industrious and prosperous. Even in the poorer quarters, I did not find so much poverty and wretchedness as I had expected. Beggars were few in number, and by no means importunate or annoying. There were people in rags, but they looked cheerful and healthy.

* Ireland, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

The first person on whom we called, after our arrival in Cork, was the celebrated Father Mathew. The first time I ever saw the great apostle of temperance was in the summer of 1844. He was then in full vigor and strength; he was at the zenith of his success as the greatest moral reformer of his age. He was certainly a remarkable man. He was zealous in his cause, but without being a fanatic; he was sanguine without being an enthusiast; he was a teetotaler, but he neither condemned nor despised those who used intoxicating drinks. Total abstinence he regarded as an almost necessary means of promoting the peace, happiness, and thrift of families; as a powerful agent in establishing good order in a community, and as a promoter of health and a long life; but he did not brand with sin the mere act of drinking spirits. He stood forth as the champion of a great moral reform, but not to glorify himself, or to acquire a name, or to create a sensation in the world; but solely to promote the temporal and spiritual comfort of his down-trodden, persecuted countrymen. Unlooked-for success crowned his efforts; God blessed his labors; millions had been enrolled under the banner which he had unfurled; his name was known and held in veneration in every portion of the Christian world; and yet there he was in his humble residence in Cork, meek, affable, simple, and unaffected as a child.

The next time I saw Father Mathew, it was in Boston. I had the honor of receiving him in my own house, and of entertaining him as my guest. His visit to the United States will long be remembered by Americans. He visited nearly every state and large city in the Union, and was every where received as the country's guest. His progress was a triumph of true philanthropy over na-

tional prejudice and religious bigotry. The humble Capuchin friar, untitled and poor, became a hero, on whom were showered all the honors that public functionaries and private individuals could lavish, and yet remained the humble Capuchin still. And through all he never compromised his character and dignity as a Catholic and a priest. He boldly proclaimed the utter uselessness of all pledges to salvation, unless sanctified by Catholic faith. He stood forth the bold and unflinching advocate of the principles of Catholics.

On the occasion of the present visit he was a much changed man. His intellect was still unclouded; his zeal was undiminished; his recollection of persons and places in America was perfect; he asked with great interest about the friends he had made in Boston and the vicinity; but alas! his bodily health was gone; his iron constitution was completely shattered; he spoke slowly and with difficulty, and was confined almost constantly to his apartment. His days are nearly numbered, and ere long he will receive the reward for which he has so long and so gloriously toiled.

I never felt so much at home, when away from home, as when I was in the city of Cork. In walking the streets I seemed to meet none of the inhabitants of a foreign land. The manners, habits, occupations, and even the language and very accent of the people, were precisely the same as those of my own congregation in Boston. I went to their churches — their faith was the same; their devotion was as fervent, as sincere, and as edifying. If I desired to make a call, there was, besides Father Mathew, an old and much valued friend of mine, the Rev. John J. Murphy, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul. I had been very intimate with him during a year that I passed

in Rome. We had pursued our studies together, and he was to me more than a friend — he was a brother. When I was without money, my remittances having failed to reach me in consequence of some oversight of my banker, he placed his purse at my disposal. He had been a merchant, and was at that time, late in life, preparing for the priesthood. There was also an old correspondent of mine, a poor man, but a true Irishman, Mr. John Crowley, living in New Lane, Old Market Place; he was overjoyed to see me, and offered me the hospitality of his house.

My stay in Cork was by far too brief. With a sigh of deep regret, I parted from my faithful, warm-hearted friends, to see them perhaps no more, and proceeded swiftly by railroad towards Killarney. All the way the scenery was most beautiful; but who can attempt to describe scenery seen from a railway carriage? You might as well try to count the spokes in a swiftly revolving wheel. Immediately on our arrival at Killarney, we engaged a jaunting car to take us to Milltown. It was Saturday afternoon, and we wished to pass the Sunday with my old and venerable friend, the Rev. Bartholomew O'Connor, P. P., familiarly known among his devoted parishioners as "Father Bat." It was a lovely day, and the road over which we rolled was more like the avenue to the mansion of a prince than like a public highway. On our right we passed the venerable ruins of Aghadoe, consisting of the walls of a cathedral, of which the main doorway is in a good state of preservation; the remains of a round tower, some twelve or fourteen feet high; and the base of a castle, called by the inhabitants the Bishop's Chair, or See, perhaps because it was the place of his residence. On our left

reposed the Lower Lake, in all its sublimity; beyond were the purple mountains, covered with the arbutus, of most luxuriant and sturdy growth, interspersed with the elm, the ash, the holly, and the yew, presenting to the eye a richness, and variety, and peculiar tint of foliage, such as I had never seen in any other country.

Our car driver was a jovial lad, full of talk, and entertained us with many marvellous stories; and, altogether, we had a most agreeable ride. In an hour and a half we were at the door of Father Bat, who gave us a true and hearty Irish welcome — *cead mille failthe.* Soon after our arrival, we heard in the distance a wild and piercing strain of music. We started, for there was in it something strange and unearthly. It swelled and died away, as if borne upon a fitful breeze. Presently appeared a funeral procession; and the *keeners* were *keening* over the departed, thus verifying the Scripture, "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

On Sunday, the church, which was perfectly neat and clean, but without either floor or pews, was crowded with devout worshippers; so also was the chapel of the neighboring convent. It was a glorious sight to see them issuing in dense masses from the church, many of them very poor, and in rags — refusing to change their rags and penury for purple, and fine linen, and sumptuous fare, that they may win and possess Christ their Saviour, and enjoy him forever. The Protestant church, on the contrary, was almost empty, if I could judge aught from the "few and far between" that came forth, elegantly clad, after their service. Yet this same Protestant church hath shown to the impoverished and tattered Catholics all the treasures and good things of the

earth, and said, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me;" and the only reply they have received from these impoverished and tattered Catholics has been, "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savorest not of the things that be of God, but of the things that be of men." And they are none the worse, for angels come and minister to them. The good nuns, with a charity and zeal heaven-born, console them in their sufferings and alleviate their wants, and the good priest is to them father, friend, and benefactor.

Much pleased with our visit to Father Bat, and edified by his devoted attention both to the temporal and spiritual necessities of his flock, we returned to Killarney on Monday, and made our arrangements for visiting the lakes. We engaged a guide, and bugler, and boatmen; the first to accompany us, and the others to await us at the Upper Lake. We next took a jaunting car and started for the Gap of Dunloe, crossing the Laune, and passing through the beautiful country of the MacCarthy More, the representative of the ancient kings of Munster, and for centuries the most powerful prince of Desmond.

The Gap of Dunloe is one of the most remarkable of the wonders of Killarney. At the entrance to the Gap we dismissed our carriage, and went through the pass, a distance of four miles, on foot. It would seem a long walk for one unused to walking. Yet to us it seemed very short. Minutes and hours sped on as they do to the sleeper who is enjoying a delicious dream. I have never beheld a scene combining so much rare beauty with so much wild grandeur. At one time we stood on the edge of frightful precipices; at another we followed the windings of the River Loe, which flows through

the valley of the Gap; then the path ascended, and we toiled up the rugged mountain slope, then descended into dark and dreary pits; at one time we were deafened by the rushing and roaring of the angry river, forcing a swift passage over the rocks, and between the bases of the mountains; at another we looked down with delight upon the same waters, expanded into a beautiful lake, so still and placid that every tree and leaf upon its banks was reflected in its waters. On the tops of huge rocks, "whose heads touched heaven," we descried goats, and wondered much how they got there, and how they would ever get down. On the slopes of barren mountains were Kerry cows, ruminating cozily.

Emerging from the Gap, we came suddenly into the Coom Dhuv, or Black Valley, a scene of surpassing loveliness. Passing through Lord Brandon's demesne, we found our boat waiting in one of the quiet little creeks of the Upper Lake. Wearied with walking and excitement, we joyfully threw ourselves into the well-cushioned boat, and were rapidly borne through the Upper Lake. A narrow channel separates the Upper from the Middle Lake. It is about four miles in length, and contains many objects of interest. The guide regaled us with many stories and with legends of O'Donoghue of Ross, the Lord of the Lake, and from time to time the bugler wound his horn, and a whole family of echoes, great and small, responded, one after the other, from the opposite hills and mountains. The best, by far, and the most distinct and loud of all the echoes, was that of the Eagle's Nest. I never heard so fine a one before. We remained in the boat, but the bugler landed and sounded from the shore. When he put the instrument to his lips, the effect was magical. I quote from Mr. S. C

Hall: — "First he played a single note — it was caught up and repeated, loudly, softly, again loudly, again softly, and then as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more musical than that which gave its rivals birth, twirling and twisting around the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then he blew a few notes: a multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent forth a reply; sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus, then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again he sent forth his summons to the mountains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a variety of sounds; the effect was indeed that of 'enchanting ravishment,' giving

'Resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.'"

Just before entering the Middle Lake, we landed at Glenà, a most lovely spot, covered with verdure, where we found a commodious inn, for the accommodation of visitors. It was here we dined.

The Lower Lake is much the largest of the three, and many regard it as more attractive and beautiful than either of the others. It is sprinkled with islands covered with rich and varied foliage. But here I must relieve the reader; for not only space would fail me, but I should be suspected of exaggeration and extravagance, and only reveal my own incompetence, were I to attempt a description of all the beauties of these marvellous lakes — the bays, the headlands, the mountains, the woods, the cascades, the villas and demesnes that

adorn their shores, the islands with which they are gemmed, of which the most beautiful is "Sweet Innisfallen," and the largest is Ross Island. "Here," says Dr. Milner, "Nature has fixed her chosen retreat, where she displays all her charms and all her grandeur."

On the following day we visited the domain of Lord Kenmore. The grounds are of vast extent, and are laid out with exquisite taste and skill. There are every sort of flower beds whose odors perfume the air — there are green lawns where deer were grazing — winding paths, flowering shrubs, forest trees, and bushes. An occasional glimpse of the bosom of the lake was had through the alleys and the openings in the trees. We then proceeded through a fine country, owned chiefly by Lord Kenmore and Mr. Herbert, to the venerable ruins of the Abbey of Mucross, supposed to have been built during the twelfth century. The site was admirably chosen, as only the monks of the middle ages knew how to choose. The main entrance is by a Gothic doorway, overgrown with ivy, and in a good state of preservation. Some of the window frames and groined arches in the interior are also well preserved, as are also the dormitories, refectory, kitchen, &c., of the adjoining convent. The cloisters are almost in their original state, and we walked along their corridors silently and with care, as if afraid to interrupt the monks at their devotions. A huge yew tree grows in the centre, probably many centuries old. One of the most interesting of the ancient monuments of the abbey is a huge fireplace in the kitchen. It is a model for comfort and utility. A whole ox might be roasted before it, and a whole community might sit around its cheerful fire of unsawed logs.

## WATERFORD.

The city of Waterford is one of the most ancient and renowned of the cities of Ireland. Its harbor is safe, commodious, and beautiful, and in these respects rivals that of Cork. It is situated on the southern bank of the River Suir. Merchant ships of the largest size were lying along the magnificent quay, which is a full mile in extent, and affords a fine promenade for the inhabitants. At its western extremity is a handsome and well-constructed wooden bridge, more than eight hundred feet in length and forty in breadth. It was built by a Boston architect.

The city itself has a remarkably clean and cheerful aspect, and an appearance of more thrift and active commerce than any city I have visited in Ireland. A verdant country in a high state of cultivation spreads out on every side; and lofty mountains, presenting bold and graceful outlines, add grandeur and romance to the scenery.

The Cathedral Church is a large and very ancient edifice, and yet has a very fresh and healthful appearance. If, as it is said, it has stood already five hundred years, it seems destined to remain five hundred years longer.

But that which interested me most in Waterford was the far-famed school of the "Christian Brothers," founded by Mr. Edmund Rice, in 1803. The school numbered six hundred pupils. The discipline is excellent, and the system of instruction all that could be desired. The boys are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, book-keeping, grammar, geometry, mensuration, and

drawing. But above all, and more important than all, they are taught virtue and religion. They acquire a knowledge of religion, and a love for it, which is the ground and the guaranty of their future respectability, success in life, and eminence in whatever calling they may engage. All honor to Edmund Rice. He is one of the few great men of the present century, and his name will live, and be handed down to posterity with that of Theobald Mathew and Daniel O'Connell. It is glory enough for one nation to have produced three such men in the same age.

## KILKENNY.

From Dublin to Kilkenny we rode over one of the most verdant and delicious countries in the world. Mountains and glens, teeming fields, shady groves, vast pastures, fertile and richly variegated slopes and lawns, and grazing deer, picturesque cottages, castles and towers, princely domains, churches and shrines, all passed rapidly by us, a grand panorama, moved by steam — alas! too swiftly moved.

We descended at the well-built and commodious station house at the head of John Street, and immediately repaired to Walsh's Hotel. We found it an excellent hotel, and well supplied with every comfort. Almost the first object we visited was the famous Kilkenny Castle, originally built on the banks of the River Nore, by Strongbow, the celebrated Welsh chief, who lived during the twelfth century, and soon afterwards destroyed, and then rebuilt by the Earl of Pembroke. For four hundred and fifty years it has been the property of the Earls of Ormond. Nothing that I have seen has given me so vivid and satisfactory an idea of the old baronial castle.

Its turreted walls overhang the river, and are reflected in its clear and glassy waters. It commands all the houses and streets of the city, and seems admirably adapted either to protect or destroy them. The streets are very clean, and are flagged with black marble quarried in the neighborhood. The chimneys emit no smoke, as the Kilkenny coal, which is generally used, is not bituminous, like the English coal; thus proving that the ancient poet did not exaggerate when he described Kilkenny as a city of wonders —

> "Fire without smoke, earth without bog,
> Water without mud, air without fog,
> And streets paved with marble."

Crossing John's bridge we had another superb view of Lord Ormond's castle, reposing amidst exuberant foliage, and casting its daguerreotype into the waters beneath. There is, also, a grand canal, along the margin of which the inhabitants find a healthful, agreeable, and fashionable promenade.

There are several fine churches and other public buildings in Kilkenny. The new cathedral has been thirteen years in process of erection, and is not yet completed. It is made of the Kilkenny marble, and when finished will be one of the finest cathedrals in Ireland. The old Black Abbey, a venerable pile, has a superb rose window of stone. The Convent of the Presentation was founded by a citizen of Dublin, for the education of poor female children. The number of girls is at present about six hundred. They are taught all the branches of a common school education, and also drawing, painting, embroidery, and all sorts of needlework. The new Lunatic Asylum, with its gardens, covers thirteen acres of land.

# CHAPTER XIII.

## CONCLUSION.

I REGRET that I could not remain longer in Ireland, and that I was compelled by imperative duty to forego the pleasure of a trip to the north, and a visit to the Giant's Causeway, and other objects of the greatest interest, which abound in that portion of the country. But I have seen enough, I think, to enable me to appreciate more justly than I have ever yet done the true character of the Irish people; to augment my admiration of their virtues; and to form some sort of estimate of their probable destiny, and of their future influence upon the world.

To a reflecting and unprejudiced tourist in Ireland, several considerations must suggest themselves, founded on the past history, the present condition, and the future prospects of that unfortunate and ill-governed country.

1. Ireland is a comparatively small country, containing an area of only about thirty-one thousand square miles, not larger than the State of South Carolina. It is an island lying in a far-off corner of the earth, and in an unfrequented part of the ocean. It has but little communication with other nations, and consequently has never been corrupted by their vices. The people are unacquainted with the usages, manners, and maxims of the world at large, and are for the most part as unsophisticated and free from affectation as when first converted to Christianity. A spontaneous native wit, a natural grace and sweetness, an expressive, eloquent, and uncorrupted language, gentle manners and innate politeness,

lend them a charm and a beauty which we vainly seek among any other Christian people. Hence every man in Ireland is a true Irishman, and nothing else. He loves his country with all the ardor of his ardent temperament, for he knows no other country. No adventurers or foreign emigrants come hither to accumulate wealth; no foreign ships land their cargoes on her shores. No French infidels are here to inculcate impiety, blasphemy, and loose morals; no Italian demagogues to stir up sedition; no "Alexander Smiths" to plunder them under the pretence of becoming their bankers. The consequence is, the Irish character is in its full, original strength — unadulterated. It is pure, unmixed. The patriotism of the Irish is strong and sincere. Their love of country is unchanged by time or long exile. Their attachment to the Catholic faith is firm and inflexible. Their virtue is unsurpassed by any nation on the earth, and their charity to the poor unbounded. The men are full of vivacity, bravery, and wit; the women models of chastity and constancy — the best of wives and the best of mothers.

2. The internal resources of Ireland are immense. Nature has done for her all that nature could do. She has covered her with the richest of soils, irrigated by copious and gentle showers. In the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, she is a stranger alike to extreme heat and to extreme cold. Her climate is one of the most agreeable and salubrious in the world. She is encircled by safe and commodious harbors, in which all the ships in the world might securely ride at anchor. Lying between the old world and the new, she might carry on a prosperous trade with both, and become the great entrepot of the civilized world. By means of her rivers and

mountain streams she could manufacture the wool, cotton, and flax, brought to her coasts, and send back her calicoes, cloths, and linens. Her mountains and valleys are full of peat and coal, iron, lead, copper, sulphur, marble, slate, granite, lime, flint, potter's clay, and every sort of mineral. She produces wool, leather, fur, cattle, corn, fruit, butter, fowls, and all useful vegetables, in the most lavish abundance. With an overhanging atmosphere ever mild, impregnated with a healthy vapor from the spray of the stormy ocean, which purifies her earth and air, and intercepts the scorching rays of the summer's sun, nourishing the fecundity of her soil, which the frost of winter never chills into sterility, — green and fruitful vegetation ascends to the summits of her hills, and rewards the husbandman in highland and in valley. She is blessed among the nations, and should be happy. With so many resources and advantages, and nourishing eight millions of people, she should be independent and free.*

3. But, alas! Ireland is neither happy nor independent. Dearly as they love their country, their kindred and friends, — strongly attached as they are to the soil on which their fathers have toiled, and which they themselves have contributed so much to fertilize, — the Irish people are leaving it by millions, and are seeking a resting-place and a home in other and far distant and strange lands. For in one of the richest of countries they experience the woes and degradation of squalid poverty. In a land teeming with fruit and vegetables, and covered with flocks and herds, they die of actual starvation. In a climate the most salubrious that the

* Mooney's Hist. Ireland.

sun shines upon, they drop down by the roadside, and die of fever. All this has been, and were it not for emigration, disease, famine, and war, *would* be to this very day. The Irish are full of noble traits and shining virtues, which ought to awake the sympathies, and call forth the admiration, and animate the pride of the most impassive of step-mothers — yet by their English step-mother they have been persecuted, calumniated, and abused, with a rancor that has never relented, and with a ferocity that has never been known to give quarter. The long-continued and uninterrupted sufferings of Ireland have no parallel in the history of nations. Other people have been oppressed — have been crushed; but they have either risen in their wrath and spurned the tyrant, or else have sunk under the weight, and ceased to exist. The Irish, on the contrary, are scarcely known in the history of the world, except as an oppressed, down-trodden and persecuted race; yet, shining amid the darkness and storms of that same history of this world of ours, a bright, solitary star, whose reflection on the waters marks to the wavering helmsman his course — the course of true glory. If there be any thing in the history of Ireland that she can reflect upon without a blush, nay, in view of which she may lift up her head, like Saul among the Hebrews, a head and shoulders higher than other nations, it is her patient forbearance, her long endurance, and her Christian fortitude.

Men talk of progress, and in the present age, especially, they love to expatiate on religious and civil liberty, on human rights, and universal toleration. But to the Irish people, and to them alone, these words are cruel mockery and bitter sarcasm. For them alone, of all people under the sun, there is no progress. The

laws enacted to protect and advance commerce and the arts are not for them, for to them commerce and trade are a delusion and a lie. They have no ships, no flag, no ports, no manufactures, no arts, no agriculture. True, they have genius, skill, hands, labor, inexhaustible treasures in the soil. But what are all these to the Irish people? Nothing — absolutely nothing. Nay, worse, they are mere ministers to the pride and ambition of their haughty rulers — standing memorials of what Ireland might have been, but was not permitted to be — of what she ought now to be, but cannot. Never have so noble a people been so cruelly treated. A war of civil and religious aggression has been constantly waged against them, and against their religion, by the English people, who, before the world, profess and vaunt themselves to be the advocates of freedom. They forbid the Irish to engage in commerce, and then taunt them with want of enterprise. They have closed and double barred their schools and colleges, and then upbraid them with ignorance. They have stopped all the channels of communication with other nations, they have withheld all the means of advance, and have left no inducement to improve, and then denounce them as sworn enemies to progress. They pillage the poor (Catholics) to sustain the religion of the rich (Protestants); by offers of money and distributions of soup and bread, they urge the poor to deny their God, and traffic away their souls; and then — mark this! — if they comply, despise them as hypocritical soupers, selling a birthright for a mess of pottage; and if they refuse, which, thank God, in nearly every case they do, accuse them of obstinacy and incurable superstition. Thus have been tried every means that could be invented by the ingenious malice of the most determined

and powerful enemies, in order to crush and ruin Ireland, and erase her very name from the map of the world.

4. But notwithstanding this long-continued, ingenious, unfeeling, and unrelenting civil and religious persecution and oppression, Ireland still stands erect — uncrushed, unscathed. Her spirit dies not — quails not. Confined, pressed down, tied with many cords, her vital energies ooze forth from a thousand apertures, and pour forth their streams of civilization and Christianity over all the nations of the earth. Her emigrants are found in large numbers in every city on this vast continent, all the way from Newfoundland to California. They are rapidly spreading themselves over the wild regions of Australia. They are colonizing new, and hitherto unpeopled lands. They are found in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, on the burning sands of Africa, and amid the jungles of Hindostan. Wherever they go they bear with them that character which is emphatically their own — generous hearts, respect for laws, untiring industry, incorruptible virtue, Christian faith. I speak of them in the mass. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, as to every other. Were there not, the Irish would be more than men. What is denied them at home they find abroad — a field for the development and growth of their natural instincts. They are animated, cheered, and filled with energy, by their contact with other people, and other institutions. They become thrifty and industrious, rich and prosperous, enterprising and renowned. See them as they are in this our own country. What portion of our population shine brighter with every private, domestic, and social virtue? What portion are so little tainted with the wild excesses and fanaticism of the present age? Where do you find

Irishmen carried away, mad, with Mormonism, Millerism, Mesmerism, electro-biology, witchcraft, table turning, spirit rapping, and negro slavery? What portion of our fellow-citizens are so little excited during seasons of election, and always so cheerful and contented with the results, so submissive to the laws under which they live, and so patient and forbearing when outraged and insulted? But as they are in this our country we know that they are in all countries. For their character is always the same. No degree of cold can chill it, no excess of heat enervate it.

5. Such, then, being the remarkable history and character of the Irish people, it is an important question, what influence they are destined by divine Providence to exert upon the countries to which they emigrate. Is it, as their enemies, and the enemies of all religion assert, an influence for evil? Is it to corrupt our youth, to breathe pestilence, to teach us crimes, to beg in our streets, to fill our prisons and workhouses? Or is it rather to set us an example of virtue, to inculcate morality, to infuse a healthful element into our social system, to preserve our political institutions, and save them from the sacrilegious attacks of unprincipled demagogues, and to bestow on us the priceless boon of the true faith, which alone can make men happy, and without which all other acquisitions are but as "sounding brass"?

From what has been already remarked of the Irish character, and of the people of Ireland, — and in all this I have spoken from the heart what I do believe and know, — the reader has already anticipated my answer. The influence of Irish emigrants cannot be other than a blessing to our country, or to any country to which they may emigrate. For, be it remembered, the emigrant

brings with him the same traits that made him so estimable at home. He is not one that changes. He is not "every thing by starts, and nothing long." He has marks upon his heart and character as indelible as those that are imprinted on his face, and which in every clime proclaim his Celtic origin. These traits of heart and character have already been mentioned, and I need not repeat them. One thing is certain; they are precisely such as no Christian people need be ashamed of, and would ennoble any nation. Fuse them into the American character, and I know of no people on the earth that would stand forth on the pages of history at once so dignified, so virtuous, so brave, so illustrious.

The actual prosperity and future glory of these United States depend, and must always depend, 1. On jealously guarding the Constitution against the insidious attacks of reforming demagogues; 2. On the conservation of a dignified peace, or the prosecution of a successful and glorious war; 3. And above all, on our sustaining the name and character of a Christian people.

Now, for the security and strength of each and all of these conditions of prosperity, Irishmen and their descendants will prove themselves, as they have done hitherto, not only efficient and powerful, but *essential* auxiliaries.

1. We are now a free, united, and happy people. But what security have we that we shall long remain so? We need not go abroad in search of the enemies of our liberties, or the disturbers of our union. They exist and plot here at home. They are among us, and they are of us. They assail the Constitution with the most abusive epithets. They despise it. They reject it. They trample it under foot. Some do it openly, and

candidly avow their intentions, and discourse of a "HIGHER LAW," as though a law were necessarily higher and more worthy the respect of a nation because framed and expounded by them. Others do it indirectly, and bring into the field of politics new-fangled, mysterious-looking, and hitherto unheard-of engines, intended to batter the Constitution, to set at nought the rights of millions, working them under cover of darkness, while men sleep. Others, under the delusions of a morbid philanthropy, would cure acknowledged evils by the infliction of greater evils — would cure chicken pox by small pox — would reform the country by turning every thing upside down — would set free all the blacks, and reduce to slavery all the whites. The manifest tendency of the machinations of these, and many other classes of reformers, is to destroy the social and civil liberties of our countrymen, to dissolve our Union, to let loose amongst us foxes and firebrands, and to excite to civil wars and bloodshed.

Our only safeguard against results so disastrous and subversive of order lies in the inviolable conservation of our national Constitution. For eighty years it has been our pilot; has steered us clear from the rocks and shoals on which other nations have been rent asunder; and during all that time has borne us along on a course of uninterrupted and unexampled prosperity — a free and happy people. And no wonder. For the American Constitution is a masterpiece of human wisdom and foresight. It guarantees equal rights to every citizen, and protects them all equally in the maintenance of those rights. It takes no cognizance of sects in religion, or of parties in politics, but legislates for all with an impartial balance. It recognizes the laws and rights of

other nations, and respects them, yet throws open its portals to all of every nation who desire to live under its benignant and happy rule. Hence there are no citizens in this republic who love it with a stronger and truer attachment, and a juster appreciation of the civil and social benefits it confers, and who are more interested in defending it, than Irish emigrants. There are reasons, too, why they should feel a stronger attachment to the Constitution than emigrants from other countries. They speak our language, and therefore assimilate more readily with us. They have abjured and cast away the constitution of England. They never loved it. They never chose it. It was not theirs. They were neither happy nor free under it. The American Constitution they have chosen. They have resolved to live under it, and to die under it. They have sworn fealty to it. They revere it, and will stand by it. They will defend it against all enemies, and if need be, will die for it. For it secures to them all they demand — life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If ever Americans, seduced by the delusions of fanaticism, shall prove so ungrateful and unworthy as to lay hands on it and rend it, the Irish population of this country will contemplate the deed with sorrow and dismay, and will reverently gather up the fragments, and preserve the precious deposit against the day when men, weary with anarchy, tyranny, and blood, shall return to reason, and demand the restoration of constitutional liberty.

2. War may be essential to the prosperity of some countries. Deprived of its excitement and enterprise, the people become enervated and idle, commerce is inactive, agriculture is neglected, famine, disease, and poverty prey upon the masses, and the state dwindles into

insignificance. It was thus with ancient Rome. It is so, to some extent, with England and France at the present day. With our own country the case is widely different. Our true policy is peace. It is this that has enabled us to grow with such unexampled rapidity, and in a few years to become a great and formidable nation. We need no foreign conquests nor territorial acquisitions to enrich us. Our riches are in our lands, our forests, our rocks, mountains, rivers, factories, and our ingenious and useful mechanical inventions. To extract these riches we have room enough to work in, and food enough to supply the laborers, and all we want is men enough. Give the men, and no imagination can conceive the extent to which our national prosperity might extend itself. But these very men, strong and hale, active and industrious, come to us by thousands from Ireland. The industry and activity of these men call into requisition the money and genius of the country, and render war not only unnecessary, but a curse. Our interests being opposed to war, we shall be likely to retain and enjoy the blessings of peace.

Moreover, England is the only nation with which we should be likely to engage in a war; but so long as the English armies are filled with Irish soldiers and Irish officers, a war with the United States is next to impossible. Irish troops could never be made to invade the refuge and the home of their exiled fathers and brothers, nor to send a bullet among the armies in which they are enlisted; for it must be remembered that *our* armies will also be filled with Irish soldiers, and, in a measure at least, be officered by Irishmen or their descendants. For the same reason, a border war on the Canada frontier would be equally impracticable, or, if commenced,

would soon terminate by the surrender of the Canadian cities, and the fraternization of the troops.

But if war should, unhappily, become necessary, — if the rights of our country should be assailed by a foreign power, or our territory invaded by an enemy, — Who would then constitute the rank and file of our armies? Who would rush to the battle at the sound of the war trump? Who would march with enthusiasm to repel the invader? Who would stand forth to defend our altars and our hearths, and constitute at once the hope and confidence of our families? Who would fearlessly present their own breasts as a bulwark to receive the balls and blows aimed at ourselves? Who? Who but the now abused and despised Irish emigrants! With the ardor and bravery characteristic of their race, they would enlist in our armies, and fight to the death for the honor and safety of our country. And if they should fall in battle, the victorious shouts of their companions in arms would be for them a grateful requiem.

3. But, after all, the true secret of a nation's happiness, as of that of individuals, consists in its respect for religion, and submission to its precepts. Let a people be never so prosperous and rich, never so refined and chivalrous, never so warlike and victorious, but without Christianity, — and they are, after all, but a heathen people. Their civilization is no better than that of the Greeks and Romans of old. With all their refinement and bravery, and success in the arts, they must be classed with barbarians. Thus the Mexicans were barbarians before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. The Chinese, the Malays, the Turks are barbarians.

Without Christianity, and consequently without supernatural graces, men follow and obey their natural

instincts. The accumulation of wealth, the possession of power, the avenging of injuries, and the love of all men, Catholics excepted, are with them the four cardinal virtues. Into such a state this country is rapidly sliding. It is the natural result of its Protestantism. Divided into innumerable sects, each asserting and proving from the Bible its claims to universal and implicit belief, the masses, little versed in theological studies, are bewildered, and utterly unable to choose; so they soon come to regard all religion as a figment, though a very useful and convenient one. They do not generally avow it in words, but it is evident from their actions that such is their conviction. A man in this country may belong to any sect or to no sect; he may be a mad enthusiast, a raving fanatic, or an avowed infidel or deist, and yet, if he be rich, or educated, or influential, he is as respectable as any man in the land; and there is no class so aristocratic, no class so religious, that he may not become its honored associate. Preach to them of the cross of Christ and of penance, of purgatory and of hell, and you preach to men who have no ears to hear; but change your subject, and preach from the prophecies of Miller, and the Book of Mormon, or discourse of spirit worlds, and dancing, talking tables, or utter blasphemies against Christ, and you shall receive the plaudits of millions of admiring listeners, and countless conversions will reward your labors. Now, what does all this portend? Why, plainly enough, that the tendency of the country is to barbarism; that is, to the rejection of all revealed and traditionary Christianity. This downward tendency is so direct and swift that nothing under heaven can check it but a powerful opposing force. Thank God, there exists such a force,

and it is in full and efficient action — a force that has hitherto driven back all the waves of impiety and irreligion, and compelled them to retire within the beds from which they rolled — a force that no gentilism or barbarism has ever yet withstood, or ever will withstand. That force is the power of the Catholic faith — that faith which hath never failed, and against which the gates of hell have never prevailed — that faith which in the presence of its bitterest enemies boldly avowed, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Every people that has ever been converted to Christianity has been converted by its means. Every nation which has been rescued from barbarism, present or impending, has been rescued by the timely interposition of the Catholic church. Here then lie the hope, the confidence, and the strength of Americans. We look to the Catholic church as the great ally that is to step forward, before it be too late to save the country from the deplorable consequences of irreligion and indifference, which have already spread their roots wide and deep.

But the instruments — the agents for the work — where are they? We seek in vain for them among the rich, and worldly wise, and the titled and honored. We shall find them among the poor and despised, among the lowly and ignorant; in a word, among the emigrants from Ireland and their children. They, and they alone, as a class, possess the true Christian faith, and are not afraid or ashamed to avow it, and publicly to proclaim it. If we may judge of what they are designed by God to accomplish in the future from what they have already done, then they are manifestly destined to be the pioneers and heralds of the true faith from one extremity to the other of this land. So true

it is, as the apostle says, that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world that he may confound the strong, and the mean things of the world, and the things that are despised, that he may destroy the things that are, and that no flesh may glory in his sight." (1 Cor. i. 27–29.)

Men of Ireland! your mission is a glorious one. You are called to be apostles of Christianity — to bear the glad tidings of salvation to every nation — and to hold the torch of truth for those who are sitting in darkness. Bravely have you commenced the work assigned you. By your zeal for religion, and by your generous donations, you have already erected churches in every city on this vast continent. You have established schools and colleges for the instruction of youth. You have built and endowed asylums for the orphans and abandoned. You have established printing presses for the diffusion of useful knowledge. You have supplied zealous and learned priests to minister to the millions that throng your churches. You have given us a hierarchy that would adorn any country in any age. Go on boldly with your work. Fear not opposition. Dread not persecution. You shall outlive them both. Overcome your enemies by your charity, your virtue, and your perseverance.

THE END.

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